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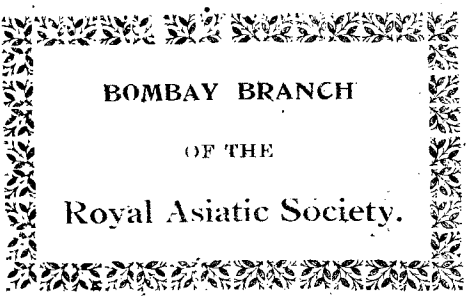

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REMAINS

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ALEXANDER LEITH ROSS, A.M.

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MEMOIR OF HIS LIFE.

ABERDEEN:

Printed by D. Chalmers & Co.

FOR A. BROWN AND CO. ABERDEEN; W. BLACK AND LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORM

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ERRATA.

p. 9. l. 2. read *khātiri khōd.*
l. 7. ... *kitābi man.*
p. 14. l. 18. ... *Umri.*
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MEMOIR.

THE subject of the following Memoir was removed from the world at an early age. His short life, though distinguished by no remarkable incident, was occupied by a course of indefatigable and successful study, and adorned by profound and extensive attainments. Of his diligence and success in the acquisition of knowledge, there is ample evidence in the numerous papers which he has left. A selection from these papers cannot but be acceptable to those who take pleasure in contemplating juvenile excellence; and more especially to the many friends of the deceased, who knew and valued his talents and worth, and who are lamenting the loss which they have sustained by his early removal. Perhaps others may be induced, by the example here

presented, to set a high value on time; to make a careful improvement of every opportunity of acquiring useful knowledge; to adorn their attainments by Christian virtue; and to consecrate them to the glory of God and the good of mankind. Such was the character of him, whose life is briefly recorded in the following pages.

ALEXANDER LEITH ROSS, son of the Reverend Dr. JAMES ROSS, now senior Minister of Aberdeen, and of MARGARET LEITH, daughter of PATRICK LEITH, Esq. of Allathan, and granddaughter of ALEXANDER LEITH, Esq. of Freefield, was born at Aberdeen on the twenty-second of November, 1797. His maternal grand-mother was MARGARET GORDON, daughter of WILLIAM GORDON, Esq. of Rothney. Their family consisted of four sons and eight daughters, all of whom died before Alexander's mother, except one sister, Mrs. HUNTER. It pleased God to spare her, to attend both her sister and nephew in their last illness. Alexander had no other sick-nurse, nor did she leave his bed-room night or day, during the space of nearly six months that he was confined to it.

ferred, and the young mind allowed to grow up in habits of carelessness, till a settled repugnance is formed to a subject distasteful to the perverseness of human nature. The golden opportunity is thus lost, when the mind is most susceptible, and when the seeds of folly that exist in th heart from the very commencement of life its have not yet begun to spring up. Religio deed, if presented in a technical form, a mere exercise of memory, must be a comprehension of a very young chil suitable to the weakness of the open ies. It can then be regarded only as a which the tender mind must be oppressed, an which the infant pupil will almost unavoid tract a dislike. But nothing surely can b ved more engaging and attractive to a ch an religion, when presented as an exercise of the heart and feelings—when the mind, just beginning to expand, and to look upon every surrounding object with curiosity and wonder, is led by an affectionate parent to some little knowledge of the Great Being by whom these objects were made, and brought to regard Him as its Heavenly Father with sentiments of love and reverence—

when it is made acquainted with the character of Jesus as the benevolent Saviour, who came to bestow the greatest blessings on mankind, and who displayed such condescension and kindness to little children—and when it is taught that there is another home in heaven for all good and obedient children, more beautiful and delightful than that enjoyed under the paternal roof. Such was the plan of religious education pursued by Alexander's mother, and it appears to have left a deep impression on his heart; for, after her death, there was nothing of which he so much delighted to hear, as about the beautiful and happy place, as he expressed it, to which his mother was gone. The effect of this judicious discipline was to produce a habit of observation and thoughtfulness unusual for his years, to form a taste for the beauties of nature that throughout his life a striking feature of his mental character.

The following circumstance illustrates, in a very pleasing manner, the early display of this aptitude to observation and reflection, and the good effects of the instructions which he had re-

ceived. Soon after his mother's death, his attention was powerfully attracted by a beautiful sky, in a summer evening. He continued to gaze upon it with silent admiration, and it was with difficulty that he could be prevailed upon to quit the spot. When repeatedly reminded that it was time to go to bed, he requested permission to remain a little longer, adding, in language natural to a child, that he supposed God had sent down that beautiful sky. "O what a beautiful and happy place heaven," but heaven, said he, is far prettier than it. The idea of his mother being there gave then occurred to his mind; for two after, he appeared to be very pensive dejected; and, on being asked the reason burst into tears, and expressed his apprehension in such terms as a child might be supposed that he was not good enough to be admitted that beautiful and happy place where his mother was.

Another evidence of the success of her pious care in impressing his infant mind with devotional feelings, was, that he very early felt a pe-

culiar pleasure in the return of every Sabbath; and often on that day, the expression of his countenance and his gesture would indicate an earnest expectation and great anxiety to hear more than he heard on other days about God and heaven, with which the idea of his mother was always associated. Nor was the Sabbath at any time a weariness to him, but was always esteemed by him as the holy of the Lord and honourable; as affording an admirable opportunity of occupying the mind in the noblest exercises of a rational being.

From his mother he received also his first instructions in reading; and after her death, his paternal grand-father, who had been a respectable and useful teacher in Aberdeen for nearly fifty years, and had by that time retired from his professional labours, superintended his education in reading and writing, till his decease in April 1804, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.—When Alexander could read tolerably well, he was put under the tuition of Mr. HAMILTON, a teacher of elocution, who attended him an hour every morning. As he had an excellent ear, he

soon acquired a most correct pronunciation, and recited the passages which he committed to memory in that chaste and dignified manner for which his master was distinguished—a manner very different indeed from that declamatory and theatrical pertness which is sometimes mistaken for good speaking, but which is offensive to persons of taste and judgment.

When he was about ten years of age, he began the study of Latin, by joining the elementary class in the Grammar-school of Aberdeen, under the care of Mr. NICOL. His health had been always delicate; and he was in consequence prevented from attending his class during the morning hour. The same cause increasing, rendered his attendance so irregular, that it was judged proper to withdraw him from the Grammar-school for a time; and thus he was in a great measure deprived of the advantage afforded by that excellent seminary, where the Latin language has been long taught, and continues to be taught, with singular correctness and precision. This loss, however, was compensated, as far as private tuition could compensate it, by the

instructions of Mr. PATERSON, now the Reverend Dr. PATERSON of Montrose, who began to take charge of his education in the autumn of 1807, and who remained in Dr. Ross's family till he was appointed one of the ministers of Montrose, in the year 1810. The greater part of the summers of this period was spent in the country, generally at Freefield, for the benefit of Alexander's health, which continued very delicate; and in 1810 he was so unwell, that he was for a long time entirely confined to the house. In these circumstances his studies unavoidably proceeded in a very interrupted manner; and laborious application would have been quite impossible. But so great was his aptitude to learn, that, notwithstanding all these disadvantages, his progress was very considerable: he required but little exertion to master his tasks; and when the lesson was over, he thought himself fairly entitled to a degree of relaxation, which his delicate constitution rendered necessary, and which to him was a far less obstacle to the continuity of intellectual effort, so indispensable to successful study, than it would have been to many at his age. So great, indeed, was the progress which

he made during this interval, that when he was able to join his class again under Mr. NICOL, and subsequently under the Rector, Mr. CROMAR, he not only kept up with his class-fellows, but was generally at the head of the class.

When he enjoyed any measure of health, he possessed an exuberant flow of spirits, and was ever ready to join his companions in the common amusements of school-boys: nor was his mind less disposed to activity than his body. It ought always indeed to be considered as one great purpose of education, to lead the mind as early as possible to the voluntary exercise of its faculties, to think for itself, and to acquire a habit of observation and research. When this object is gained, the progress of the pupil is secured. This was remarkably the case with young Alexander. He was very inquisitive, particularly respecting some of the truths of religion. He would often question his instructer about endless duration, and the existence of natural and moral evil in a world under the government of a God who is almighty in power, and whose goodness is unbounded. When reading a chap-

ter of the Old or New Testament, it was his frequent practice to stop, and to ask for an explanation of what he did not understand; and when repeating his catechism, he sometimes put as many questions as he had to answer. This inquisitiveness, so natural to children, affords an excellent opportunity of communicating knowledge to their minds, in the way best of all adapted to secure their attention, and take the firmest hold of the understanding and memory. Such a habit of curiosity ought to be encouraged; for, though it may be occasionally troublesome, and though some of the questions proposed may be of such a nature that it may be difficult to answer them, yet a judicious and patient instructer will take great interest in watching these first efforts of thought, in furnishing the desired information, or in shewing that the enquiries are premature, or that there are no means of obtaining a satisfactory answer. It is indeed a useful lesson, which we cannot learn too early, and which is very necessary to the formation of a habit of modesty and self-diffidence, to perceive that there are certain boundaries to human research; that of many things we can acquire no

knowledge at all; and that even what we do know is at best but in a very imperfect degree.

Alexander, when very young, gave indications to his tutor, and to all who were acquainted with him, that he possessed a mind which, in all probability, would enable him to occupy a distinguished situation in life. The bent of his mind, at one time, appeared to be towards physical science. He was very early complete master of that popular book the History of the Three Hundred Animals, and of an abridgement of Buffon's Natural History; and he was frequently amusing himself in drawing figures of such animals as were his favourites. The purchase by his father of two or three stuffed birds, from a collection exhibiting in Aberdeen, first set him upon making a collection for himself of various objects of natural history, especially birds. To this branch of the science he was very partial: most of the subjects were prepared and fitted up by himself, with great neatness and taste; and, in a few years, an apartment appropriated to his museum was nearly filled with curious and rare productions, both of the animal

and mineral kingdoms, which afforded a high treat to his young friends, and the visitors of the family. With this predilection was connected a desire that was formed in his mind, also at an early period, of seeing the world, and especially of visiting India. This desire he would often express, as entertained by him chiefly that he might have an opportunity of viewing the natural productions of that interesting country; and many were the questions which he had to put to those who had been in that part of the world, whenever he happened to meet with them.

In November, 1812, at the age of fifteen, he commenced his academical studies at Marischal College, under Professor STUART. The first session is entirely devoted to Greek; and it was in the course of this session that he began to receive private lessons from Mr. FRANCIS WILLIAM GRANT, the present minister of Banff. By his instructions, and his own industry, he made ample and excellent use of the time not occupied in the class. He was not satisfied with merely preparing the tasks prescribed by the Professor, but he engaged also in a course of voluntary

study, by the suggestion of his private tutor; especially the practice of translating Greek into Latin, and re-translating the Latin into Greek. This practice of double translations has been recommended by several judicious writers, as an excellent means of making a proficiency in the acquisition of languages; and it was of essential service to Alexander, in laying the foundation of that accurate and extensive knowledge of Greek which he afterwards acquired. The progress that he had made was indicated by his obtaining the honour of the Silver Pen, for which there is an annual competition among the students in the Greek class, towards the end of the session.

In the autumn of 1813 Mr. GRANT was domesticated with Dr. Ross, and thus Alexander had the benefit of his constant superintendence and assistance in his studies. During the second session at College, and the succeeding summer, his attention continued to be directed principally to the study of Greek and Latin; and he acquired a knowledge of Chemistry and Mathematics from the lectures of Dr. DAVIDSON and

Dr. HAMILTON. Of these sciences he was very fond, and his progress in them was much to the satisfaction of the Professors; but he had now formed a decided predilection for the study of languages, and this pursuit left him but little leisure for prosecuting the sciences so far as he might have otherwise done.

It was about this time that he began to pay attention to Oriental Literature, in which his attainments were particularly distinguished, and which was his favourite literary pursuit. The first thing that inspired him with a desire for engaging in this study was the perusal of an article in the Eclectic Review, for January, 1805, giving an account of a recent edition of Sir William Jones' Persian Grammar. This article presents such a captivating view of the beauty of the Persian language, and the pleasure to be derived from the perusal of the Persian writers, both in poetry and prose, as could not fail to make a deep impression on a mind so susceptible and ardent as that of Alexander. He accordingly procured a copy of this admirable grammar, of which he made himself

master without the smallest assistance; and, with the addition of Richardson's Persian and Arabic Dictionary, he was soon able to enter on a very extensive course of reading in Persian. With what enthusiasm he prosecuted that study, and how rapid and considerable the progress was which he made, is abundantly evident from his own papers.

Oriental literature seems to be beginning to attract more general notice in this country than it had formerly done; and on several accounts it deserves to be cultivated by those students whose inclination and opportunities are favourable to that pursuit. Besides the information and amusement to be derived from the Eastern writers, the study of their languages presents an interesting philological exercise; and tends, in conjunction with the languages of the West, to throw light on the principles of General Grammar, and on some of the phenomena of the human mind. The more extensive that our knowledge of languages becomes, and the greater the variety of dialects to which we direct our attention, the more distinct and enlarged will be our

conceptions of those general laws of human thought which are more or less recognised in every language, of which any distinct account has been given. Even the Chinese language, singular as its nature is, has been found to deviate less widely from these laws than had at one time been imagined. Alexander's curiosity was attracted by this language soon after he began the study of Persian; but it does not appear to have occupied a very prominent place among his various pursuits till a subsequent period.

During his third session at College, when in the seventeenth year of his age, he commenced the study of Hebrew. While he continued to increase his acquaintance with these languages, he did not neglect the excellent opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of the different branches of Natural Philosophy, under Professor COPLAND; and he engaged at the same time in a very extensive course of general reading, especially of voyages, travels, and philological criticism. His last session afforded him the means of becoming accurately acquainted with the principles of the Philosophy of the Human Mind,

from the lectures of Dr. GLENNIE; and of enlarging his knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages, both in a grammatical and critical point of view. His attachment to the study of languages appears from the subject that he made choice of for a Latin discourse, which he composed and delivered this session—*De Linguarum utilitate.* The style of this essay is neat and elegant; and the utility of a knowledge of languages, especially of the ancient languages, is shewn both by general considerations, and by a reference to the benefits to be derived from the study of the classics.

From the time that he left Marischal College, in April 1816, he is to be considered as in a great measure his own instructer; for any assistance that he subsequently obtained was but small and occasional; and indeed his favourite pursuits were of such a nature as rendered it difficult for him to procure any other assistance than what might be furnished by books. His passion for reading was amply gratified, by the access which he had to public and private libraries, and by a well chosen collection of his own. The purchase

of books was the only expense in which he indulged; and the acquisition of a new book, and especially of an oriental manuscript, was always a subject of exultation. Nor was his reading, though extensive and miscellaneous, of a superficial and desultory nature. He well knew, that unless reading be conducted with method, and improved by reflection, it tends to weaken the mind, and introduce confusion and uncertainty into its ideas; and he felt too justly the value of time to allow it to pass away in what could have only the appearance without the reality of study. He was careful to allot stated hours to certain occupations; a practice of the highest utility, and indeed of indispensable necessity, at the commencement of a course of study, and that cannot fail to reward those who adhere to it through life, as far as other avocations will permit. His time was husbanded with jealous care; and if any unavoidable interruption to his studies took place, he redoubled his application after he was able to return to them. The practice of early rising, so important to the improvement of time, had become habitual to him; but he never indulged in late hours of study—a seducing but

destructive habit, from which the eyes and health of the student must infallibly suffer.

Few things, perhaps, have a more powerful effect in enlarging and strengthening the mind, and enabling it successfully to appropriate and secure the ideas presented by reading, than the habit of careful and assiduous writing. The necessity of this practice to the formation of style, and the acquisition of a command of language, is obvious; but its utility is no less considerable, in furnishing the mind with solid, accurate, and extensive knowledge, and in communicating a lucid order to its ideas, without which the greatest copiousness of language can be little more than a succession of empty sounds. These important advantages of writing are admirably illustrated by Mr. Stewart, in the fifth section of his chapter on Memory, in his Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind. In the study of languages also, the practice of writing appears to be a powerful instrument of success. Without writing, indeed, it is hardly possible to acquire an accurate and satisfactory knowledge of any language; for no one can consider himself

master of a language, from which he has not accustomed himself to translate with accuracy, and in which he has not learned to express his ideas with tolerable facility and correctness.— From an early period of study, the subject of this Memoir had devoted a portion of his time to writing; and the number and variety of the papers that he has left, bear ample testimony to his industry and perseverance. A short account of such of these manuscripts as are not inserted or alluded to in his Remains, will give some idea of the subjects and method of his studies.

Two small volumes, dated about the beginning of 1815, are entitled Fragments in Natural History. They consist of collections that he had made in the course of his reading, on Fossil Remains; Meteoric Stones, and the hypotheses invented to account for them; Coloured Snow, and subjects of a similar kind. There are also extracts from Hyde's Religio Veterum Persarum. Another volume, dated likewise in 1815, is entitled Miscellaneous Fragments, and contains the Chinese Decalogue, the names of the Hindoo Constellations and Days of the Week,

the names of the Persian and Attic months, and collections on the affinity between Latin and Greek, and between these two languages and Sanscrit. Several volumes and sheets are filled with translations from some of the works of Persian authors, especially the Gulistan of Sady, the Odes of Hafiz, the Tuti Nameh, detached passages of Ferdusi, and of the Kholassut ul Akhbar of Khondemir. To most of these are subjoined very accurate analyses of difficult words and phrases. One large volume, entitled Persian Idioms with examples from the best authors, contains only the commencement, alphabetically arranged, of what would have been a copious and useful collection, if the writer's life had been prolonged. There is a sheet containing Selections from the Gulistan, in Persian and English; the former neatly and accurately written, and accompanied with grammatical and explanatory notes. These Selections appear to have been the beginning of a work intended for publication. With equal accuracy and industry he prosecuted the study of the Greek language; and, in the course of this study, filled several vo-

lumes with translations and analyses from the Greek authors.

The delight that he took in reading books of travels has been already mentioned; but the perusal of books of this description, and of works relating to the customs of Eastern nations, was converted by him to a purpose of a higher nature than even the gratification of a rational curiosity. It is well known how successfully many passages of the Sacred Scriptures have been illustrated from this source, by Harmer, Burder, and other authors; and there is little doubt that future industry might add considerably to their valuable collections. Among the manuscripts referred to there is one begun in September 1815, containing a variety of similar illustrations from books of travels and other works, generally in the words of the authors themselves. Of these, a selection only is presented to the reader, preceded by a short paper on the light that may be thrown on some parts of Scripture by a knowledge of the Persian language.

In 1816, he began to collect examples of verbal

resemblances between the oriental languages and those of other nations. This appears to have been a favourite pursuit; and he was always adding such examples as occurred in the course of his diversified reading. Collections of a similar nature have been published by Weston and other oriental scholars, both in a separate form and in different periodical works; but in so extensive a field there will always be gleanings to reward the industry and research of the student. As the subject is curious, and cannot fail to gratify those who take an interest in philological speculations, the whole of the collection will be found entire, arranged in such order as its multifarious nature seemed to admit. In expressing, in the characters of the English alphabet, the Persian and Arabic words that occur in this article, and throughout the work, the method adopted in Dr. Wilkins' edition of Sir William Jones' Grammar, and of Richardson's Dictionary, has been followed; and the long vowels, with very few exceptions, have been distinguished by the usual mark.

In the commencement of the year 1817, he

began to record the progress of his reading and studies pretty regularly, in the form of a journal; a practice which every student will find of the greatest benefit, as it appears to be the specific way in which the habit of writing will be most readily formed and maintained; as it will preserve a continuity in his intellectual progress; afford an opportunity of recording, as they occur, the ideas suggested to his mind by reading, observation, and intercourse with mankind; and enable him from time to time to trace the steps by which he has arrived at his present attainments. This diary is also presented entire, with the exception of an occasional page of quotation; and from it the reader will be able to form a much more clear and satisfactory estimate, not only of the studies and acquisitions of its author, but also of his character and habits, than could be obtained from a formal delineation.

It was at this time that he entered on the study of Theology, by attending the Divinity Halls of Marischal and King's Colleges, under the direction of Dr. BROWN and Dr. MEARNS. During the progress of life, and amidst all the literary

occupations in which he engaged, the early impressions of religion that had been made on his heart were never obliterated, but were more and more confirmed as he increased in knowledge and understanding. Of all the books that attracted his attention, the Bible possessed the chief place in his regard, and was the object of his sincere belief and reverential study. He was well aware that human knowledge, however valuable, is insufficient of itself to direct its possessor in the most important of all enquiries, the pursuit of happiness; and that its value is in proportion as it is made subservient to the knowledge and practice of the Divine Will. He felt on his own heart the power and influence of the Gospel of Christ; he was fully convinced that it is the only effectual means of the moral renovation of the nature of man; and from this sincere conviction he deliberately made choice of the clerical profession, as the one most congenial to his own habits, and as presenting to him the greatest prospect of being useful to others.

In the summer of 1817, he went on a little excursion to the continent, accompanied by a

friend; in the course of which he had an opportunity of visiting some parts of Holland, Flanders, and France, and of making a short stay in Paris. The journal that he kept, though drawn up with great haste, will shew what good use he made of his time, and how observant he was of the objects which came under his notice.

In the year 1818, the Professor of Greek in Marischal College, finding it necessary to retire from the labour of teaching, in which he has been honourably and successfully occupied for many years, made choice of Mr. Ross to conduct both the first and second Greek classes; a charge which he fulfilled with the greatest credit to himself, and benefit to the students. On this task he entered with all the enthusiasm that formed a prominent part of his intellectual character; and he succeeded completely in inspiring the minds of his pupils with corresponding ardour in the pursuit of Grecian literature. So much did his mild and gentle manners secure their affection, and so great was their attachment to their teacher, and their sense of their obligations to his assiduity and attention, that,

on taking leave of him at the end of the session, they presented him with an elegant Silver Cup, with an appropriate Greek inscription, in testimony of their gratitude. His zeal for the cause of Greek learning was not satisfied with even two classes. He voluntarily added a third, for such of the students as chose to avail themselves of the opportunity of attending it, in which he read and explained some of the Greek tragedies. The conclusion of his parting address to the first class that he taught, will shew how deeply he was interested in the welfare of the students.

"I shall now take the liberty of suggesting to you a few things which may be useful to you in the prosecution of your studies. Much must depend on your own exertions; and unless your attention be unremitted, you will very soon forget all that you have learned. It would be proper frequently to go over a repetition of your Grammar, and to accustom yourselves to apply the rules when reading, in the same way as has been done in the class. You should also attend to the syntax of the language, and persevere in

writing Dunbar's Exercises. Perhaps it would be best for you, on leaving College, to read carefully such of the fables of Æsop as are given in the Delectus; all of which are remarkably easy, and exhibit the Attic dialect in all its purity. The style of Xenophon is very simple; and the Anabasis of that celebrated writer is the first book which you should read. Avoid as much as possible using translations: the knowledge acquired of any language through their means will never be permanent. You will find it much better to read a few pages accurately, with the assistance of your Grammar and Dictionary, than to go over a much greater quantity in a superficial manner with the aid of a translation.

"It is with no common feelings that I bid you adieu. I have had the greatest pleasure and satisfaction in most of you; and I esteem myself peculiarly fortunate in having a class that has been so distinguished for the correctness and propriety of its behaviour. Wherever you may go, my best wishes shall always attend you; and nothing will give me greater pleasure than to hear of your welfare. I can say, with the great-

est sincerity, that I have had your interests very much at heart; and it is my earnest desire, that it may please the Great Disposer of all events to guide you by his counsel, and to give you that wisdom which is profitable to direct in things pertaining to this life, and to that which is to come. These, gentlemen, are my wishes, and with these I bid you farewell."

The next session he taught again with increasing reputation; and received from the class, when about to part, a splendid copy of Reiske's edition of the Greek Orators. Unhappily for the cause of learning, this was the last session that he taught.

His aptitude for the acquisition of languages was first exercised, as has been mentioned, on the classical and Eastern tongues. It may be easily supposed, that after these, the modern languages of Europe would present to him little or no difficulty. French he very speedily mastered in 1816. The year following he acquired a knowledge of Italian, of which he became very fond. Spanish, Portuguese, and German followed.

The last of these languages, he found, opened up a new and interesting field to him; and it was his design, if his life had been prolonged, to bestow on the study of it very particular attention. Oriental literature has been most assiduously cultivated by the Germans; and the numerous works in German on this extensive subject, would alone be an inducement to an oriental scholar to make himself master of that copious, nervous, and expressive language.

Not long after beginning the study of German, he procured, among other books, a copy of the History of Literature, by Professor Bouterwek of Gottingen. Of that extensive and elaborate work he was most attracted by the volume containing an account of the Literature of Spain. He was very partial to Spanish; and particularly delighted with the poetical compositions, of which so many exist in that language, the subjects of which are taken from the most romantic period of Spanish history. He accordingly entered with his characteristic ardour on the translation of this volume of Bouterwek's work, which he intended to publish, illustrated with notes of

his own, in addition to those of the author. On this subject he had some correspondence with Mr. Southey and M. Bouterwek himself, and from both of them he received encouragement to proceed. The first copy of the translation of the text was finished, with the exception of a few pages at the end; and he had just begun to revise and transcribe it, before he set out on a second and more extensive tour on the continent.

It has been mentioned, that at an early period of his life he expressed an ardent desire to visit foreign countries, especially the Eastern regions of the world. That desire partook at first of the vagueness of youthful curiosity; but, as he advanced in knowledge, and especially in classical knowledge, it became more definite and concentrated. To the mind of a classical scholar, the recollections of Greece must be interesting in the highest degree; and Italy will certainly occupy the next place in his regard. Mr. Ross had long cherished the hope of visiting those "climes of battle and of song." He had been for some time collecting information from various sources, especially from books of travels, on the topography of

Greece: he had read with great attention Letters on Greece, by M. De Guys; Walpole's Memoirs of European and Asiatic Turkey; and the Travels of Chandler, Chateaubriand, Hobhouse, Holland, Pouqueville, and Clarke; from all of which he took such notes as appeared to be useful for his intended visit to that country. In the volume containing these memoranda are various passages from the Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, French, and English poets, describing the scenery, the beauties, and the ruins of Greece and Italy, and expressing the feelings with which these countries were contemplated in their periods of glory and decay. It appears from this, how much he delighted to dwell on the idea of those interesting scenes, and how fondly he indulged the wish of beholding them. It was but partially that this wish was at last gratified.

In the spring of 1820, he planned a journey to Italy and Greece, in conjunction with a travelling companion; but of this plan only the Italian tour was performed, circumstances rendering the visit to Greece impracticable. The time, however, which remained after visiting the most

remarkable places in Italy was not lost. His companion was under the necessity of leaving him at Geneva, from which place he made a very extensive tour through Switzerland, and part of Germany; and, throughout the whole of his journey, he took most accurate notes of every object of interest that he saw. But the fatigue that he underwent in the course of so long a tour, was too much for his constitution, which was naturally delicate, and which, though for some time considerably strengthened, was still inadequate to so great an exertion. He had caught a severe cold, in consequence of travelling at night in Germany; and when not far from London, on his return, the coach was overset, and he received a serious injury from the fall. He reached home in a very exhausted state about the end of October; and continued to languish, with a few occasional symptoms of amendment, till his lamented death in April following.

The protracted illness of this amiable and excellent young man, afforded an opportunity for the exercise of the many virtues of his character, in circumstances of a trying and painful kind.

The desire of life is a natural feeling of all animated beings, and may be supposed greater, in proportion to the perception of the enjoyments that life may be the means of affording. To the subject of this Memoir the prospects presented by life were peculiarly flattering and delightful; and he was now at an age when their attractions are most powerfully felt, and when to relinquish them cannot but require a very painful effort. Blest with uncommon talents, anxious to improve them, enjoying every opportunity and facility for that purpose, and with the most gratifying prospects of honour and usefulness in the world, he felt, by the progress of his illness, that it was but too probable that he would soon be removed from all those means of earthly happiness. To an ardent and aspiring youthful mind, the contemplation of such a probability cannot but be depressing; but Mr. Ross was possessed of those principles, and animated by those feelings, which alone can enable the mind to submit to the most trying dispensations of Providence. His heart was very early impressed with a deep persuasion of the supreme importance of religion; and his literary pursuits had long occupied a

place in his estimation subordinate to the discharge of his duties to his God. He was therefore well prepared, by his previous habits, for exercising a pious resignation to the will of the Supreme Disposer; and so entire was his submission to that will, that, through the whole course of his illness, not a single repining expression escaped him, at being precluded from those studies which had afforded him so much delight. Though he did not suffer much pain, yet he was reduced to a great degree of weakness, that prevented him not only from study, but from enjoying the society of his numerous friends, from which he was accustomed to derive the highest gratification. In these circumstances, it was an unfailing source of comfort to him, that his mind was stored with a variety of subjects of interesting contemplation; and that, in the exercises of religion, he had long maintained a habit of communion with his God and Saviour. In these contemplations and exercises his time was now wholly occupied; for so great was his weakness, that it was very seldom that he could converse even with his dearest and most intimate friends. When he was occasionally able to speak, it was

remarkable that he scarcely ever alluded to his literary pursuits, or to the incidents of his late extensive tour. The only subject of his conversation was about the state of his mind, and the concerns of eternity; and his only regret was, that he had not been more attentive to these concerns while in health, and that now, when deprived of that invaluable blessing, he was unable to direct his thoughts and attention to them so steadily as he wished. His reading was almost exclusively confined to the Bible and the Olney Hymns. He was particularly delighted with the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, and the fourteenth of John; which, at his request, were read to him very frequently, after the usual exercises of family devotion, in order to furnish his mind with suitable subjects of meditation when composing himself to rest. The former chapter he was accustomed to read in Italy. In that sultry climate, the beautiful figures employed by the prophet, in representing the blessings of the Gospel of Christ, were peculiarly refreshing to his mind.

Thus was his time occupied during the pro-

gress of his illness. In proportion as the hour of his departure approached, his patience, humility, and aspirations after the blessedness of heaven increased. The natural kindness of his disposition was more than ever apparent; and, with the greatest self-possession and tranquillity, he endeavoured to comfort his weeping friends and attendants. His reliance for acceptance with God was entirely on the merits of Christ: he was too well acquainted with the Scriptures and with his own heart, and knew too well the imperfection of the best human obedience to the Divine law, to expect salvation in any other way. It was thus that he was enabled to meet the last enemy with fortitude; and on Saturday, the twenty-first of April 1821, he fell asleep in Jesus, exclaiming repeatedly with his last breath, till the sound gradually died away, O what a glorious change!

From the foregoing sketch of the life and studies of Mr. Ross, and still more from the perusal of such of his papers as are submitted to the public, the reader will be able in some measure to judge of the extent and variety of his

attainments, and of the moral worth by which his intellectual eminence was adorned. A distinguishing feature of his character was his amiable disposition, which made him the delight of his friends, and of all who were acquainted with him. He was always of a cheerful habit of mind, and studied to make all about him cheerful and happy. He had a peculiar talent of accommodating himself to the company in which he was, and could be playful or serious as the occasion required. His principal enjoyment, however, was in rational and improving conversation; and, as his knowledge was completely at his command, he had the utmost facility in communicating it to others, which he did in the most agreeable, modest, and unassuming manner. His piety was as deep and sincere as it was unostentatious; it was a principle that pervaded all his mental habits, and influenced the whole of his conduct and pursuits. This appears in a very satisfactory manner, from several incidental remarks in his Diary and Travels.

Of all the practical testimonies to the truth and importance of religion and virtue, there are

few more engaging and impressive than the homage of youthful talent. When it is seen, as in the case of the subject of the preceding Memoir, that early associations of a beautiful and interesting nature, with the objects of religion, have been retained through life, and increased with advancing years—that, amidst the closest application to study, the exercises of religion have been sacredly observed—that very high attainments in human knowledge have only enhanced in the estimation of their possessor the value of the wisdom that cometh from above—that a disposition naturally amiable, has been rendered more amiable by religious principle—that all this excellence was crowned and adorned by the greatest modesty and simplicity of character—and that, in the prospect of death, and in the feebleness of expiring nature, religion enabled its possessor to look forward with humble indeed but delightful anticipation—it must be evident, that it is religion alone that can effectually elevate and adorn the nature of man, and that can secure the happiness of the present life, as well as of that which is to come. To the young especially, this example makes a powerful appeal, and presents them with

a bright pattern for their imitation. In contemplating a life so pure, and a death so happy, who would not exclaim, as the departed youth himself did, on two interesting occasions recorded in his Remains—May I also be ready; and when I am called hence, may I be able to say, Even so come, Lord Jesus—May I die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his!

Diary

OF

STUDIES.

January 1, 1817.—I this day, for the first time, met with the Persian phrase, *az khatir khod raftan*, to depart from one's self, or to be absorbed in contemplating the Deity. The word *az*, in Persian, has many different meanings. It is sometimes used for the genitive, as *kitab az man*, my book, for *kitab man*. The word *shama*, a taper or candle, is frequently used for a beautiful woman; as *amad an shama shab*, that candle came near me one night: but the phrase alludes to the words *majlis afroz*, giving light to the banquet; which are either expressed or understood by the poet, and which render the image natural enough.

Jan. 18.—I have been looking at Hindustanee lately: it is very similar to Persian. Indeed, a person who is well grounded in Persian and

Arabic, may almost say he is master, both of Hindustanee and of Turkish. Some of the sonnets of the Hindoo poet Souda are really very pretty; and have much of the fire and energy of Hafiz, the famous bard of Schiraz, though they want that elegance and simplicity, which so much distinguish the writings of the Persian poet. A reader of the eastern poets will be much struck with the mode, in which all their works commence. They do not, like Europeans, enter upon their subject at once, but always begin with praise of the Deity; and this is often the most elegant part of the poem, as Mahometan writers take the greatest pains on the introduction to their works, whether poetical or in prose. Nothing can be more beautiful than the opening of the Bostan of Sady, and more animated than that of the Jusef ve Zuleikha of Jami. The commencement of the Khosru and Shirin of Nizami is also very fine. What a pity that the writers of Europe do not follow their example!

Jan. 19.—I have been reading the Italian poem of Trissino, Italia liberata da' Goti. It is rather dry, but is very easy. He has followed Homer very closely. He often makes his heroes address Justinian by the title of *Rè di tutti i rè che sono in terra*, which is similar to the Persian *shahinshah*, the king of kings, so often used by Ferdusi.

Jan. 22.—I have read the first nine books of the Shah nameh, translated by Mr. Champion, whose work is now very scarce. Ferdusi makes his heroes, in time of danger and uncertainty, have recourse to the aid of seers and wise men; who, generally, give such counsel as enables them to avoid the threatened danger. So Homer, Iliad i. 62. makes Achilles say,

Αλλ' αγε δη τινα μαντιν ερειομεν, η ιερηα,
Η και ονειροπολον, (και γαρ τ' οναρ εκ Διος εστιν.)

Jan. 23.—I have now almost finished the first book of the Gulistan of Sady, in the original Persian. He is an excellent moral writer; and from all the numerous stories, which he gives in his works, he never fails to draw some moral conclusion. Indeed, take his works as a whole, he is one of the most elegant and pleasing of Persian writers. A person must know Arabic, before he can peruse his works with any pleasure, as he blends this language very frequently with his native Persian. His style is simple and unaffected, and, at the same time, elegant, in a high degree.

Near the end of the first book of the Italia liberata of Trissino, a scene occurs which resembles much the genius of Ferdusi's poetry.—The emperor Justinian, after a grand review of his troops, and after appointing Belisario il grande

his representative in the future war, was just to return home, when a singular circumstance attracted the attention of all who were present. Near the place where they were, was a little thicket of myrtle trees, or rather bushes, full of nests of birds; when a monstrous dragon appeared, and devoured the tender young, whose wings were not able to bear them off from the monster; while the mothers fluttered about in vain, dimandando ajuto. At this time, an eagle darted down, and carried off the dragon. Soon after this, another dragon made its appearance, and another eagle descended and destroyed it. Upon this, Procopius, who, as Trissino says,

> era un astrologo eccellente,
> Cui per grazia del cielo eran' palesi
> Gl' incogniti viaggi delle stelle, &c.

gives a favourable augury, and predicts complete success to the enterprize.

Petrarca, in his 201st sonnet, begins thus:

> Real natura, angelico intelletto,
> Chiar' alma, pronta vista, occhio cerviero.

Now *occhio cerviero* exactly corresponds to the Persian *ahu chashm*, fawn-eyed, so often used by Hafiz in his odes, which, in a great many respects, resemble the sonnets of Petrarca and Metastasio.

Feb. 9.—Ferdusi, in his Shah nameh, often uses *zarin kafsh*, golden slippers. Thus also Callimachus, in his hymn to Apollo,

Ἡ τε λυρη, το τ' αεμμα το Λυκτιον, ἡ τε Φαρετρη,
Χρυσεα και τα πεδιλα, πολυχρυσος γαρ Απολλων.

Gold are his quiver, harp, and Lyctian bow,
And his fair feet with golden sandals glow;
All bright in gold appears the power divine.
Tytler.

Feb. 23.—When we consider the shortness and uncertainty of life, and the many dangers by which we are surrounded, how thankful ought we to be to that good Being, who so graciously preserves us! If God were for a single moment to withdraw his care from this world, which is but a spot when compared with the immensity of his works, every thing would fall into confusion, and man would at last be taught his dependence on his Maker. But how is the mind lost in admiration and in gratitude, when it reflects, that those innumerable worlds, with which immensity is peopled, are all in an equal degree the objects of his care! If we carry our reflections farther, and consider that every individual in all these worlds depends on our heavenly Father, for life, and breath, and all things, and that not a sparrow falls to the ground without him, what

exalted ideas must we receive of the power, wisdom, and goodness of God!—power, in calling the universe into existence; wisdom, in the admirable beauty and harmony of all its parts; and goodness ineffable, in still preserving and governing it. How careful ought we to be, in thought, word, and deed, when we reflect that God sees and knows our inmost thoughts, and that for all of them He will one day bring us into judgment.

Feb. 24.—I have read the whole book of Genesis, in Hebrew. I intend next to read the book of Psalms.

The following couplet, from Sady, a Persian poet, is much like the words of our Saviour, Matthew vi. 31. "Therefore take no thought, saying, what shall we eat? or what shall we drink? or wherewithal shall we be clothed?"

Umr giranmayah dar in sarf shud
Ta cheh khoram sayf wa cheh posham shita.

"Valuable life is spent in such cares as these, What shall I eat in summer, and wherewith shall I be clothed in winter?"—*Gulistan*, *Chapter* i. *Tale* 36.

March 3.—I have carefully read Marshman's Dissertation on the Chinese language; and I find that the acquisition of it is by no means so formidable as I had been led to imagine. Indeed

Mr. Marshman says, in the conclusion of his work, "that, instead of being the most difficult, it will be found amongst those most easy of acquisition." A good deal, it is evident, must depend upon a knowledge of the two hundred and fourteen keys, of one or other of which every word in the language is compounded. After these are perfectly mastered, and a knowledge of about thirty prepositive and auxiliary characters acquired, the language lies open to the student. The Chinese language is more adapted to speak to the understanding and the eye, than to the ear; and a sentence, in the written character of China, may possess a considerable degree of force, on account of the expressive nature of the characters, which would lose its beauty, in a great degree, by the disadvantage of a translation. Thus the Chinese character, expressing *to enquire*, is compounded of two characters, signifying a door and the mouth—literally, mouth-door.

March 4.—In the works of Confucius, the word *death* is seldom introduced; the common expression is, that he has returned to his family. Does not this remind one of the scripture phrase, being gathered to one's fathers?

The Persians call the ass *daraz gush*, or long ears: so, in the fourth fable of the Heetopades of Vishnu Sarma, we meet with a cat, whose name is *deerga karna*, long ears.

March 23.—The book of Genesis, independently of its divine origin, presents to our consideration a variety of events, deeply interesting to every rational being. It is only by the aid of inspiration, that we can form any just ideas of the creation of the world. What extravagant theories have been formed by those men, who, too wise in their own estimation to owe any thing to the inspired volume, have launched into speculations, the most foolish and inconsistent. The account of the creation is particularly grand and impressive. There is indeed an authoritative sublimity in the language of the Bible, that at once claims our assent to the interesting truths which it relates, and tends to impress us with just notions of the exalted nature of the Deity. The authenticity of this book is established, not only by the strongest internal evidence, but by our Saviour and his apostles, who have cited many passages verbatim from it. Man was created a holy and happy being, fitted to have the closest intercourse with his Creator, in whose image he was formed. But in this happy condition he did not long continue: he fell from the state of innocence and peace, by a violation of the divine law. When man was thus left helpless and forlorn, God was pleased to soften his sufferings, by the gracious promise, that the seed of the woman should bruise the head of the serpent. Good men have had reason, in all ages,

to lament the depravity of human nature. The first blood, that was shed upon the earth, was shed by a brother's hand. There is something revolting in the crime of murder: it is so contrary to the good order of society, and to that duty which one man owes to another, that the mind cannot think of it without horror. Yet when this crime is committed by one united to the object of his cruelty by the closest ties, it gives it a peculiar feature of atrocity. The sacred historian goes on to relate the wickedness of man, which was so great as to provoke the divine vengeance; and the world was destroyed by a flood, in which the righteous family of Noah alone escaped. He then proceeds to God's covenant with man, the confusion of tongues at the building of the tower of Babel, his covenant with Abraham, and the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. In the course of the narrative, many very interesting particulars are given of the lives and history of the patriarchs, calculated to illustrate the wisdom and providence of God; and the book concludes with the interesting story of Joseph. Moses describes events simply as they happened, without any of the embellishments of art; yet in the whole book he keeps up a dignity that gives authority to the various events which he has occasion to relate. Several prophecies are given relative to the Messiah. Such a narrative of the infancy of the human race, and of the gradual pro-

gress of society, seems well adapted to be an introduction to the subsequent more enlarged accounts of the dispensations of God to men.

April 1.—I intend, during this season, to adhere to the following plan of study :—

Monday.—From eleven to twelve, French—twelve to two, Latin or Italian—the hour between two and three, every day, to be devoted to Greek—four to five, Chinese—evening, to Persian.

Tuesday.—Eleven to twelve, Latin—twelve to one, Arabic—four to five, Italian—evening, to Persian.

Wednesday.—Ten to eleven, French—twelve to one, Chinese—four to five, Italian—evening, to Persian.

Thursday.—Eleven to twelve, Latin—twelve to one, Arabic—four to five, French—evening, as before.

Friday.—Eleven to twelve, Persian—twelve to one, Italian—four to five, Greek—evening, as before.

Saturday.—Eleven to twelve, Syriac—twelve to one, Arabic—four to five, Latin—evening, either to Arabic, Persian, or Chinese.—Every morning to be spent in reading the Hebrew Bible and Greek Testament.

I have been fortunate enough to get a copy of an edition of the Persian poet Hafiz, printed

at Calcutta, now very scarce. His odes are not very difficult to translate; much less so than the flowery prose of the Anvar Soheily, or Bahar Danush. Indeed, in general, the poetical works of the Persians are less difficult than the prose. The Gulistan of Sady is one of the easiest of their prose compositions; and it is remarkable, that Sady, who is so simple and unaffected in the Gulistan and Bostan, should lose himself so completely in some of the sonnets that compose his Divan, which bear the strongest marks of affectation and restraint. But, notwithstanding this fault, many of his odes are written with all the elegance of the Persian language; and are remarkable for an easy flow of words, and a brilliancy of imagery, which are highly pleasing. The introduction to the Bostan, of the same writer, is one of the finest pieces of devotion, perhaps, to be found in the language. Jami is known as the author of the Jusef ve Zuleikha, a poem much praised by Sir William Jones. He is a very elegant writer, and is remarkable for a delicacy and sweetness, which, added to a flowing versification, give an irresistible charm to his poetry. It is to be regretted, that, in some places, his similies are involved and perplexed, and that his compositions are often full of mysticism, which is a fault common to all the Soofy poets. Saib is a poet, who is remarkable for his tenderness; he is the Filicaja of

Persia. Some of his odes are truly beautiful: but his poetry is by no means equal; he has written too much to write all equally well. In fact, the Persian ode, or *guzl*, is but ill adapted for a real poet—it fetters him too much. We seldom find the most beautiful image extended beyond a single couplet; and we are too often wearied by the frequent repetition of the same idea. We are apt to condemn the poetry of Asiatic nations, when we read it by means of a prose translation; little regarding the effect produced by the flowing numbers of the original, which often make us dwell with rapture on an idea, that would be passed over in prose, with little notice. Our own poetry would not stand this test. Let us suppose, that our Milton was translated into Persian prose: how would the sublime grandeur of the original be dissipated, and its beauties lost, by the meagreness of the translation! The same thing holds true of ludicrous composition. What sort of figure would Hudibras, or the story of John Gilpin, make in prose? To translate oriental poetry with effect, the translator must be a poet. No European was fitter for this than Sir William Jones. His translations ought to serve as a model for all future attempts; and, in spite of the criticisms of some, who pretend to be Persian scholars, his name will be revered by every one, who knows how to appreciate the value of his acquirements.

April 2.—Spring is a season which is possessed of peculiar interest. It charms us by the variety of pleasing objects which it presents to our view. Nature is recovering from the severe shock it has sustained by the colds of winter; and every thing seems to be possessed of new life, and appears again in the most attractive form. What an instructive lesson may we draw from this, of the kind and never ceasing care of God! He sits enthroned in heaven—earth and its inhabitants appear as nothing in the immensity of his works; yet he watches over the life of the minutest animal, and causes the lily of the valley to blossom. As spring is the fairest season of the year, so youth is the period which is best adapted for planting and cherishing those fruits, which, in process of time, may spring up to everlasting life. How steadily ought we to keep in view the great end of our being, and improve, to the utmost of our power, the time allotted us, to prepare for eternity!—As the tree falls, so must it lie. How trivial are the studies and cares, which occupy the time and engross the attention of the busy world! How trifling, when compared with the vast concerns of eternity! Our studies should always be directed to some useful purpose; and the great end of our life should be, the glory of God, and the happiness of our fellow men.

April 9.—My attention has been of late a good deal directed to Italian. I have had some opportunities of entering into conversation with Italians. Those whom I have seen are Tuscans, whose dialect is reckoned the purest in Italy, while that of Milan is the worst. It is easier to converse in Italian, than in any other language of Europe with which I am acquainted. The natives of Italy, however, speak so fast, that a foreigner has some difficulty in understanding them. They seemed much attached to Bonaparte; but allowed that he was *uom cattivo ma del più grande ingegno*—a bad man, but of the greatest genius. They spoke in raptures of their country, and were delighted at the thoughts of again visiting it.

April 16.—I have gone over Lumsden's Persian Grammar, in two volumes folio, and Gladwin's Persian Munshee. Lumsden's performance exhibits a good deal of industry, but little taste, and less judgment: yet he pretends to find fault with the elegant work of Sir William Jones; and never misses an opportunity of raising the merit of his own production, at the expense of his. The grammar of Sir William presents the language in an alluring and attractive view. It is formed upon such a comprehensive and yet simple plan, that to master the elementary prin-

ciples is to the student, a work not of drudgery, but of pleasure. He contemplates with delight the progress he has made; and, while he acquires a knowledge of the grammar, he is daily adding to his stock of words, by the many well chosen passages from the best authors. His work is encumbered with few of the technical terms of grammar, while Lumsden's is full of them; and, by the frequent repetition of names, different from what the student has been accustomed to see, in similar elementary works in the languages of Europe, he is almost tempted to give up the study of the language in despair. He gives no examples of the written character, in which respect Mr. Gladwin's Munshee is superior both to Sir William Jones and Lumsden. Sir William, indeed, gives a specimen of Taleek and Shekesteh; but it will be of little use in reading Persian manuscripts. The best work on this subject is by Sir William Ouseley; whose name I shall ever mention with respect, and whose attainments in oriental literature command my admiration. Another objection to Mr. Lumsden's grammar is, its enormous size; and I think a person must have a good deal of resolution, who would sit down to learn the language by a grammar, in two folio volumes: I am sure I never should have done so. Mr. Gladwin's Munshee is a very good performance; and contains, at the end, an excellent Chrestomathia,

from the best prose writers. I have also read twice the "Poeseos Asiaticæ Commentarii," by Sir William Jones; a work which is worthy of its elegant author, and which, as Major Scott Waring justly observes, is the only one which gives any tolerable idea of oriental poetry. All succeeding writers have borrowed from Sir William, often without acknowledgment, and his various works have served as a quarry to every author on oriental subjects. His genius disdained to be indebted to the labours of his predecessors, while he had it in his power *ipsos accedere fontes atque haurire;* and no European has ever trod the path of oriental literature with more success. Sir William Ouseley seems to possess an enthusiasm for eastern literature, from which the world may hope to derive great advantage. He treads in the steps of his great model, Sir William Jones. Scott Waring's Tour to Scheeraz contains a great deal of information on Persian poetry, and some excellent translations of Hafiz; and I have derived both pleasure and instruction from an attentive perusal of his work. He is one of the few who have not repeated the twice told tale, but has given us something new and interesting. It is to be regretted, that one, who is so eminently qualified, has not written more. D'Herbelot, whose great work, the "Bibliotheque Orientale," contains a vast fund of information upon every subject con-

nected with oriental literature, is a very voluminous and laborious writer. His work is very amusing; and what I read of it interested me much. His acquaintance with the writers of the east seems to have been very extensive; more so perhaps than that of any other European, not even excepting Sir William Jones.

April 17.—In Europe, during the dark ages, oral recitation was, in a great measure, the vehicle by which important transactions were handed down to posterity. The wild and rude poetry of the troubadours was used for this purpose. It tended to fire the youth with a desire to emulate the deeds of their forefathers, and excited in their soldiers a martial and heroic spirit: it made them patient under fatigue, and inspired them with a contempt for danger. But their poetry was as unsettled as their language; and their advances in literature and science were proportionably slow. Province was at war with province, and civil commotion distracted the unhappy countries of Europe. While darkness had thus overspread the west, Arabia was the seat of poetry and the arts. Under the munificent patronage of the Caliph Almamon, colleges innumerable were established, and every encouragement held out to men of genius. Nor were his generous labours in vain: he had the pleasure of seeing a taste for literature spread

over his vast dominions, and a succession of great men arise, whose writings shed a glory on the times in which they lived. Spain, then subject to the power of the Arabs, was peculiarly distinguished for the number of men of genius which it had produced. Poetry has always been the favourite study of the Arabs: their imagery is all borrowed from nature; and there is a grandeur and sublimity in their poetical works, that corresponds to the wildness of the scenes which they describe. It is a remarkable fact, that, though they have translated into Arabic a good many of the Greek philosophers, not one of the poets has been translated. The poetry of the Greeks has been always considered by them as too tame and languid, and as wanting those bold flights of fancy which they esteemed as the greatest beauties of poetry. We are indebted to Arabia for that taste for literature which gradually spread itself over Europe; but there are other conveniences and discoveries which we owe to her. Paper, now so indispensable an article, we owe to the Arabs: it was made of cotton, at Mecca, in the year of our Lord 706, of the Hegira 88, by Joseph Amrou, who had learned the art of making it at Samarcand, when it was taken by the Saracens. Gunpowder was also known to the Arabs more than a century before we hear of it in Europe. The rhymes of the troubadours were borrowed from the same

source. In Arabic poetry, the common way is to rhyme in distichs. Sismondi, in his Litterature du Midi, vol. i. p. 102. gives a specimen of a piece of poetry by Frederic I. which rhymes exactly in the same way. It begins,

Plas mi cavalier Francez,
E la donna Catalana,
E l' onrar del Ginoes,
E la court de Castellana,
Lou cantar Provençalez,
E la danza Trevisana, *&c.*

Most Persian and Arabic odes rhyme thus; but they have another form, in which every second line ends with the same word. This we also find in Provençal poetry. It would be an interesting subject to trace the resemblance between the Provençal poets and those of Persia and Arabia. The former were doubtless much indebted to the latter. The lyrical compositions of the troubadours have much of the wildness and abruptness of oriental writers. In the conclusion, the poet, for the most part, suddenly breaks off from his theme, and introduces a panegyric on himself or his poetry: this we find in the Persian poets. In the last couplet, or *shah beit*, as it is called, the author always introduces his name; and generally ends by some compliment to himself, which is reckoned quite fair,

and justly due to his poetical merit. Though we owe an immense number of small poems to the troubadours, yet they have left to posterity no great monument of genius. Their life was so unsettled, that perhaps they did not find time for larger works: they gave an impulse, however, to the literature of the times, and paved the way for farther improvement.

Bertrand of Born was one of the most celebrated of these rude bards. Possessed of a restless spirit, impatient of control, he was always engaged in some hazardous enterprize. When escaped from one danger, he soon plunged into another. In every fresh war he was engaged; while by his verse he animated the courage of the soldiers, and stimulated them to deeds of valour. His poetry is distinguished for its originality and its wildness. He is introduced by Dante, in his Inferno, canto 28, who paints him carrying his bloody head in his hands, suspended by the hair; and represents this as his punishment for having caused young Henry to revolt against his father.

Peter Vidal, of Toulouse, was not less remarkable for his extravagances, than for the softness and delicacy of his poetry. He was an extraordinary character, in every point of view. At one time, he assumed the name of *the wolf;* and, to merit this appellation, he wrapped himself up in a huge wolf's skin, and ran about among the

woods: at another time, he conceived himself an emperor, and his wife an empress. But, notwithstanding all this, he was a man of exquisite sensibility and keenness of feeling; though his whole conduct was extravagant and fantastic, in a high degree.

In passing sentence on the poetry of the troubadours, we ought not to judge too severely. We should consider the times in which they lived: we ought to recollect, that the greatest ignorance was spread over Europe, and it would certainly be unjust to compare them with the poets of later times. In general, they were very ignorant, and were totally unacquainted with the ancient writers. They seem not to have possessed the power of invention in a high degree: and they have never attempted epic poetry; though the grand events of the times in which they lived would have furnished them with ample materials for this sort of composition.

April 18.—Most of the languages of Europe have been raised to their present state of perfection by the united labours of successive writers. Their progress has consequently been slow; and the earlier authors are with difficulty understood, on account of their using many words which the fastidiousness of later times has condemned to oblivion. The Italian language presents to us a spectacle highly interesting. When

we consider that this language, though the last in its formation of the dialects of Europe, was yet the first in which a work of real genius was produced, we must admire the astonishing powers of that man, who has, by his own unassisted efforts, reared so vast a fabric. His genius was indebted to no previous writer: he had no models set before him for his imitation: all was the product of his own vast intellect. He has exhibited, in all its grandeur, the world unseen; and his descriptions are full of the most sublime and exalted ideas, while they breathe all the tenderness of the true poet. Such was Dante, the father of Italian poetry. He has given to the Italian language a permanence, which has been enjoyed by no other language of Europe. He selected, from among the different dialects of Italy, such words as seemed most adapted to his purpose, and thus formed a style, which is at once elegant and nervous. Previous to his time, the language had been used only to express the feelings of an ardent lover, in those sonnets which were then almost the only kind of poetry known in Europe. These were the models which Dante had before his eyes, in the modern languages: but he boldly broke the trammels which had bound down the imaginations of those who had preceded him; and ventured into unknown regions, where no guide was found to direct his adventurous steps. This great man was born at

Florence, in 1265. The story of Ugolino is one of the finest pictures in the Commedia Divina; but, amidst so many beauties, it would be difficult to select—all bear, in so great a degree, the traces of his masterly pencil. His Inferno displays the poetic fire of the author to most advantage. His other two pieces have not the same degree of interest: in some places, he enters into long theological discussions, and in others he is so mystical, that he often becomes unintelligible. Dante and Ferdusi, the Homer of Persia, seem to bear a striking resemblance to each other. Both, disdaining the labours of their predecessors, trod a path entirely new; both possessed the power of invention, in a high degree; and they have both of them been the means of spreading a love of literature in their native countries. As Dante is the father of Italian poetry, so is Ferdusi the father of the poetry of Persia; and the works of both exhibit the most astonishing efforts of the powers of the human mind. The affection of Dante for Beatrice presents his character in an amiable point of view: his love was of the purest and most exalted kind. Like Ferdusi, he was obliged to leave all that was dear to him, and implore from strangers that protection which was denied him in his native city. By being married to a woman whose dispositions were dissimilar to his own, his private peace was destroyed, and she, who should have soothed his

sorrows, embittered the remainder of his life. His poetry has more originality than, perhaps, that of any modern author. The genius of Petrarch was fettered and confined by those rules of versification to which he so closely adhered. Dante disdained to be obliged to set any limits to the flights of his imagination: he ranges, free and uncontrolled, through space: and, not content with the objects of sense, he portrays to us the mysteries of worlds unseen. The Commedia Divina gives us an imaginary representation of a future life: it exhibits the rewards of the good, and the punishments of the bad. The mind of man is naturally prone to pry into futurity; and by a perusal of Dante it finds itself gratified, even by an imaginary representation. His poem must have been peculiarly interesting to his contemporaries; as, from time to time, he introduces those persons who had made a figure in the history of Italy, and the remembrance of whose deeds was fresh in the minds of his countrymen.

April 19.—The following lines of Petrarch contain an idea frequently to be met with in Persian poetry—

Ch' i' non son forte ad aspettar la luce
Di questa donna, e non so fare schermi
Di luoghi tenebrosi, o d' ore tarde.

Però con gli occhi lagrimosi e 'nfermi,
Mio destino a vederla mi conduce;
E so ben, ch' io vo dietro a quel che m' arde.

Which may be translated,

I dare not face that dazzling light,
That plays around her cheek so bright;
Nor would I tread the desert way,
To hide me till the close of day.
Oft down my cheeks roll tears of grief;
Relentless fate gives no relief:
Though she's the cause of all my ill,
I linger in her presence still.

April 22.—The poems of the elegant Hafiz have been a subject of considerable perplexity to the learned. Some have maintained that they are entirely metaphorical, and that, under the images of love and wine, they mean to represent the breathings of true devotion, and to paint, by sensible objects, the mysteries of divine goodness. Others affirm, that they are to be taken only in a literal sense. All Persian writers represent Hafiz as a man of strict integrity, and deeply versed in the mysteries of the Koran. Doulet Shah, the biographer of the Persian poets, tells us, that he spent his life in retirement, and seldom mixed in the dissipations of the world. He informs us also, that his poetry is generally con-

sidered as mystical by his countrymen, who look upon his Divan, or collection of odes, as containing allusions to the most recondite doctrines of mussulman theology. In examining the question, whether the odes of Hafiz are to be considered as mystical, or whether they are to be understood literally, a middle course seems to be most advisable. To consider them all as mystical would be to torture the more evident meaning of the poet to a conformity to preconceived opinions, and would involve us in contradictions the most absurd. We know the character of the Persians, and the influences of a warm sky, where the passions of men are raised to the highest. Blessed with one of the finest climates in the world, the Persian is too apt to forget his prophet and his Koran, amidst the revelry of an eastern banquet, and to quaff the forbidden beverage of Shiraz, while attending to the melody of the lute, and listening to the sweet strains of the musician: and there is very great reason to suspect, that Hafiz was not altogether insensible to what had such a powerful effect upon his countrymen. Notwithstanding the retirement and reputed sanctity of his life, it is more than probable that he sometimes joined in their festivities. But though, in general, his odes are to be taken literally, yet, in some cases, we are constrained to allow that a figurative sense is to be preferred. Many of his odes are addressed to

the Creator; and, in some places, he writes with all the glow of devotion. None of the Persian poets is more generally admired than Hafiz. He is a favourite with all his countrymen; high and low, all are equally fond of him; and his odes are read with rapture, not only in Persia, but over all the east. There is a wildness and simplicity in his poems, which cannot fail to please the most fastidious reader; and, while he hurries on from one image to another, with the greatest rapidity, it is impossible not to perceive the fire of the true poet. In general, his style is unaffected, and his versification flowing and harmonious. He is free from those puns and quibbles, which perplex and obscure some of the other Persian poets: but to make a literal, and, at the same time, an elegant, translation of this poet would be impracticable. The language of Persia is so totally dissimilar to our own, its idioms are so different, and the genius of Asiatic poetry is so very unlike that of Europe, that an attempt at a translation strictly literal would lead to the grossest barbarisms. The best method would be, to give, in a free and easy style, the meaning of the poet, and not to attempt a translation word for word. But even this would be a matter of considerable difficulty. The poets of Persia contain innumerable allusions to eastern customs; and unless a person, besides an accurate knowledge of the language, have an acquaintance with these customs, and the

manners of the people, he will fail, in many instances, of giving the spirit of his author. Besides this, he will have to encounter other difficulties. The Persian writers are full of compound terms, which in English we are obliged to express by circumlocutions; and the language is often so vague, that he will be obliged to guess at the meaning of the author.

April 23.—I have read Major Broughton's selections from the popular poetry of the Hindoos. Some of the Hindee poets are very pretty; they write in a simple and unaffected strain, and are not nearly so full of metaphor as many of the Persian writers. The Hindee differs considerably from the Hindustanee: the former borrows from the Sanscrit, the latter from the Persian and Arabic. The imagery of the Hindee poets is taken from nature: they delight to paint rural scenery, and to sing of the loves of their god, Krishna; who does not certainly appear to much advantage in their representations of his character. As the *guzl*, or ode, among the Persians is the most admired species of poetry, so is the *rusadik*, or love sonnet, among the Hindoos. The following is an image we often find in Persian writers:—

Whence is thy skill, my fair one, say?
A bow unstrung thy brows display;

'Thy sidelong glance, a fatal dart,
Unerring, wounds my flutt'ring heart.

April 24.—The following simile, from the Morgante Maggiore of Luigi Pulci, published in 1485, is often to be met with in the descriptions of Ferdusi :—

Carlo, mugghiando per la mastra sala,
Com' un lion famelico arrabbiato.

And the following, from the original Orlando Innamorato of Bojardo, is frequently used by the same poet :—

Ch' ha cor di drago, e membra di gigante.

The labours of three great men, Dante, Petrarch, and Boccacio, gave an impulse to Italian literature, the good effects of which will always remain. The century after their deaths was devoted more to classical research than to the improvement of the Italian language. Latin was then the vehicle for all learned works; and it was considered vulgar to use any other language. The consequence of this neglect was, that the Italian degenerated; and it was not till the time of Lorenzo de' Medici that it again began to be cultivated. The influence which this great man had on literature was very considerable: a poet

and philosopher himself, he held out every encouragement to men of genius. The life of Lorenzo, written by Roscoe, gives a very interesting account of his various studies; and by it we see that his political career was no less remarkable than his literary, and that both were pursued without the one interfering with the other. Among the great characters whom the munificence of Lorenzo attracted to his court, none was more remarkable for his learning than Angelo Poliziano, born in 1454. His early acquirements were extraordinary; and these, united to an ardour for literature seldom to be met with, and an enthusiasm for the ancient authors, conspired to make him one of the greatest men his country has produced. He has left an unfinished poem on a tournament of Giuliano de' Medici, which shews what his genius was capable of producing. We must regret that he did not choose a more exalted theme. He represents Giuliano as passionately fond of the chase: for him love had no charms, but he engaged with ardour in every manly exercise.—Cupid, indignant at his conduct, led him one day into the woods, in chase of a white hind; but he suddenly lost sight of her, and fell in with the lovely Simonetta, who, of course, made a deep impression upon his youthful heart. Politian gives the following description of this lady, of which I have attempted to make a translation:

Candida è ella, e candida la vesta,
Ma pur di rose e fior dipinta e d' erba;
L' inanellato crin de l' aurea testa
Scende in la fronte umilmente superba.
Ridele attorno tutta la foresta,
E quanto può sue cure disacerba;
Nell' atto regalmente è mansueta,
E pur col ciglio le tempeste acqueta.

Folgaron gli occhi d' un dolce sereno,
Ove sue faci tien Cupid ascose;
L' aer d' intorno si fa tutto ameno,
Ovunque gira le luci amorose.
Di celeste letizia il volto ha pieno,
Dolce dipinto di ligustri e rose;
Ogni aura tace al suo parlar divino,
E canta ogni augelletto in suo latino.

TRANSLATION.

Pure as herself her snowy garment flows,
Deck'd with green flow'rets, and the blushing rose;
The curling tresses of her golden head,
In modest pride, adown her forehead spread.
For her alone the dreary forest smiles,
By its lone stillness every care beguiles;
In deeds not less attractive than in form,
By her keen glance she stills the awful storm.

Her lovely eyes shed round a light divine,
There in full splendour Cupid seems to shine;
Where'er she throws her killing glances round,
There nought but sweet complacency is found.
Each heavenly virtue shines upon her face,
While to her cheeks the rose imparts its grace;
And, when she speaks, the breeze that floats along
Is hush'd—each bird pours out its pleasing song.

April 25.—I have read, in Hebrew, the whole book of Joshua, and have now begun Judges.—I have read a chapter of the Hebrew Bible and Greek Testament regularly before breakfast, for a considerable time; and hope, by adhering to this plan, to get through, in time, the whole Bible. I read a good many of the Psalms; but, upon the whole, I think it is better to leave the poetical books to the last, when my knowledge of the language will be increased by a careful perusal of the historical part. My studies in Persian have been directed to Hafiz of late. I read some odes every day, if possible; but when I have attained an accurate knowledge of his style and manner, I intend to divide my time between him and Sady, and to begin the second chapter of the Gulistan, as I finished the first chapter a considerable while ago. In Italian, I have been reading a translation of Paul and Virginia, and in Greek, the Anabasis of Xenophon, which I have nearly finished. In Latin, I have read a

book of Cicero *De Natura Deorum*, and am busy at present with Virgil.

April 26.—I have attempted to paraphrase the following verse of Petrarch:—

Erano i capei d' oro a l' aura sparsi,
Che' n mille dolci nodi gli avolgea,
E' l vago lume oltra misura ardea
Di quei begli occhi, ch' or ne son si scarsi.

Sweetly floats her yellow hair,
Wildly sporting in the air;
And the wand'ring vivid light
From her eyes, so sweetly bright,
Even by its distant ray
Makes the heart an easy prey.

April 28.—Petrarch, sonnet 269:—

Zefiro torna, e' l bel tempo rimena,
E i fiori, e l' erbe, sua dolce famiglia;
E garrir Progne; e pianger Filomena,
E primavera candida e vermiglia.

The following translation is not quite literal, but gives the meaning of the author:—

Sweetly blow the vernal breezes,
Songsters warble in the plain,

Spring's returned, and all that pleases;
Lovely flow'rets grace her train.

The following is translated from a canzonet, by Chiabrera:—

Del mio sol son ricciutegli
I capegli
Non biondetti, ma brunetti;
Son due rose vermigliuzze
Le gotuzze;
Le due labbra rubinetti;
Ma dal dì ch' io la mirai,
Fin qui mai,
Non mi vidi ora tranquilla.

The ringlets of my charmer's hair
In dusky tresses flow,
And on her cheeks two roses fair
With vermil blushes glow.
Her lips display two rubies bright;
But, ah! how sad the day,
When first she burst upon my sight,
And stole my peace away.

May 15.—My studies have been intermitted for a week past, by my being in the country.—Since my return, I have purchased Olivet's Poesies Occitaniques; a book I have long wished to possess, as it gives specimens of the poetry of the

troubadours, some of which are very pretty, and far from being feeble, or wanting either in dignity or grace. The following lines are the beginning of a little love sonnet, given in the work; and I have attempted to translate them into English:—

Las rosas muscadetas,
Ni las flous del bouyssou,
N'han pas de tas poupetas,
L'aûdour ni la blancou.

Not the tender musky roses,
Not the flowers that deck the vales,
Have the hue thy breast discloses,
Or the fragrance it exhales.

May 31.—The history of Spain must ever be peculiarly interesting. This country, for a long time tributary to the Romans, had adopted their language, their manners, and their laws: the victors and the vanquished were so completely assimilated, that both seemed to be but one people. But the invasion of the Goths and Vandals, about the year 409, had a very considerable influence, both on their language and literature. The Latin was now blended with a vast multitude of northern words, which, in a short time, gave it a complexion entirely new. The invasion of the Arabs was also another event which

had a great influence upon the Spanish language. It enriched it with a variety of new words, and altered it considerably in its pronunciation; yet the influence which this mixture of Arabic had on the *genius* of the language was but comparatively small: it, however, tended to give an oriental complexion, not only to Spanish literature, but to that of all Europe. The early history of this country presents to us a long train of romances, many of which throw great light on the rude manners of the times when they were written. Amongst these may be particularly remarked, the Chronicle of the Cid, written more than a hundred and fifty years before the Commedia Divina of Dante. Its versification is not remarkably flowing or harmonious; yet the simplicity which pervades it cannot fail to interest the reader. The romantic adventures of the Cid have given rise to many poems and ballads; and even to this day, his name is never mentioned but with reverence and gratitude by his countrymen. At an early period of the literary history of Spain, love was almost the only theme which was celebrated by the poet; hence the sameness which is to be found in their works. They blended also with these amorous sonnets a great deal of what they were pleased to term philosophy; and never lost sight of their national gravity, even when writing on the most sportive subjects. All this had but an awkward effect in

lyric poetry, which ought always to be free and easy, never affected or constrained. It was reserved for Juan Boscan Almogaver, and Garcilasso de la Vega, to be the first reformers of Spanish poetry. They boldly broke those trammels, by which it had been confined; and substituted, instead of that dulness and sameness, which were so tiresome and unpleasing, a grace and sprightliness which may be said to rival that of the best poets of Italy. Some of the Spanish writers are amazingly voluminous: Lopez de Vega alone wrote about twenty-one millions three hundred thousand verses.

October 17.—I have been prevented from doing much in my studies of late, in consequence of being absent for some months on the continent. Since my return, however, I have finished the book of Judges, in Hebrew; and have nearly gone over the Tuti nameh, or Tales of a Parrot, in Persian. In Italian, I have read a few of the Novelle Morali di Francesco Soave, which I find very amusing. When in Paris, I purchased a copy of Alfieri's Miscellaneous Works, which I intend to begin soon. I also bought Ginguené's Histoire Litteraire d' Italie, which gives a complete view of the literature of that interesting country. In Chinese, I have been going on with the elementary characters; and in Greek, I have been busy with Xenophon, and the New Tes-

tament. I have read three volumes of Sismondi de la Litterature du Midi de l' Europe, and am at present engaged in the perusal of the fourth. It is an extremely interesting work, and is written in a remarkably easy and perspicuous style. I have seldom derived more instruction or amusement from any work, than I have done from this elaborate production of M. Sismondi. My studies in Arabic have been chiefly directed to acquiring a knowledge of the grammar, which is very difficult; but I hope, if life is spared, to be able to make some progress in this study, as I find it will be very useful in the perusal of the Persian authors, many of whose works contain a good deal of Arabic. May all my studies and pursuits be directed from above!

Oct. 30.—The Syriac language abounds in compounds: thus, the name of the devil is *ochelkarzo*, edens criminationem. We find the same idiom in Persian; as *sawgand khōrdan*, to swear—literally, to swallow an oath; *tāzyānah khōrdan*, to receive scourges—literally, to eat scourges.

November 4.—Rose at five o'clock, and began by reading, in Hebrew, the last chapter of Ruth, and, in Greek, a chapter of the gospel of Luke. I intend next to begin the perusal of Ezra. As a portion of this book is written in Chaldee, I am

anxious to acquire a knowledge of this sister dialect of the Hebrew; which may be said to be the connecting link between this latter language and the Syriac, to the acquisition of which it will be a very material assistance. The forenoon was spent in examining the Kholassut ool Akhbar, a work written in Persian by Khondemir, of which I am fortunate enough to possess a fine manuscript copy. Upon the whole, this is a very well written book; the style is plain and perspicuous, and free from that excess of hyperbole, which is so disgusting in some works of the same nature. The account he gives of the philosophers is very amusing. Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and many others, are mentioned, and a short account is given of each. I also read two tales of the Gulistan of Sady, in Persian. I am now pretty well advanced in the second chapter of this work, so much esteemed in the east, for the excellent morality which it inculcates.

Nov. 5.—I have this day read other three tales of the Gulistan, and a considerable portion of the fourth volume of Sismondi's Litterature du Midi, a truly valuable and learned work. I have also read a part of Sir John Malcolm's History of Persia; and commenced the last book of Xenophon's Anabasis, having finished the preceding books.

Nov. 6.—Began the thirty-sixth chapter of Sismondi, on Portuguese literature. Not to be considered as a branch of Spanish, but that of a free and independent nation. A great number of Portuguese authors have written in Spanish; hence not so many original works in the language as might have been expected. Poetry in Portugal coeval with the monarchy in that country; but Portuguese literature may be dated from the fifteenth century. Macias, commonly called El Enamorado—his imprisonment, and death: character of his poetry tender and melancholy: his school was numerous. The works of the most early Portuguese poets on love; unfortunately a great part of them is now lost. Bernardin Ribeyro, one of the first poets of note, flourished from 1495 to 1521: his pastoral poetry tender, elegant, and graceful, with a mixture of deep melancholy, which is more frequent in Portuguese than in Spanish poetry. Saa de Miranda, distinguished no less for his Spanish poetry, than for that which he wrote in his own language: born in 1495; was acquainted with Greek and Latin literature; some pretty specimens of his sonnets given by Sismondi. He had made Italian poetry his particular study.

In the morning, I read a chapter of the Greek New Testament, and one of the Italian version translated by Diodati. During the day, I read

the twenty-third and three following tales of the second chapter of the Gulistan, in Persian; and, in the evening, devoted my time to the Greek grammar.

Nov. 7.—This day I continued the perusal of Sismondi. After Saa de Miranda, the first poet of note was Antonio Ferreira, born at Lisbon in 1528—the Horace of Portugal: he adopted the Italian metres; his exertions tended to reform the taste of his countrymen; his poetry very easily understood, but, upon the whole, wanting that tenderness and affection, which some of his predecessors had in so eminent a degree. Camoens; time of his birth rather uncertain; Sismondi says, in 1529; Bouterwek assigns 1524 as the most probable; his numerous misfortunes in early life; died in an hospital, in Lisbon, in great want, about 1579.

The rest of the day has been spent in the perusal of Xenophon.

Nov. 8.—This forenoon was principally spent in the revisal of the Greek grammar; and in looking over some passages of Sady, which I had previously read, but which I wished to read again. I also continued the perusal of Sismondi. The Lusiad, the principal work of Camoens, and that on which his reputation is founded; may be considered as a national poem; was written at

that period when the glory of Portugal was at its greatest height: the Lusiad remarkable for dignity. In the evening, I read eight or nine pages of the Anabasis; and commenced the Poeseos Asiaticæ Commentarii, by Sir William Jones —a work which I have already perused several times, with great delight; but which I intend to go over from time to time, as it is one of those productions of which I should wish to have a thorough knowledge. Difference between oriental poetry and that of Europe; a person can have no proper idea of it by translations. Many of the Greek poets are to be considered Asiatics, being born either in the Asiatic Islands, or in Asia Minor; their poetry often resembles much that of the Arabs and Persians. The Persian language adapted to lyric poetry; the Arabic, to lofty and exalted subjects; and the Turkish, eminently suited for conveying lessons of morality. Persian poetry diffuse, while Arabic is concise, often to such a degree as to be understood with difficulty. Great variety of oriental metres. Ebn o'l Faredh one of the most celebrated poets of Arabia. The Persian poets frequently compare themselves to nightingales; thus also Anacreon, Ορνις γενεσθαι βουλομαι. The Persian ode is full of images, borrowed from the delights of spring, and the beauties of nature. To read oriental poetry with advantage, it is necessary to be acquainted with the natural history

of Asia, as frequent allusions are made to it; and also to know their fables and early history. The Persian poets not only compare themselves to nightingales, but also their mistresses to roses, because the nightingale is considered as in love with the rose. Oriental writers use similies more frequently than those of Europe. Noticed the opinions in regard to the poetry of Hafiz: some affirm, that it is to be understood in a mystical or figurative sense, while others say that we must take it literally. It is not probable that Persian poets would wish to veil and conceal those virtues, which constitute the highest honour and glory of a rational creature: the better informed Persians do not give them altogether a mystical interpretation.

Nov. 10.—This day has been spent in the study of Greek, and in continuing Sismondi's analysis of the Lusiad. In the morning, I read a chapter of Ezra, in Hebrew, and one of Luke, in Greek.

Nov. 11.—This morning was devoted to Greek. In the forenoon, I resumed the perusal of Sismondi. Camoens the author of a good many sonnets and canzoni; deep feeling of melancholy which pervades them. Shipwreck of Camoens; he escaped by swimming, bearing his poem in one of his hands above the water. Gil Vicente

almost the only dramatic writer of Portugal.—Rodriguez Lobo; his compositions formed after classical models; not altogether free from pedantry; his versification remarkably harmonious: he wrote several pastoral romances, in which are introduced, from time to time, pieces of verse, which have all the sweetness and elegance of Metastasio. The imagination of the Spaniard requires to be kindled by the various events of an active life; the Portuguese derives delight from reflection and contemplation. Spanish romances intended to exhibit the feats of their ancestors, and to describe the bustle of a life of active exertion: those of Portugal again are full of amorous reveries, and dwell on the pleasures of a country life; their poets love to paint nature.—Rodriguez Lobo is also the author of an epic poem, which is far inferior to his pastoral poetry. Cortéreal: his principal work is a poem on Manuel de Souza: his shipwreck on the coast of Africa, and the many hardships he endured.—Joaõ de Barros, the Livy of Portugal, was born in 1496; his History of Asia a work of the most undoubted historical veracity. Manuel de Faria, born in 1590; most of his writings in Spanish; his sonnets full of forced imagery and hyperboles, yet several of them pretty enough. Antonio Diniz da Cruz e Silva, whose works were published in 1807; his imitations of English poetry may produce an effect on Portuguese

literature, which may be said to be as yet oriental; his imitation of the Rape of the Lock.—None of the languages of the south can properly admit of translation; a great deal of that harmony and smoothness, which constitute their principal ornament, must necessarily be lost; and the fire which so enchants and leads us away, as it were, from ourselves, when perusing their poets, must, in a great measure, be dissipated, by attempting to transfuse it into another language.—I have now completely finished M. Sismondi's elaborate work; and no book which I ever recollect to have read has delighted and instructed me more. To a deep knowledge of the literature which he has examined in so masterly a manner, M. Sismondi joins an enthusiasm, and a purity of taste, which cannot fail to interest and delight.

This day I also read sixteen pages of Xenophon, and revised a part of the Greek grammar. I intend (συν Θεω) to devote my attention, for some time, particularly to Greek; and to make my oriental studies subordinate to this, till such time as my knowledge of the language is more matured. But I am far from intending to discontinue a pursuit, from which I have received so great satisfaction: I only design to make it, in the mean time, subordinate to the other. I shall not fail frequently to read some odes of my favourite Persian poet Hafiz; nor do I intend to cast off my old acquaintance Sady,

from whose works I have derived so much pleasure.

Nov. 12.—The morning was devoted to Xenophon. I then proceeded with the perusal of Sir William Jones' Commentaries on Asiatic poetry. Specimens of the sublime, from Hebrew, Greek, and Persian poetry: passages of Ferdusi have an undoubted right to this epithet. The poetry of Sappho remarkably beautiful; this the opinion of Demetrius Phalereus, who brings forward all her poetry as an example of this, (ὁλη ἡ Σαπφους ποιησις). Ibn Arabshah, in his Life of Timur, exhibits him as cruel and tyrannical. Account of the Shah nameh of Ferdusi. Almost the whole of Sady's poetry moral. The Pend nameh of Attar resembles the pleasing little work of Theophrastus on characters. Oriental poems commence by praise of the Deity. Ali Yezdi differs from Arabshah, in representing Timur as a model of virtue and excellence: a middle course to be steered, placing implicit confidence, neither in the praises of the one, nor the abuse of the other. I have now finished the perusal of this work, which, as Major Scott Waring justly observes, is the only one that gives any idea of oriental poetry.

Read an Italian preface, giving some account of the lyric poetry of that country, prefixed to a Raccolta di Lirici Italiani, published at Milan, in

1808, by Robustiano Gironi. Poetry and music have their origin in the nature of man: this is what the Greeks called lyric poetry, because generally accompanied with the lyre. Great number of poets who arose in Italy, after the Latin was blended with foreign words; their compositions tended to give it a definite form, and hence the Italian language. Various opinions on the origin of rhyme; some trace it to the Arabs; Petrarch gives it in favour of the Italians. Some specimens of early poetry given by the author; Sicilians probably the first who cultivated it: the example of Frederic II. of Sicily contributed much to diffuse a taste for poetry. Guittone di Arezzo has the honour of being the first who introduced the sonnet, or at least who brought it to perfection. Next to it, in point of antiquity, is to be ranked the madrigal. The early poets followed the Greeks and Romans. Bernardo Tasso the reformer of Italian poetry; his style different from that of Petrarch. The author ends his preface, by giving an account of the plan he adopted in the compilation of his Raccolta.—The evening was spent in the perusal of Xenophon.

Nov. 13.—This day I finished the Anabasis of Xenophon, and read several Italian sonnets, given in the Raccolta di Lirici Italiani. I also went over another portion of the Greek grammar.

Nov. 14.—Read two chapters of Ezra, in Hebrew; and devoted the day to Greek.

Nov. 15.—Read a good many Italian sonnets; and a chapter of Ezra, written partly in Hebrew, and partly in Chaldee. As I have now had a specimen of the latter language, the next book I intend to begin is Nehemiah. Among the Italian sonnets which I this day read, were several of Alfieri, some of which are extremely beautiful. Alfieri has transfused enthusiasm of the highest kind into all his compositions. Whether he breathes the feelings of an ardent lover, or paints, in glowing colours, his wild ideas of liberty, the same spirit is found, in equal force and energy. In the evening, I began to read an Essai sur la Litterature Espagnole, published at Paris, in 1810. Knowledge not generally spread in Spain. The author's intention to trace the origin and progress of national poetry in Spain. The influence of the Romans, Goths, and Arabs, on the language. The mountaineers of Navarre and Biscay have a language of their own. The Spanish a corruption of the Latin. A great many excellent Latin writers born in Spain. After the invasion of the Goths, superstition spread itself widely over Spain. The invasion of the Arabs not only changed the government of the country, but had also an effect upon the language: the

oriental style diffused itself in their writings, and the Arabic language was generally cultivated. The effect that this produced upon their poetry was very great; it introduced new images and new fables. The Spanish language formed from those of the different nations to which the country was subjected—the Romans, Goths, and Arabs. Numerous troubadours in Spain, many of them of noble birth. The marriage of Ferdinand V. of Arragon with Isabella of Castile was fatal to the muse of the troubadours: their language was then principally confined to Valencia. The Marquis of Villena no less distinguished as a philosopher than as a poet: his work, called Gaya Ciencia, a treatise on poetry and eloquence, and containing an interesting account of the customs of the troubadours: preceded Chaucer, the father of English poetry. Specimen of the poetry of Macias, which is in the same metre as many of the odes of Hafiz. The chronicle of the Cid the most ancient poem in the language. The life of Alexander, attributed by some to Berceo: the poetry, in some places, lofty and sublime. Alphonso, king of Castile, received the surname of El Sabio, the Wise: was a poet, and patron of letters.

Nov. 17.—I rose, this morning, as usual, at five o'clock, and commenced my studies by read-

ing a chapter of Luke, in Greek, and the first chapter of Nehemiah, in Hebrew. I then read a portion of Xenophon; and resumed the perusal of the Essai sur la Litterature Espagnole.—The second period of Spanish poetry is to be dated from the commencement of the reign of John II. in 1407. This prince was a patron of poetry.—Lopez de Mendoza, Marquis of Santillana, was born in 1398: his greatest work is a book of Proverbs, in verse, written for the instruction of the son of Don John II.: he had studied, with attention, the Commedia Divina of Dante. Dante was very much studied by all the early poets of Spain, who from this got the name of Dantistas. —Juan de Mena: his most celebrated work is what is called El Laberinto.—Juan de la Encina translated the Eclogues of Virgil, and wrote the Arte de Poesia Castellana; his poetry nervous and harmonious; he flourished under Ferdinand and Isabella.—Juan Boscan Almogaver, the great reformer of Spanish poetry; he imitated, with great success, the sonnets of Petrarch; he also translated a tragedy of Euripides from the Greek.—Great celebrity of Garcilaso de la Vega. —Ponce de Leon; his persecutions, and imprisonment in the inquisition; had studied the ancients very profoundly; his reputation very high in his own country. Comparatively few works published at this time, because these great re-

formers of Spanish poetry did not wish to publish any thing but what might serve as a model to their successors. Villegas introduced Greek and Latin metres; he translated Anacreon and Theocritus; his Delicias composed of original productions, mostly odes, written with all the grace and purity of those models which he so successfully imitated.—Ercilla, author of the Araucana: this poem praised by Voltaire, as a whole, but he points out, with just severity, its numerous faults; the versification elegant and sonorous; Cervantes considers this as one of the richest productions of the Spanish muse.—A high character given of Quevedo; his accurate knowledge of Hebrew. Succession of numerous corrupters of Spanish poetry.—Juan Melendez Valdez is called the Anacreon of Spain: his compositions breathe all the sweetness of the bard of Teos.—Lopez de Vega; born in 1562; served in the Spanish armada; amazing number of his compositions. Spanish literature very rich in translations. The author concludes his well written work, by announcing his intention to publish extracts from the most esteemed writers of Spain, to be accompanied by a translation. After finishing this work, I commenced Tasso's Gerusalemme Liberata, which I intend to read through, in Italian. Besides a considerable portion of Tasso, I read a number of Italian sonnets, published in the Raccolta di Lirici.

Nov. 18.—Read, in the morning, the nineteenth chapter of Luke, in Greek, and the second of Nehemiah, in Hebrew. I then resumed the perusal of Tasso, to whom I devoted a considerable part of the forenoon. I also went over part of the beginning of Ovid's Metamorphoses; and, in the afternoon and evening, I directed my attention principally to Greek, and the perusal of some of the sonnets in the Raccolta.

Nov. 19.—As this day has been set apart for humiliation and prayer, on account of the funeral of our beloved Princess Charlotte of Wales, I thought it proper to limit my studies to the Hebrew Bible and Greek Testament. May her early and melancholy death make a lasting impression on my mind. May I also be ready; and, when I am called hence, may I be able to exclaim—Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

Nov. 20.—I have now read the first canto of Tasso's Gerusalemme, in Italian. Tasso is a writer who has studied the classics with great success, and has formed his noble poem upon those models. His language is always pure, simple, and unaffected; yet nervous and elegant, to a degree which few of his countrymen have ever attained: and, while he enlivens his narration, from time to time, with a variety of interesting episodes, he never loses sight of that

dignity which ought always to be kept up in an epic poem. I read, as usual, a chapter of Nehemiah, in Hebrew, and one of Luke, in Greek. My attention has been a good deal directed to Milton of late; and I have also read about the half of Berington's Literary History of the Middle Ages. In the forenoon, I continued Ovid's Metamorphoses; and read some sonnets from the Raccolta. I also read a good many sonnets of Cino da Pistoja, which are published in an old collection of the early poets of Italy, printed in *1532*. This author is often very mystical, and his sonnets are very difficult to be understood.

Nov. 21.—This day was employed in reading Tasso, and the Persian translation of the New Testament, by the late Reverend Henry Martyn, printed at Petersburgh; which, from what I have read of it, appears to be very elegant, and far superior to what we find in Walton's Polyglot. Part of my time was also devoted to Greek.

Nov. 22.—Continued the perusal of the second canto of Tasso. The greater part of the day was devoted to Greek, and to Berington's History of the Middle Ages, which I find very amusing.

Nov. 24.—The morning was devoted to He-

brew and Greek. I finished the gospel of Luke; and read the commencement of Xenophon's Cyropædia. In Hebrew, I read a chapter of Nehemiah. Part of the forenoon was employed in Tasso's Jerusalem, which becomes more interesting the farther I advance: the episode of Sophronia and Olindo is extremely touching. I also read the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth tales of the second chapter of the Gulistan of Sady, in Persian; and continued the perusal of Ovid's Metamorphoses.

Nov. 25.—The forenoon was occupied in Hebrew, Italian, Xenophon, and Berington. I lately finished the Tuti nameh, or Tales of a Parrot, a very entertaining work, in Persian, the style of which is remarkably easy and perspicuous. I began, this evening, to read Professor Tychsen's Latin Dissertation on the Persepolitan Inscriptions, printed at Rostock, in 1798. Various opinions entertained with respect to these inscriptions. The professor's plan is, to endeavour to ascertain the age of the palaces on which they are found: almost impossible to do this, from the many discordant opinions of learned men on the subject: the prince who built the palaces was probably Ashuk; his name in the inscriptions is read Aksak, the Roman Arsaces; and is very probably the prince whose name is written Ashuk in all Persian histories. The author

gives a short account of the alphabet and language, and presents a translation of some of the inscriptions. The work is but small, containing only forty-four pages, and two plates. The subject is very interesting; and every lover of oriental antiquities must look forward with eager expectation to the publication of Sir William Ouseley's Travels, who examined these singular monuments on the spot.

Nov. 26.—The morning was spent in Hebrew, Xenophon, and Ovid. In the forenoon, I finished Berington's Literary History of the Middle Ages. In the appendix, in which he gives a short but clear view of the literature of the Arabs, he mentions, that a Latin epitome of the Ajayeb al Makhlukat, or Wonders of Creation, (not the wonders of nations, as he calls it,) by Al Cazvini, was prepared for the press by Casiri, in 1770. I must endeavour to ascertain if this has ever been published. Al Cazvini is an author of whom I should like to know more. The part of his work which I read was so curious, and so amusing, that, if life be spared, I intend, for my own improvement, to make a translation of the most interesting parts of his book. He treats of astronomy, botany, and every branch of natural history. There is a fine manuscript copy of this work in the library of Marischal College, adorned with numerous paintings, which represent the various

objects of curiosity described in the text.—I this day finished the second canto of Tasso's Jerusalem. In the evening, I read the twenty-ninth and three following tales of the second chapter of the Gulistan, in Persian. My manuscript of this work contains several tales that are wanting in Gladwin's edition, which is, however, very accurate.

Nov. 27.—Morning occupied in Hebrew, Xenophon, and Ovid. The greater part of the forenoon was employed in going over the elementary Chinese characters, of which I have now mastered upwards of sixty. These characters answer the same purpose as the radical letters in Hebrew and Arabic. The first thing to be done is to discover the root, or in Chinese the elementary character; and, when this is done, the meaning of the word may be easily found out. I also carefully revised the first three chapters of Richardson's Arabic grammar, which I learned last year; and I intend to proceed with it, as many of the minutiæ have already escaped from my memory.—In the evening, I resumed Xenophon; and read the thirty-third and two following tales of the second chapter of the Gulistan, in Persian.

Nov. 28.—Rose at five, and read, as usual, a chapter of the Hebrew Bible, and continued the Cyropædia of Xenophon. I then commenced

the third canto of Tasso. The afternoon and evening were devoted to Xenophon, and Dunbar's Greek Exercises.

Nov. 29.—Read the ninth chapter of Nehemiah—resumed Xenophon—rêad twenty stanzas of Tasso—went over, very carefully, the fourth, fifth, and sixth chapters of Richardson's Arabic grammar. The evening was principally devoted to Persian; and I read the thirty-sixth and five following tales of the second chapter of the Gulistan. I also began the Storia della Poesia Italiana, by Tiraboschi, published by Mr. Mathias.

December 1.—Read, in the morning, the tenth chapter of Nehemiah, in Hebrew, and a considerable portion of the first book of Xenophon's Cyropædia, in Greek. The forenoon was devoted to Tasso, and the acquisition of a few more of the Chinese elementary characters, and a revisal of those which I had already learned. I also read part of Ovid's Metamorphoses, and continued Xenophon. The afternoon was employed in reading Tiraboschi's Storia della Poesia Italiana. In the evening, I read, in Persian, the forty-second and six following tales of the second chapter of the Gulistan. Sady is a very agreeable writer: his style is, in general, simple and unaffected; and his writings have ever been admired by his countrymen, as exhibiting their

language in its purest form. By pure, however, we must not understand that he does not, like all modern Persian writers, make frequent use of Arabic. We often find whole sentences, both in the Gulistan and Bostan, written in this latter language; and in his Divan, or collection of odes, there are not a few which are written in alternate couplets of Arabic and Persian. The only work in which we find the Persian language, uncontaminated by the mixture of any foreign idiom, is the Shah nameh of Ferdusi; which remains a vast monument of genius, and a wonderful specimen of the powers of the human mind. To a variety of the most brilliant imagery he joins a simplicity, which gives to his poetry an inexpressible charm; and he who has read his great work with attention will, comparatively speaking, have little relish for the productions of those crowds of versifiers, who have, by their bombast and extravagance, far overstepped the modesty of nature. He excels particularly when he paints the softer passions of the soul; and when he exhibits to us, in glowing colours, the exploits of his heroes, it is impossible not to perceive the fire and imagination of the true poet. But a European can never read the Shah nameh with the same interest as a native of the East. The one would perhaps condemn an image or a sentiment, which would appear highly beautiful to the other; and the one would dwell with

delight on an expression, which would be passed over by the other, without the smallest notice. The Persian delights in an amplification, which is quite foreign to the languages of Europe; and, in the works of the most esteemed oriental poets, we find a minuteness of detail which is never admitted into the classical productions of the West. Like Homer, Ferdusi paints the manners of rude ages, and exhibits to us the human race, at a period when feats of personal courage, and warlike exploits, were held in the highest estimation. What Pope observes of Homer may be justly applied to Ferdusi:—"Our author's work," says he, "is a wild paradise, where, if we cannot see all the beauties so distinctly as in an ordered garden, it is only because the number of them is infinitely greater." That part of his poem where Ferdusi has principally excelled is, when he relates the exploits of his favourite hero Rustam, where we find the most glowing descriptions, joined to versification the most harmonious. Amongst the lyric poets of Persia, Hafiz is particularly distinguished.—There is a captivating wildness and simplicity in his productions: his images are borrowed from nature; and it is nature in her most fascinating aspect that he loves to paint. He dwells on the delights of spring; in every grove he hears the melody of the nightingale, and every garden exhales the fragrance of his favourite rose. His

poetry, to use an expression borrowed from himself, resembles pearls strung at random; the effect of which is not the less pleasing, because devoid of all the ornaments of art.

Dec. 2.—I have this day finished the second chapter of the Gulistan of Sady. The day was principally spent in reading Italian. I finished the third canto of Tasso's Jerusalem; and read a considerable portion of Tiraboschi.

Dec. 3.—I have been prevented from rising very early, by a weakness in my eyes. In the forenoon, I revised part of the Greek grammar; and went over the seventh and eighth chapters of Richardson's Arabic grammar. I then read a few sonnets from the Raccolta di Lirici Italiani; and wrote part of Dunbar's Greek Exercises.—The afternoon was employed in reading Tiraboschi; and finishing the first book of Xenophon's Cyropædia.

Dec. 4.—I this day read twenty stanzas of the fourth canto of Tasso; and continued Dunbar's Greek Exercises. I then devoted some time to Chinese; and read a portion of Ovid's Metamorphoses. I also read part of Tiraboschi; and, in the evening, perused the chapter in Ginguené's Histoire Litteraire d' Italie, which relates to the literature of the Arabs. M. Ginguené's work is very valuable: six volumes have been already

published, and the author intends to continue it. I bought a copy of this elaborate production when at Rouen, in August last.

Dec. 5.—The weakness of my eyes still prevents me from rising early in the morning. In the forenoon, I read a portion of Tasso; and continued the revision of the Arabic grammar: I am now busy at the verbs. I next devoted some time to the Greek Exercises; and read part of a new number of the Quarterly Review. In the afternoon, I finished the first volume of Tiraboschi: his Italian is very easy; and, in his work, he displays great depth of research, joined to as great purity of taste. In the evening I commenced the study of Spanish; and, after making myself master of the pronunciation of the letters, which is somewhat more complex than the pronunciation of Italian, I proceeded to the articles.

Dec. 6.—This morning, I read, in Hebrew, the eleventh and twelfth chapters of Nehemiah. I also devoted some time to the Greek Exercises; and in the forenoon resumed Tasso, and continued the Spanish grammar. What I have gone over as yet is very simple. I expect that the Italian will be of essential service to me in the acquisition of this language. For a short time in the evening, I read over again part of the first volume of Sismondi, with the view of col-

lecting materials for an essay, which I intend to write, on the literature of the Arabs, and the influence which it has had on that of Europe. It is to be read, next month, to a society, of which I am a member, that meets in Marischal College, for the discussion of subjects of science and literature.

Dec. 8.—Read the last chapter of Nehemiah, in Hebrew. Spent the day in Greek, Spanish grammar, Tiraboschi, and Ovid.

Dec. 9.—Greek Exercises—Tasso—began the second book of the Cyropædia—continued my application to the Chinese elementary characters—read a few sonnets from the Raccolta—continued Tiraboschi—went over part of the Spanish grammar; and read, in Persian, the first seven tales of the third chapter of the Gulistan.

Dec. 10.—The morning was entirely devoted to Greek: the rest of the day principally to Italian, Persian, and Spanish.

Dec. 11.—I this day finished the fourth canto of Tasso; and continued the revision of Richardson's Arabic grammar. Part of the day was devoted to Spanish.

Dec. 12.—The forenoon was spent in reading

Greek, and a few sonnets from the Raccolta. I also went over such of the Chinese elementary characters as I had already learned, and made myself master of a few more. In the afternoon, I continued the Spanish grammar; and resumed the second volume of Tiraboschi. In the evening, I read the twelfth and six following tales of the third chapter of the Gulistan, in Persian.

Dec. 13.—The morning and part of the forenoon were devoted to the reading of Greek. I also read the life of Miltiades, by Cornelius Nepos, and part of Tiraboschi. Occupied the afternoon in the preparation of the essay which I have to read to the society. In the evening, I went over carefully the nineteenth and three following tales of the third chapter of the Gulistan.

Dec. 15.—As I was rather unwell to-day, I could not do so much at my studies as I would have wished. My time was principally devoted to Greek; and I also continued Tiraboschi.

Dec. 16.—Read the first chapter of Esther, in Hebrew; and continued Xenophon's Cyropædia. Part of the forenoon was devoted to Chinese; the rest of it was spent in going over the Spanish grammar. The afternoon was employed in preparing my essay. In the evening, I read the

twenty-third and four following tales of the third chapter of the Gulistan.

Dec. 17.—This day, I finished the second book of the Cyropædia, and continued Dunbar's Greek Exercises. I then commenced the fifth canto of Tasso, and resumed the Spanish grammar.

Dec. 18.—Read, in the morning, the second chapter of Esther, in Hebrew, and continued the Greek Exercises. In the forenoon, I was employed in reading Tasso, and going over the Chinese elementary characters, of which I have now mastered upwards of eighty. Read the life of Themistocles, by Cornelius Nepos. Afternoon spent in preparing my essay. In the evening, I finished the third chapter of the Gulistan, and read the commencement of the Shah nameh of Ferdusi.

Dec. 19.—Read the third chapter of Esther. Greek Exercises. In the forenoon, I read twenty stanzas of Tasso; and the lives of Aristides and Pausanias, in Cornelius Nepos. I then continued my application to Chinese, and to the preparation of my essay.

Dec. 20.—I read, in the morning, the fourth and fifth chapters of Esther, in Hebrew; and

continued Dunbar's Exercises: read the lives of Cimon, Lysander, and Alcibiades, in Cornelius Nepos: went over a good many sonnets in the Raccolta: devoted an hour to Spanish, and continued Tiraboschi. The whole of the evening was spent in Chinese.

Dec. 22.—Read the sixth and seventh chapters of Esther, in Hebrew, and wrote a portion of the Greek Exercises: continued Tasso: Chinese. Part of the evening occupied in writing my essay.

Dec. 23.—Read the lives of Thrasybulus, Conon, and Dion, in Cornelius Nepos: finished the fifth canto of Tasso, and commenced the third book of Xenophon's Cyropædia. Part of the day was devoted to Chinese; and the rest was employed in writing my essay, and in reading Tiraboschi.

Dec. 24.—Read the ninth chapter of Esther: continued the Greek Exercises. In the forenoon, I read part of the Raccolta di Lirici, and of the Cyropædia of Xenophon: devoted some time to the study of Chinese, and an hour to the Spanish grammar. In the evening, I read carefully the first nine tales of the fourth chapter of the Gulistan, in Persian. The afternoon was,

as usual, employed in writing my essay, which is now nearly finished.

Dec. 25.—This morning finished the book of Esther, and wrote a portion of the Greek Exercises. The rest of the day was devoted to Chinese, Latin, and Italian.

Dec. 26.—I read, this day, a good many sonnets from the Raccolta. The greatest part of the day was devoted to Greek and Chinese: continued Tiraboschi.

Dec. 27.—In consequence of engagements for some days past, my attention has been considerably distracted: chiefly occupied in Chinese, Greek, and Italian.

Dec. 29.—Read twenty stanzas of the sixth canto of Tasso; wrote a portion of the Greek Exercises; and resumed the study of Chinese. In the afternoon, I finished my essay on the literature of the Arabs. In the evening, I read the last five tales of the fourth chapter of the Gulistan of Sady, in Persian; and then devoted some time to the Chinese elementary characters, of which I have now mastered about a hundred and twenty

Dec. 30.—Continued Tasso, and the Greek

Exercises: devoted a good deal of time to Chinese, which becomes daily more interesting.—Some of the characters are very complex, and an intimate knowledge of the elementary characters is absolutely necessary for finding out the key: but, when this is discovered, a person feels a pleasure of the same kind as the mathematician, when he finds the solution of an intricate problem, which has long baffled his efforts and ingenuity.

Dec. 31.—The early part of this day was devoted to Greek, Italian, and Chinese. As the session at the Divinity Hall has lately commenced, the forenoons will now be occupied in attending the lectures.

January 1, 1818.—To-day, I did very little in the way of study: began the reading of Moore's Lalla Rookh.

Jan. 2.—Read part of Tiraboschi, and continued the Cyropædia of Xenophon. In the evening, I read the first seven tales of the fifth chapter of the Gulistan, and spent some time in Chinese.

Jan. 3.—Read a portion of Tasso: proceeded with the study of Chinese: read a few odes of Horace. In the evening, I finished the third book of the Cyropædia, and wrote a part of the Greek Exercises.

Jan. 5.—Morning devoted to Greek: read part of Tasso; some odes of Horace; Tiraboschi; Chinese.

Jan. 6.—Went over the Greek grammar; proceeded with Chinese; devoted some time to Tiraboschi and Herodotus.

Jan. 7.—Read Herodotus and Tasso: busy with Persian and Chinese.

Jan. 8.—My spare time employed in reading Herodotus. In the evening, I read three tales of the Gulistan, and devoted the rest of my time to Chinese and Greek.

Jan. 9.—Began first Samuel, in Hebrew. The rest of the day was mostly spent in reading my favourite Herodotus: read a few odes of Horace: devoted part of the evening to my Chinese studies.

Jan. 10.—Read the second chapter of first Samuel, in Hebrew: proceeded with Herodotus:

Italian; Chinese. I have this day received Dr. Morrison's Chinese grammar, and the first part of his dictionary.

Jan. 12.—Read the third chapter of first Samuel, in Hebrew; Herodotus; Tiraboschi; Chinese.

Jan. 13.—Herodotus; Chinese elementary characters.

Jan. 14.—Herodotus; Tiraboschi; Horace.

Jan. 15.—Read the fourth chapter of first Samuel, in Hebrew; wrote part of the Greek Exercises; read Tasso, and a few odes of Horace; continued my application to Chinese.

Jan. 16.—Read, in the morning, the fifth and sixth chapters of first Samuel; wrote more of the Greek Exercises; read some odes of Horace; finished the sixth canto of Tasso. Afternoon devoted to Chinese. In the evening, I read the eleventh and four following tales of the fifth chapter of the Gulistan, and one of the odes of Hafiz.

Jan. 17.—I read, this morning, the seventh chapter of first Samuel, and wrote more of the Greek Exercises. Read some sonnets from the Raccolta; and resumed my application to Hafiz, to

whose Divan, or collection of poems, my time was principally devoted, in the early part of the day. Continued the study of Chinese, which promises to be a very interesting pursuit.

Jan. 19.—Read a good many odes of Horace; and commenced the perusal of the fourth book of Xenophon's Cyropædia: read some sonnets from the Raccolta.

Jan. 20.—The greatest part of this forenoon was employed in preparing a lecture for the Divinity Hall. For some time past, my attention has been so much distracted, by continual engagements, that I have scarcely been able to pursue any regular plan of study. To-day, I read a few Italian sonnets, and some odes of Horace; and devoted some time to the Chinese elementary characters.

Jan. 21.—Read the eighth chapter of first Samuel, in Hebrew; some sonnets from the Raccolta; Greek Exercises; Chinese; a few odes of Horace; the sixteenth and seventeenth tales of the fifth chapter of the Gulistan. I have found it necessary to intermit the study of Spanish, during the continuance of the divinity session; but, if spared, I intend to resume it, with increased delight.

Jan. 22.—Read the ninth chapter of first Samuel; continued the Greek Exercises; proceeded with the Cyropædia; read some Italian sonnets, and a few odes of Horace. The afternoon was employed in the study of Greek; and, in the evening, I read the last four tales of the fifth chapter of the Gulistan. The remainder of my time was devoted to Chinese.

Jan. 23.—I read, to-day, a beautiful canzone, by Bernardo Tasso, in the Raccolta. Resumed my application to Chinese, and the Greek Exercises.

Jan. 24.—Read a few sonnets from the Raccolta, and some odes of Horace. Most of the forenoon was employed in reading Hafiz, and writing the Greek Exercises. The afternoon and part of the evening were devoted to Xenophon's Cyropædia. The remainder of my time was spent in going over the Chinese elementary characters, of which I have now mastered about a hundred and eighty: the whole number is two hundred and fourteen.

Jan. 26.—Read the tenth chapter of first Samuel, in Hebrew, and wrote part of the Greek Exercises: spare time devoted to Chinese. Read a few Italian sonnets, and some of the beautiful odes in the Œuvres Choisies de J. B. Rousseau.

Jan. 27.—Tiraboschi; Chinese; Cyropædia.

Jan. 28.—Read the eleventh chapter of first Samuel, in Hebrew, and some of Rousseau's odes and sonnets: Cyropædia: Chinese. In the evening, I read the whole of the sixth chapter of the Gulistan of Sady, in Persian.

Jan. 29.—I read, to-day, a few Italian sonnets, and continued the perusal of Rousseau's beautiful odes. Devoted a good deal of time to Chinese: I am now almost master of the elementary characters. Most of the afternoon and part of the evening were employed in writing to Dr. Morrison of Canton, relative to Chinese.—The rest of my time was spent in reading Xenophon, and writing the Greek Exercises.

Jan. 30.—Read the twelfth chapter of first Samuel, in Hebrew: finished the fourth book of the Cyropædia, and read the ninth ode of Anacreon Εἰς Περιστεραν: began the seventh canto of Tasso, and read a few odes of Horace. The afternoon was devoted to Chinese; and, in the evening, I read the first six tales of the seventh chapter of the Gulistan, in Persian; and wrote a portion of the Greek Exercises.

Jan. 31.—Read the thirteenth chapter of first Samuel, in Hebrew, and a considerable portion of

Tasso: went over a few more of Rousseau's odes: Greek Exercises. The evening was devoted to the Divan of Hafiz.

February 2.—Read part of the fourteenth chapter of first Samuel, in Hebrew: devoted a good deal of time to the study of Chinese: read a few Italian sonnets, by Giovanni della Casa, and some of the odes of J. B. Rousseau. The rest of my time was employed in reading Isocrates, and writing the Greek Exercises.

Feb. 3.—As I have been rather indisposed today, I have not been able to study so much as I could have wished. In the forenoon, I read part of the first oration of Isocrates, and began to read Boileau. The greatest part of the afternoon and evening was also devoted to Isocrates, with the exception of a short time spent in the study of Chinese.

Feb. 4.—Occupied with Isocrates; Tiraboschi; Chinese. In the evening, I read the seventh and eight following tales of the seventh chapter of the Gulistan.

Feb. 5.—Read the remainder of the fourteenth chapter of first Samuel, in Hebrew, and a considerable portion of Tasso; Greek Exercises; Chinese.

Feb. 6.—Read the fifteenth chapter of first Samuel: began the second book of the odes of Horace: Greek Exercises; Chinese. In the evening, I finished the seventh chapter of the Gulistan, and looked at that part of Ferdusi which relates to the exploits of his favourite hero Rustam: it is full of energy and beauty.

Feb. 7.—The early part of this day was occupied in reading Tasso, and continuing my perusal of the Divan of Hafiz: I have now read upwards of thirty of the odes of this most elegant of the lyric poets of Persia. The afternoon was spent in writing the Greek Exercises, and going over the Chinese elementary characters. The whole of the evening was devoted to Hafiz.

Feb. 9.—Read the sixteenth chapter of first Samuel, in Hebrew; and finished the seventh canto of Tasso. I next read some fine pieces from the Poesies Diverses de Boileau; and, in the afternoon, continued Tiraboschi. The evening was devoted to Chinese, and the writing of the Greek Exercises. I have lately read Wordsworth's Poems, Coleridge's Christabel and Kubla Khan, and Moore's new poem, Lalla Rookh.—The great beauty of this production is, that while you are presented with a blaze of that brilliant imagery which is peculiar to the East, you never

find an allusion introduced which has a reference to the fables or traditions of the West: all is oriental; and in this unity consists the great charm of the poem. But the same objection may with justice be urged against Lalla Rookh as against the writings of eastern authors; there is too much softness, too much luxuriance and effeminacy, in the style; so that, although you are dazzled for a while, yet the impression made upon the mind is not of a permanent nature. Hafiz is, upon the whole, more free from this fault than most of the lyric poets of the East; much more so than Jami, who is, it must be confessed, rather too fond of strange and unusual metaphors; though there is a plaintive sweetness in his poetry which must make it ever be read with peculiar delight.

Feb. 10.—Read, to-day, about thirty verses of the seventeenth chapter of first Samuel, in Hebrew; and a canzone, by Giovanni della Casa, printed in the Raccolta di Lirici. Many of the pieces in this collection are very beautiful. I was particularly delighted with a canzone, by Bojardo, the author of the Orlando Innamorato: it begins, Come in la notte liquida e serena.—There is also a fine sonnet, by Bernardo Tasso, beginning, Perchè spiri con voglie empie ed acerbe. The specimens of Italian poetry given in the work, though not remarkably numerous,

are very well selected. Read a few odes of Horace; Greek Exercises; Tiraboschi. Began the fifth book of Xenophon's Cyropædia, of which I read a considerable portion.

Feb. 11.—Read the latter part of the seventeenth chapter of first Samuel; and three Italian sonnets, by Bernardino Rota, given in the Raccolta. The last one, beginning, Questo cor, questa mente, &c. displays a tone of tender melancholy which is very beautiful. He laments the death of his beloved; but, at the same time, consoles himself, by saying that the tomb should never possess her remains, for she would be enshrined in his own bosom for ever. I also read some sonnets, by Angelo di Costanzo, whose compositions are compared by Crescimbeni to the rose, the queen of flowers, in which nobleness and sprightliness, grace and majesty, are equally united. In the afternoon, I read some of Waller's poems, and a few odes of Horace: continued Tiraboschi, the Cyropædia, and the Greek Exercises.

Feb. 12.—I this day finished the specimens of the poetry of Angelo di Costanzo, given in the Raccolta, and read some odes of Horace. My spare time in the forenoon was employed in writing the Greek exercises; and the whole of the afternoon was devoted to Chinese. In the

evening, I resumed the Cyropædia of Xenophon, and read Potter's excellent translation of the Agamemnon of Æschylus. The scene, where the innocent Iphigenia is represented as being sacrificed to appease the wrath of Diana, is admirably delineated: nothing can surpass the gentle submissiveness of this interesting victim, as exhibited by the poet; the whole is evidently drawn by the hand of a master. Æschylus is, in general, remarkable for dignity and magnificence: he overpowers us by the grandeur and sublimity of his imagery; but there are also passages where he touches all the finer sensibilities of the human heart. Perhaps the dramatic character of the poet may be accounted for by the eventful times in which he lived: the great military exploits, in which he had borne so conspicuous a part, had not only stamped a severity on the character of his countrymen, but had contributed to form that of Æschylus himself. At the time when Sophocles and Euripides flourished, the national manners were more refined and elegant; and this elegance is transfused into their writings. Greece had then both time and inclination to cultivate the fine arts, without distraction; and they reached a degree of perfection which former times had never equalled.

Feb. 13.—Read the eighteenth chapter of first Samuel, and a beautiful canzone, by Annibale

Caro, on the shortness of human life; another canzone, by the same author, addressed to Henry of France; and a sonnet to Charles V. I also read a few odes of Anacreon and Horace.

Feb. 14.—Read the nineteenth chapter of first Samuel; devoted part of the day to a revisal of a portion of the Greek grammar; read some Italian sonnets, by Luigi Tansillo. The greater part of the forenoon was devoted to the odes of Hafiz, and the afternoon was spent in the study of Chinese. I am now master of two hundred and ten of the elementary characters, and expect, if it please God, soon to begin to read the Lun Yee of Confucius. In the evening, I continued Xenophon's Cyropædia; and read part of the first book of the Iliad.

Feb. 16.—Read the twentieth chapter of first Samuel; proceeded with the Greek Exercises; began the eighth canto of Tasso, and read a portion of the Cyropædia: went over a few more odes of Horace. The afternoon was spent in writing the Greek Exercises; and, in the evening, I continued the first book of the Iliad.

Feb. 17.—Read the twenty-first chapter of first Samuel; continued the Iliad; wrote part of the Greek Exercises; proceeded with the eighth canto of Tasso.

Feb. 18.—Read a few fine odes of Horace; continued Boileau's works; wrote a considerable portion of the Greek Exercises; devoted some time to Hebrew; read the first seventeen sections of the last chapter of the Gulistan, entitled, On the Rules of Society. The evening was devoted to the Cyropædia, and the Iliad.

Feb. 19.—Read the twenty-second chapter of first Samuel; and continued the eighth canto of Tasso's Jerusalem. The afternoon was devoted to the study of Chinese; and, in the evening, I was employed in reading and writing Greek.

Feb. 20.—Read the twenty-third chapter of first Samuel; continued the Greek Exercises; finished the eighth canto of Tasso; read part of an Essai sur la Pastorale, prefixed to the Estelle of Florian; and some epigrams, by Boileau.—The afternoon was spent in reading from the eighteenth to the fifty-first section of the last chapter of the Gulistan. In the evening, I finished the fifth book of the Cyropædia, and continued the first book of the Iliad.

Feb. 21.—Read the twenty-fourth chapter of first Samuel; continued the Greek Exercises; read upwards of fifty lines of the Iliad. The time that remained before breakfast was occupied with the Estelle of Florian. The greater part

of the forenoon was spent in reading the odes of Hafiz; the remainder was devoted to Tiraboschi, and a few odes of Horace. In the afternoon, I resumed the study of Chinese, and finished the elementary characters, which I think I have now mastered pretty accurately. I intend, however, to write them over very frequently, to impress them more strongly on my memory. The whole of the evening was devoted to Homer, and the Greek grammar.

Feb. 23.—Read half of the twenty-fifth chapter of first Samuel: Greek Exercises; Greek grammar; Estelle of Florian; Chinese; Homer.

Feb. 24.—Finished the twenty-fifth chapter of first Samuel: proceeded with Homer; Estelle; Tiraboschi; Gulistan. In the evening, I concluded the first book of the Iliad, and finished Dunbar's Greek Exercises, all of which I have carefully written. The rest of my time was devoted to the Greek grammar.

Feb. 25.—Read an Italian canzone, by Luigi Tansillo; and some beautiful sonnets, by Torquato Tasso: I was particularly delighted with one, which begins, Negli anni acerbi tuoi purpurea rosa, &c. There is a tenderness and elegance in this sonnet which could scarcely be surpassed. Read a few odes of Horace; con-

tinued the perusal of the Divan of Hafiz; applied to the Greek grammar.

Feb. 26.—Continued Florian's Estelle, and Tiraboschi: read part of the second book of the Æneid. The afternoon was spent in writing over the Chinese elementary characters. It will be absolutely necessary for me to be accurately acquainted with them, as on this my progress in the language must in a great measure depend. In the evening, I commenced the sixth book of the Cyropædia; and continued the revisal of the Greek grammar.

Feb. 27.—Read the twenty-sixth chapter of first Samuel, in Hebrew: finished the specimens of Torquato Tasso, given in the Raccolta; and resumed the delightful pastoral of Estelle. The remainder of the forenoon was spent in reading my favourite Hafiz; and, in the afternoon, I continued Tiraboschi, and the revisal of the Greek grammar. The whole of the evening was devoted to the Cyropædia of Xenophon. A little spare time which I had left was spent in reading the second part of Pope's Essay on Homer, prefixed to his translation: I have already finished the first part of this essay. Plutarch mentions, that Lycurgus was the first who published the works of Homer entire: they were afterwards arranged in regular

order by Pisistratus; "qui primus," says Cicero, "Homeri libros, confusos antea, sic disposuisse dicitur ut nunc habemus." Revision of the poems of Homer, by Alexander the Great. In the third section, the author gives a view of the learning of Homer's time.

Feb. 28.—Read the twenty-seventh and part of the twenty-eighth chapter of first Samuel: read an Italian canzone, by Celio Magno, entitled, Il Giardino delizioso: read part of the second book of the Æneid; and devoted the remainder of the forenoon, and part of the afternoon, to Hafiz. The rest was spent in going over the Greek grammar. In the evening, I finished the sixth book of the Cyropædia; and began to read Spence's Polymetis, a work which contains a great fund of information on classical subjects. Fabius Pictor used always to write his name under what he painted: this was then considered as a ridiculous piece of vanity. "Gloria interdum etiam a claris viris ex humilibus rebus petita est:" these are the words of Valerius Maximus, when speaking of him.—Terence borrowed his plans and characters chiefly from the comic poets of Greece: he was particularly indebted to Menander. Lucretius discovers a great deal of energy and spirit, when he is permitted by his subject. The following lines, from the

second Georgic of Virgil, are supposed to be a compliment to Lucretius :—

Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas ;
Atque metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari!

Mæcenas, though himself a very affected writer, yet knew how to encourage those who had the most merit. Virgil's Æneid is considered by Spence as a political poem, in support of the new government: this opinion not at all probable.—Virgil the first who introduced Horace to Mæcenas.—Elegance, the characteristic of Tibullus.—Ovid had a redundant genius, and chose to indulge rather than restrain it.—Lucan and Persius school-fellows, under Cornutus: the style of the latter in general obscure; that of Silius characterized as being tame and spiritless.—Statius a great admirer of Lucan. Poetry decayed very rapidly among the Romans, after the time of Juvenal, who may be said to be the last poet of note. Marcellus transported to Rome all the statues and paintings which he had taken at Syracuse, with a view to introduce a taste for the arts.—There are three ages of Roman poetry. The first age extends from the first Punic war to the time of Augustus: the poetry of this period is more remarkable for strength than beauty. The second is the Augustan age: and the last,

from the beginning of the reign of Nero to that of Adrian; when much of the strength of the first age, and elegance of the second, degenerated into affectation.

March 2.—Read the last part of the twenty-eighth chapter of first Samuel, in Hebrew; and began the second book of the Iliad. In the forenoon, I read part of the ninth canto of Tasso, which I have just begun. I also continued the Estelle of Florian; and devoted some time to the Greek grammar.

March 3.—The morning was occupied in reading the twenty-ninth and part of the thirtieth chapter of first Samuel, in Hebrew. I also read a portion of the fourteenth book of the Odyssey; which, for certain reasons, I intend to read, before proceeding with the second book of the Iliad: continued Florian's Estelle.

March 4.—In the morning, I finished the first book of Samuel, in Hebrew; and continued the fourteenth book of the Odyssey. In the forenoon, I proceeded with Tasso; and read part of the second book of the Æneid.

March 5.—I read, this day, part of the Estelle of Florian; and devoted a good deal of time to Homer, and the second book of the Æneid.

March 6.—Proceeded with the Odyssey, and Tiraboschi.

March 7.—The morning was employed in reading Homer. In the forenoon, I continued the ninth canto of Tasso; and read a few Persian odes of Hafiz. I also finished the Gulistan of Sady, which I have read from the beginning: I intend next to begin the Tooyuk-i Timur, or some other historical work; and, at the same time, to continue the perusal of the poets—chiefly Hafiz and Ferdusi. I also read part of the second book of the Æneid; and devoted the afternoon to the study of Chinese, and the evening to Homer.

March 10.—This morning, as well as the greater part of yesterday, was employed in reading Homer. In the forenoon, I continued the Estelle of Florian; and read a portion of Tiraboschi. The afternoon was devoted to the second book of the Æneid; and the whole of the evening to Homer, and Spence's Polymetis.

March 11.—The former part of this day has been occupied in Homer, Virgil, and Tasso; and in going over carefully the first part of Moor's Greek grammar, of which I intend to make myself master. The whole of the afternoon was devoted to Chinese.

March 12.—The morning was spent in Homer. In the forenoon, I finished the Estelle of Florian, which is one of the most interesting little works I have ever read. The style is elegant and harmonious; and the sentiments have a beautiful simplicity, which harmonizes well with the manners of the pastoral life.

March 13.—Occupied with Homer and Tasso.

March 14.—This was the day appointed me to deliver a lecture at the Divinity Hall, in Old Aberdeen: the subject was Matthew xxii. from the 41st verse to the end. In the afternoon, I devoted some time to Hafiz; and commenced the Tooyuk-i Timur, or Institutes of Timur, a work written in excellent Persian, by Abu Taulib ul Husseini: I also read part of the second book of the Æneid. The evening was devoted to Homer.

March 16.—This morning was occupied with Homer. In the forenoon, I finished the ninth canto of Tasso's Jerusalem, and the second book of the Æneid. In the afternoon, I was engaged with Tiraboschi. In the evening, I finished the fourteenth book of the Odyssey, and spent some time in going over part of Moor's Greek grammar.

March 17.—The morning was spent in read-

ing part of the Tooyuk-i Timur, or Institutes of Timur, in Persian. In the forenoon, I resumed Tiraboschi. While mentioning the wonderful attainments of Olimpia Morata, he takes care to add, like a good catholic, "che offuscò la gloria da' suoi studj ottenuta, col farsi seguace degli errori de' Protestanti, e col vivere in essi ostinata fino alla morte." I then devoted some time to Moor's grammar; and, in the afternoon, applied to Chinese. I intend to write the elementary characters over and over, till I be completely master of them. In the evening, I began the seventh book of Xenophon's Cyropædia, and devoted some time to Homer.

March 18.—The morning was occupied in Homer; and the greatest part of the forenoon in reading the Tooyuk-i Timur, in Persian, and in going over part of Moor's Greek grammar. The afternoon was entirely devoted to Tiraboschi; and the evening to Homer.

March 19.—As usual, the morning was spent in reading Homer. In the forenoon, I read part of Tiraboschi; and devoted a good deal of time to the study of Chinese. In the afternoon, I commenced the third book of the Æneid; and, in the evening, I was employed in reading Homer, and going over Moor's admirable grammar.

March 20.—This morning was also devoted to Homer: the spare time which I had, before going to the Divinity Hall, was spent in reading part of the third book of the Æneid. In the afternoon, I resumed Tiraboschi. Controversy in regard to the superiority of Tasso over Ariosto: Tiraboschi denies that the Gerusalemme of Tasso can with any more justice be compared with the Orlando Furioso, than the Æneid of Virgil with the Metamorphoses of Ovid. The nature of the two compositions is totally different: the one is a poem of romance—the other is strictly epic. Fertility of imagination is the characteristic of Ariosto. The poem of Tasso pleases and delights, by the grace and finish which pervades the whole: that of Ariosto kindles in the soul enthusiasm of the highest kind; one seems not merely to read, but even to see, all the scenes which are described. Tasso resembles a painter, who gives an exquisite delicacy to all the productions of his pencil: Ariosto is like a Rubens, who brings before us the grandest and most terrible objects, in such a manner, that we think we could almost touch them. The interest of the Orlando Furioso sometimes languishes: that of the Gerusalemme is kept up more equally. Tasso is superior in elegance of style.—The evening was devoted to Homer.

March 21.—The morning was occupied with

Homer. In the forenoon, I commenced the tenth canto of Tasso; and continued the third book of the Æneid.

March 23.—Homer—Tasso—Virgil. In the evening, I began the Orestes of Euripides.

March 24.—Homer—Tasso—Tooyuk-i Timur —Moor's grammar.

March 25.—Homer—Tasso—Chinese—Euripides.

March 26.—This morning was devoted to Homer, and Euripides. As I have now finished that part of the Odyssey which I wished particularly to read, I intend to recommence the second book of the Iliad. Went on with Tasso, and the Tooyuk-i Timur.

March 27.—Began the second book of Samuel, in Hebrew: continued the second book of the Iliad. In the forenoon, I devoted a good deal of time to Moor's Greek grammar; finished the tenth canto of Tasso's Jerusalem; and read a portion of Metastasio: devoted some time to the Tooyuk-i Timur.

March 28.—The morning was devoted to Homer, and to the reading of the second chapter of

second Samuel, in Hebrew. In the forenoon, I read some fine passages from Metastasio; and continued the Institutes of Timur, in Persian. I also read a portion of the third book of the Æneid, and some odes of a Spanish translation of Anacreon, by Villegas: it is in the same versification as the original, and is remarkably elegant, and, at the same time, very literal. The afternoon was devoted to Chinese; and, in the evening, I continued the second book of the Iliad, and Moor's Greek grammar.

March 30.—In the morning, I read the third chapter of second Samuel, in Hebrew; and continued the second book of the Iliad. In the forenoon, I proceeded with Metastasio. I am charmed with the delicacy and elegance of this delightful poet. I then resumed the Tooyuk-i Timur, to which the remainder of my time was devoted.

March 31.—Homer, and Metastasio.

April 1.—My studies were interrupted to-day by an engagement in the country.

April 2.—Continued the second book of the Iliad, and the third of the Æneid: commenced the last volume of Tiraboschi's Storia della Poesia Italiana. The afternoon was devoted to the

study of Chinese. In the evening, I resumed Homer; and spent some time in going over the Greek grammar, and reading Madame de Stael on Literature.

April 3.—Read the fourth and part of the fifth chapter of second Samuel, in Hebrew; and resumed the study of Chinese. In the forenoon, I read some sonnets of Marini, in the Raccolta di Lirici. This writer, from his desire to be at the head of a new school of poetry, abandoned the simplicity and elegance of nature: he delights in forced images and ridiculous antitheses; and seems to be more solicitous about false ornament than justness and propriety of thought. After finishing the specimens given of the poetry of Marini, I proceeded to the elegant Chiabrera. Many of the compositions of this poet have all the gracefulness of the bard of Teos. I then resumed the third book of the Æneid. The rest of the forenoon was devoted to the Tooyuk-i Timur; and the afternoon was divided between the study of Chinese and Tiraboschi. In the evening, I finished the second book of the Iliad.

April 4.—Finished the fifth chapter of second Samuel, in Hebrew; and read the first chapter of John, in Greek. I then devoted some time to the study of Chinese. In the forenoon, I finished the third book of the Æneid; and con-

tinued the Tooyuk-i Timur, in the perusal of which the afternoon was also occupied. In the evening, I read some of Æsop's fables, in Greek; and resumed Moor's grammar.

April 6.—Read the sixth chapter of second Samuel, in Hebrew, and the second of John, in Greek. A considerable portion of the forenoon was devoted to the Tooyuk-i Timur. The historians of the life of Timur give merely an account of his splendid achievements; but, in his Institutes, we find detailed even the motives which influenced his conduct in undertaking all his expeditions. In this point of view, they must ever be considered as peculiarly interesting, independently of their being written under his own immediate inspection. I next read a fine canzone of Chiabrera, Per Leonora Ferrera. In reading the Italian poets, we are too apt to be hurried away by the elegance and smoothness of the language; we overlook the sentiment which is conveyed: and, in fact, if we divest many of their poems, particularly their sonnets, of that harmonious and luxuriant versification which gives them such an irresistible charm, and look solely to the sentiments, we shall sometimes find them below mediocrity. The Italian language is decidedly inferior to the Spanish, in dignity: there is a simplicity in some of the old Spanish romances, which has no parallel in the poetry

of Italy. The afternoon and evening were devoted to Herodotus.

April 7.—I read, this morning, the seventh chapter of second Samuel, in Hebrew, and the third of John, in Greek. The remainder of my time, before breakfast, was devoted to Herodotus. In the forenoon, I continued Tiraboschi. Great number of Italian translations of the classics. The numberless contests which were agitated among the learned in Italy, from 1570 to 1616, gave an impulse to literature: they induced the writers on both sides to have recourse to the most esteemed models of antiquity. Some of these contests originated from some of the Italian writers being bold enough to prefer Dante to Homer. Attempt of Claudio Tolommei to reduce Italian versification to the rules of Latin poetry. The remainder of the forenoon was devoted to the Tooyuk-i Timur; and, in the afternoon, I resumed Herodotus, and spent some time in the study of Chinese. The evening was occupied in attending the meeting of our society, in Marischal College.

April 8.—As this was the fast-day, preparatory to the communion, I set it apart, as far as I could, for the solemn purpose for which it was intended. In the evening, I read a few chapters of the Greek New Testament.

April 9.—In the morning, I read the eighth and ninth chapters of second Samuel, in Hebrew; and, in the forenoon, resumed the Institutes of Timur, in Persian, and the revisal of the Chinese elementary characters. The remainder of the day was devoted to Greek.

April 10.—Read the tenth and eleventh chapters of second Samuel, in Hebrew, and the sixth chapter of John, in Greek. In the forenoon, I continued Herodotus, Æsop, and Tiraboschi. In the afternoon, I began the Lun Yee of Confucius, in Chinese, with the assistance of that portion of Dr. Morrison's Chinese dictionary which is as yet published. It is, of course, as every dictionary of this singular language must be, arranged according to the elementary characters; and as it reaches at present only to *keu*, mouth, there must be many characters, arranged under the following keys, of the meaning of which I must remain ignorant, till the publication of the succeeding parts, which I sincerely hope will soon make their appearance. I find this study extremely interesting; and am resolved, if it please God to spare me, to prosecute it with vigour. The evening was spent in reading Herodotus, and going over Moor's grammar.

April 15.—On account of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper being dispensed in this city on

Sabbath last, I have thought it proper to intermit my studies, that my attention might not be distracted from the solemn duties in which I have been engaged. This day I read the seventh chapter of John, in Greek; and spent the greater part of the forenoon in reading Æsop and Thucydides. In the evening, I read an Essai sur la Langue et la Litterature Chinoises, par M. Abel Remusat. This work is not so valuable for the information which it gives on Chinese literature, as for the correct analysis which it presents of a good many passages from the esteemed writers of that singular people. This I find will be particularly useful to me, as the *key* characters are pointed out, and in discovering them lies the principal difficulty which beginners have to encounter. Practice, however, does every thing: all that is necessary to obtain a knowledge of the Chinese language is, a good deal of perseverance. It is by no means such a formidable matter as the Roman Catholic missionaries were pleased to represent it: their object was evidently to raise their own merit, in acquiring a language, which they described as so extremely difficult. Till of late years, our knowledge of the literature of China was very circumscribed. The labours of Marshman and Morrison have done more to promote the study of Chinese, than those of all their predecessors: they have completely removed the veil, which, for so many centuries,

concealed every thing that related to Chinese learning. Could such a tyro as myself, however, venture to give an opinion, I should be inclined to think that Mr. Marshman has under-rated the difficulties to be encountered in the study of Chinese. Dr. Morrison again steers a middle course, which is certainly the safest; and advises the student, neither to be discouraged by the obstacles which may seem to impede his progress at the outset, nor to consider the object as being of too easy acquisition.

April 16.—Read the twelfth chapter of second Samuel, in Hebrew; and the eighth chapter of John, in Greek. Part of the forenoon was employed in reading Thucydides; and the remainder in analyzing, as accurately as I could, a passage of the Le-king, given in Remusat's Essai. I first made out a translation of my own, and then compared it with that given by the author.

April 17.—Read the thirteenth chapter of second Samuel, in Hebrew, and the ninth of John, in Greek. I also began the fourth book of the Æneid, and read a considerable portion of Thucydides. In the afternoon, I finished Tiraboschi's History of Italian Poetry; and, in the evening, analyzed two passages of Chinese, given by M. Remusat. I am resolved never to have recourse

to his aid, unless when the key of the character, of which I wish to know the meaning, is one of those not included in the part of Dr. Morrison's dictionary already published. In this case, I must of course depend on the explanation given by the author. The rest of the day was devoted to Thucydides.

April 18.—The forenoon was employed in reading the Institutes of Timur, in Persian. In the afternoon, I read part of the fourth book of the Æneid, and resumed the study of Chinese. The evening was spent in reading Greek.

April 23.—I have been some days from home. This morning I read the fourteenth chapter of second Samuel, in Hebrew, and the tenth of John, in Greek. In the forenoon, I continued the perusal of Æsop, and commenced the third book of the Iliad. The afternoon was devoted to Chinese; and the evening to Thucydides, and the Greek grammar.

April 24.—In the morning, I read the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of second Samuel, in Hebrew. In the sixteenth chapter, we find the phrase מה לי ולכם, "what have I to do with you?" which exactly corresponds to the expression, τι ἐμοι καὶ σοι; in the New Testament. In the forenoon, I read some beautiful Italian sonnets, by

Francesco Redi. I next resumed the third book of the Iliad, and went over part of the Institutes of Timur, in Persian. The afternoon was devoted to the study of Chinese. In the evening, I continued Thucydides, and the Greek grammar.

April 25.—Read the seventeenth chapter of second Samuel, in Hebrew, and the eleventh of John, in Greek: continued Homer. In the forenoon, after reading part of the fourth book of the Æneid, I devoted some time to the charming Persian odes of Hafiz, and examined the contents of some of my oriental manuscripts. The Persian grammar, which is prefixed to the voluminous dictionary, called the Farhangi Jahangiri, is very curious. There are some extremely fine odes in the Divan of the poet Saib; but it is very far below that of Hafiz, in every respect. The afternoon and the greater part of the evening were spent in reading Homer. I also read a portion of Lectures on the History of Literature, by Frederick Schlegel; a work replete with interest, and containing a great deal of information.

April 27.—Continued the fourth book of the Æneid, and the third of the Iliad. In the forenoon, I read a good deal of the Institutes of Timur, in Persian, and, in the afternoon, some fine Italian sonnets, by Filicaja. The one which

begins, Italia, Italia, o tu, cui feo la sorte, is inimitable. Indeed the poetry of this celebrated writer displays an exquisite tenderness and sensibility, and, at the same time, an elevation of sentiment and majesty of style, which are peculiar to himself. I also devoted part of the afternoon to the Greek grammar, and the whole of the evening to Homer.

April 28.—Owing to indisposition, I have not been able to rise early for these two last mornings. This forenoon, I continued Homer and Virgil; and read a portion of the Shah nameh of Ferdusi, in Persian, relating to the reign of Jemshid. Part of the afternoon was also spent in the same way; and the evening was exclusively devoted to Homer.

April 29.—This day I finished the fourth book of the Æneid, and the third book of the Iliad. I then continued the Shah nameh of Ferdusi; and, in the afternoon, resumed the study of Chinese. In the evening, I read a good many chapters of the Pendeh-i Attar, or Counsels of Attar, a celebrated Persian poet. This beautiful little work resembles very much the Characters of Theophrastus.

April 30.—Read the eighteenth chapter of second Samuel, in Hebrew. In the forenoon, I

read some Italian sonnets, by Francesco De Lemene, and a very beautiful canzone, by Benedetto Menzini. I next devoted some time to Thucydides, and resumed the Pendeh-i Attar. The afternoon was also spent in reading this pleasing little poem. The evening was devoted to Thucydides.

May 1.—Read the nineteenth chapter of second Samuel, in Hebrew. In the forenoon, I read two canzonets, by Benedetto Menzini, and a good number of sonnets, by Filicaja: I then resumed Thucydides. The remainder of the forenoon was spent in the study of Chinese; and the afternoon in reading the Persian odes of Hafiz. Thucydides occupied the evening.

May 2.—Read the twentieth chapter of second Samuel, in Hebrew, and the twelfth of John, in Greek; the life of Annibal, by Cornelius Nepos, and part of the Shah nameh of Ferdusi. In the afternoon, I resumed the study of Chinese. Great part of the day was devoted to Thucydides; and, in the evening, I began Polyænus.

May 4.—Read the twenty-first chapter of second Samuel, in Hebrew, and a considerable portion of Polyænus. In the forenoon, I resumed the Jerusalem of Tasso; I have now reached the

eleventh canto: and also began the fifth book of the Æneid. The rest of the forenoon was devoted to Polyænus—the afternoon, to the Institutes of Timur, in Persian—and the evening to Thucydides.

May 5.—This morning, I read a few of the Psalms, in Hebrew, and the thirteenth chapter of John, in Greek. I next resumed Polyænus, and continued the fifth book of the Æneid. In the forenoon, I read a part of the eleventh canto of Tasso's Jerusalem, and of Thucydides. The afternoon was spent in the study of Persian. I have begun the story of Suhrab, *(dāstāni Suhrāb,)* which is one of the most interesting in the Shah nameh.

May 6.—Read the twenty-second chapter of second Samuel, in Hebrew, and the fourteenth of John, in Greek. I next resumed Virgil and Polyænus, which took up my time till breakfast. In the forenoon, I continued the eleventh canto of Tasso; and devoted some time to Thucydides, and the study of Chinese. The afternoon was spent in continuing the interesting story of Soohrab, from Ferdusi; and the evening, in reading Polyænus.

May 7.—Read the twenty-third chapter of second Samuel, in Hebrew, and the fifteenth of

John, in Greek: I also read a good deal of Polyænus. In the forenoon, I continued Tasso and Thucydides: the afternoon and most of the evening were spent in reading Ferdusi. His great work, the Shah nameh, is more easily understood than any of the works of the Persian poets which I have read: there is an inimitable simplicity in the style of this parent of eastern poetry, which we look for in vain in that of his successors. The rest of the evening was devoted to Polyænus.

May 8.—This morning I finished second Samuel, in Hebrew; and read part of Polyænus. In the forenoon, I continued Thucydides, and the fifth book of the Æneid; finished the eleventh canto of Tasso's Jerusalem; and devoted some time to my Chinese studies. In the afternoon, resumed the story of Suhrab, from the Shah nameh. In the evening, I finished the first book of Polyænus.

May 9.—Read the sixteenth chapter of John, in Greek; proceeded with Ferdusi; and read a hundred lines of the fifth book of the Æneid. In the forenoon, I read some Italian sonnets, by Alessandro Marchetti, and resumed Thucydides: continued the Lun Yee of Confucius. In the afternoon, I translated accurately a tale from the Tuti nameh, which I intend to lay aside for some time, and then turn it again into Persian.

By this exercise, my knowledge of the style of the best authors will, I hope, be considerably increased; as I intend carefully to compare my own translation with the original, and correct any mistakes into which I may have fallen. In the evening, went over the Greek grammar, and finished the story of Suhrab, from Ferdusi. I have lately read Lord Holland's Life of the celebrated Spanish poet Lope de Vega, and Schlegel's History of Literature.

May 11.—Read the seventeenth chapter of John, in Greek, and began the fourth book of the Iliad. In the forenoon, I continued Virgil and Thucydides.

August 12.—I have lately read, in the Shah nameh, that part which contains the description of Rustam's combat with the Div Sepid, or white demon. The character of the Persian hero is here exhibited, in the most favourable point of view: no sooner does he kill the monster, than he pours out his grateful prayers to the Disposer of all events, for preserving him during the combat, and acknowledges that it was through him alone that he came off victorious. In the original, there is a great deal of fire and energy, of grandeur and sublimity. I have also read the commencement of the poem. Ferdusi says, that the poet Dukekee had only written a thousand

verses on the reigns of Gushtasp and Jamasp, when he was slain by his own slave. Ferdusi himself then engaged in the work; and, after thirty years of incessant labour, brought it to a conclusion.

August 13.—Read Wood's Essay on Homer. Homer probably an Ionian. He must have travelled much, as, in those days, thirst after knowledge could be gratified only in this way: he must also have studied the book of nature. The intercourse of the Greeks with one another was kept up by sea; hence the number of sea voyages in the Iliad and Odyssey. The Ionians in particular were celebrated for their voyages. His descriptions very accurate. Pope makes the Scamander discharge itself into the Ægean sea, instead of the Hellespont. Eustathius was probably ignorant of Latin: he never once mentions Virgil, or refers to any Latin author, in his whole commentary, which he rather compiled than wrote. Interesting pictures of early manners furnished by Homer. Thucydides, though an enemy to poetical fictions, relies greatly on Homer: he is surely then entitled to our general belief. Herodotus a writer of credit as to what he saw, but of credulity as to what he heard.—Homer says, that Æneas reigned over the remainder of the Trojans, after the destruction of the city: the truth or falsehood of this could

have been easily ascertained at the time: not probable that he would have asserted what every one could contradict. When Virgil wrote, the Romans believed that they were sprung from the Trojans: he could not then follow Homer, without opposing the popular tradition. The Iliad and Odyssey written about half a century after the town was taken. All early compositions, in Greece, written in verse. Wood fixes the period when an alphabet was introduced, and prose began to be written, at *554* years before Christ. The priority of verse to prose accounts for the many particles in Homer; they were always at hand.

September 11.—I have lately finished the first book of Kings, which I have read carefully in Hebrew, and have just begun the second. The books of the Old Testament, which I have now read in the original, are these;—Genesis, Joshua, Judges, Ruth, first Samuel, second Samuel, first Kings, Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, and a considerable number of the Psalms. For some time past, I have been busy with Spanish and German, particularly with the latter, of which I am extremely fond. The book, which I am reading at present in this language, is Crabb's German Extracts. I find that I have entered on a new and interesting field. The German is totally unconnected with the languages of the South of

Europe, most of which are so linked together, that, if a person be completely master of one of them, he will find no difficulty in acquiring a knowledge of the others. The German serves as a key to many of the other northern languages, as the Swedish, Danish, and Dutch; which are connected as closely together as the Spanish, Italian, and the other sister dialects of the South; and this alone holds out a sufficient inducement to prosecute the study. But, independently of every other consideration, the great number of excellent writers on every department of literature, that Germany has produced, affords every encouragement to the lover of letters to make himself well acquainted with the language, which is grand, dignified, and sonorous. The Germans have written a great deal on oriental literature; and I expect to derive very considerable assistance from their labours in this department.

I have lately read Raffles' very interesting account of Java. He gives a very complete view of the poetry and languages of the island, and a translation of the greater part of the celebrated poem called the Brata Yudha, or the War of Woe, some passages of which are extremely tender and beautiful. There is an uncommon degree of feeling in that part of the poem which describes the death of Salia, and the agony of Salia Wati while searching on the field of battle

for his body. Having found it, she stabbed herself on the body of her husband; and her faithful female attendant drew the dagger, reeking with the blood of her mistress, from the wound, and plunged it into her own bosom.—The Kawi the classic language of Java. The Javan, or common language of the island, is remarkable for the number of synonymes, and for the minute shades of distinction between the meanings of different words. All historical and poetical compositions of note written in Kawi. Nine out of ten words in this language are Sanscrit. The well-educated natives introduce a great many Kawi words in common conversation: hence this language is gradually gaining ground, and becoming more and more blended with the language of the country, or Javan. Arabic literature is also making considerable advances.

Sept. 12.—I have lately read Mickle's excellent translation of the Lusiad of Camoens. In the introduction, Mr. Mickle mentions, that the celebrated Latin poet Buchanan was engaged by John III. to teach philosophy and the Belles Lettres, at Lisbon. He was afterwards imprisoned, by the influence of the monks, for eating flesh in Lent; and because, while at St. Andrew's, he had written a satire against the Franciscans. He was afterwards liberated, but placed under the instructions of the monks, by whom he

was long confined in a monastery, where he wrote his version of the Psalms.—Camoens was born in 1517: (much uncertainty about the time of his birth): was very unfortunate: shipwrecked at the mouth of the river Mehon, on the coast of China: he escaped, bearing his poems in the one hand above the waves, and swimming with the other. At Goa, he suffered a long imprisonment; and, on his arrival in his native country, he was overlooked, and entirely neglected. A black servant, whom he had brought with him from India, begged, for the subsistence of his master, in the streets of Lisbon. Voltaire's estimate of the Lusiad very erroneous: perhaps he knew it only from the old English version of Fanshaw. By a gross anachronism, he makes Camoens accompany his hero, Vasco de Gama, to India: the latter sailed in 1497, and the former was not born till 1517. Montesquieu says, that the poem of Camoens recalls to the mind all the charms of the Odyssey, and all the magnificence of the Iliad; and Tasso pays an elegant compliment to the Portuguese poet, in a sonnet to Vasco de Gama. The story of Inez, in the third book, is touching in the extreme. She was the daughter of a Castilian gentleman, who took refuge in the court of Portugal; and she was privately married to Don Pedro, the king's eldest son, a brave and virtuous prince: but the lovely Inez was calumniated to the king, Al-

phonso IV. the father of her husband; and, by his orders, she was inhumanly murdered. The tale of this unfortunate lady, as related by Camoens, is, beyond description, moving. The Island of Venus is also a fine fiction, but perhaps exhibited in too strong colours. Camoens excels in painting all the softer passions: he presents us with a succession of the most brilliant and fascinating imagery; and the tender melancholy which pervades the Lusiad cannot fail of interesting the heart of the reader. While it possesses, in an eminent degree, simplicity and elegance of style, it is never deficient in action, or poetical description; and no poet has ever embodied the glory of his country so completely, in any of his productions, as Camoens has done that of Portugal, in his Lusiad: yet he was neglected, and died in misery. He alludes to this neglect very feelingly, in several places, and reproaches his countrymen for the treatment that he experienced, in a manner which shews how deeply it had affected his feelings.

October 19.—I have been continuing my studies in Chinese; and have now read twice, with the greatest attention, the first chapter of the Lun Yee of Confucius, consisting of sixteen sections. I have made it a rule never to pass by a character until I have been able to analyze it, and find out the key under which it is arranged

in the dictionaries; and I have derived much more advantage from this method, than if I had read a great deal more, in a superficial manner. I am firmly resolved, if it please God to give me life and health, to prosecute this very interesting study. I have been busy, for some time past, with the beautiful Persian poem, called Secander nameh, or the History of Alexander. Besides possessing a very accurate manuscript of this poem, I have also obtained a copy of an edition of it printed at Calcutta, to which is added a very good commentary, explaining every difficult passage. The whole is in Persian, and may be considered as a very important addition to our stock of oriental literature. My principal object in reading this interesting poem, is, to collect what eastern writers say of Alexander, and to compare their accounts with those found in the Greek and Roman authors. I find the Secander nameh of Nizami much more difficult than the Shah nameh of Ferdusi.

December 10.—Since the commencement of the session of college, I have had very little time left me for my private studies. In the middle of last month, I commenced a translation of Bouterwek's History of Spanish Literature, from the German; which I intend to carry on whenever I find leisure. As yet, I have merely made a beginning; but I hope soon to be able to advance

more rapidly. I find Bouterwek a very interesting writer. All his works are good; but his History of Spanish Literature is justly considered as his master-piece.

Dec. 12.—I have now read, in Hebrew, the whole of the second book of Kings, and the half of the first book of Chronicles. In second Kings, viii. 11. occurs the expression, ויעמד את פניו, and he settled his countenance. This exactly corresponds to the Greek στησαντα το προσωπον, having composed his countenance, used by Xenophon in his Cyropædia, when speaking of Cyrus presenting the cup to his grandfather.

I have finished the whole of Tasso's Jerusalem, in Italian, except the last two cantos, which I hope I shall soon be able to read.

June 4, 1819.—Though I have not been continuing to note down in my journal the studies which have been employing my attention of late, yet I have been far from idle. I am going on with my translation of Bouterwek on Spanish Literature; and, since the conclusion of the session of college, I have read the Medea of Euripides, and the first chapter of the Lun Yee of Confucius, in Chinese, for the third time. My object is not so much to advance very rapidly, as

to understand completely what I do read, and to impress the characters deeply on my mind.—I have also been employed in making translations from the Wonders of Creation, written originally in Arabic, by Zechariah Alcazvini, of which there is a Persian version in the library of Marischal College. This work contains much information, both valuable and curious; and is unquestionably the best treatise on the geography and natural history of the East with which I am acquainted. There is, indeed, a great deal of fable in it, and the author frequently discovers not a little credulity; but extracts from it could not fail to prove both interesting and instructive. At present, Homer principally engages my attention.

August 2.—I have recurred to Exodus, in my course of reading the Hebrew Bible; which I formerly passed over, as being more difficult than those books that are purely historical. I lately finished the first and second books of Chronicles, and I am now advanced as far as the twenty-second chapter of Exodus. The twenty-eighth verse of this chapter is thus translated in our version, "Thou shalt not revile the gods, nor curse the ruler of thy people."—The word here translated *gods*, אלהים, is, in the eighth and ninth verses of the same chapter, rendered *judges*, and ought unquestionably to

be translated in the same way in this instance;—thou shalt not revile the judges.

September 7.—I have lately read, with great delight, an admirable Spanish translation of Tasso's Aminta, by Don Juan de Jauregui. It was published first at Rome, in 1607, where the author was at that time residing. It is strictly literal, and may be read with as much pleasure as the original: the style is truly classical and elegant. Jauregui is also known to the literary world as the translator of Lucan's Pharsalia.

March 28, 1820.—All my spare time during the session of college has been devoted to my translation of Bouterwek, which I have now very nearly finished.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

Illustration of Scripture, from the Persian.

THE Arabic language has ever been considered as of the greatest consequence in the illustration of sacred scripture: but while that language has engrossed the attention of the learned, the Persian has been very much disregarded, and set down as a language in which nothing could be found illustrative of the sacred volume. We are the more surprised at this neglect, when we consider the intimate connexion which subsisted between the ancient Persians and the Israelites. Zerdusht, or Zeradusht, commonly called Zoroaster, seems to have been intimately acquainted with the Old Testament, by means of his intercourse with the captives from Judea; and he has taken from it many of those laws and institutions which he taught the Persians. Indeed, whoever compares the leading features of the religion of Zoroaster with the Old Testament

must be struck with the resemblance which exists between them.

The Persians boast that their religion is derived from Abraham; and the Arabians seem to allow the justness of this claim, by calling the Persian religion by the name of *Millati Ibrahim*—the religion of Abraham; and the book which contained their religion was known by the name of *Suhufi Ibrahim*—the books of Abraham.

According to Josephus, Abraham derived his knowledge of God from the observation of the celestial phenomena. "If," said Abraham, "these bodies had power of their own, they would certainly take care of their own regular motions; but, since they do not preserve such regularity, they make it plain, that, so far as they co-operate to our advantage, they do it not of their own abilities, but as they are subservient to Him that commands them, to whom alone we ought to offer our honour and thanksgiving." In a Persian historian we find the very same thing.—"When Abraham," says the author, "was fifteen years of age, he began to seek after God; and, while engaged in this pious work, he used to contemplate and examine all the celestial bodies; and, seeing that every one of them disappeared, he said to his mother, These cannot possibly be gods, because every one of these bodies becomes invisible."

The Persians say, that Abraham was thrown

into a fiery furnace, by order of Nimrod, as is related by Khondemir; because, when the attendants of this prince were engaged in some public festivities without the city, Abraham entered their temples, and threw down their idols. This fiction seems to be founded on the account which we have of Abraham's leaving Ur, the place of his nativity, by the command of God.—Genesis xv. 7. "I am the Lord, that brought thee out of Ur of the Chaldees." In Hebrew, *Ur*, besides signifying the city of Ur in Chaldea, also denotes *fire;* and it is probable that the orientals were led into the fable of Abraham being thrown into a fiery furnace, by translating the word *Ur*, fire, instead of Ur of the Chaldees. It is remarkable that the vulgate has fallen into the same error, 2 Esd. ix. 7. "Eduxisti eum de igne Chaldæorum."

With regard to the religious creed of the Persians, we may remark, that they believed in one God, whom they called *Ormuzd*, or Omnipotence. In opposition to him was *Aharman*, the principle of evil. The Persian poets relate many fabulous stories about the mountain of Aharman, describing it as the place where all the evil spirits assembled, to receive orders from their prince. Ferdusi, the Homer of Persia, in his Shah nameh, represents one of his heroes, when about to fight with this demon, as arming himself with all kinds of charms, to guard against his enchant-

ments. The modern Persians sometimes use the word *Dīv* for the evil spirit, though this has a more general meaning, and may signify any spirit, good or bad. They believed in the universal deluge; and we find their best poets introducing allusions to it in their works. Thus Hafiz, the Anacreon of Persia, says, in one of his odes, "If thy patience be like that of the prophet Noah, although he was in grief for the deluge, then shall thy misfortunes be averted, and the wish of a thousand ages shall be realized." The ark of Noah is called, in Persian, *Keshtay-i Noah*, the ship or ark of Noah.

There is a remarkable prophecy by Zoroaster, concerning the Messiah, which is recorded by Abulpharaj, in his book of Dynasties. "Zeradusht," says he, "the instructer of the Magi, taught the Persians about the appearance of the Lord Christ, ordering them to carry presents to him; and foretold, that it would come to pass, in the latter times, that a virgin should conceive, and bear a son, and that at his birth *a star would appear, which would continue to shine during the day*, in the midst of which a figure of a virgin would be plainly to be seen. You, my sons, shall perceive the rising of the star before all other nations. When, therefore, you shall have observed the star, go whither it may guide you; and, offering gifts to the child, adore him."—*See Hyde's Religio Veterum Persarum*, passim. The

same is related by Shahristani, a Mahometan author, who wrote in Arabic a description of the religions of the East. Thus the fact of the visit of the Magi, which seems unconnected with the other parts of scripture history, is accounted for, by the supposition, that Providence had given to the Persians a knowledge of the prophecies in regard to the advent of the Messiah.

As a farther proof of the use to which a knowledge of the Persian may be applied in illustrating scripture, it may be observed, that many of the scripture proper names are undoubtedly Persian. It has been remarked, that the names imposed by the Hebrew language were generally such as betokened the nature of the objects denoted by them, or were compounded of such as did: yet this cannot be said of all the scripture proper names, for many of them seem to be at variance with this principle. Let us take the name *Vashti* as an example. This word, in Hebrew, signifies drinking, or one that drinks: in Persian, *vashtī* is a beautiful or excellent woman. This agrees with the scripture account of her—"for she was fair to look on." Again, *Esther*, in Hebrew, is hidden, secret. Calmet says, that this word is thought to be Persic, or Medish; and this is really the case, as, in Persian, *aster*, or *cster*, is a star, or constellation; to which a beautiful woman is frequently compared, by the Persian poets. This is characteristic of the great

beauty which Queen Esther is said to have possessed; whereas the Hebrew word, in this reference, has no satisfactory meaning attached to it. *Mordecai,* in like manner, if we adopt Calmet's derivation of it, comes from *Merodach,* or *Mordach,* a deity of the Babylonians. In Persian, *mardek* is a little man. May not his name have been descriptive of his person? The last example we shall give is *Mehuman,* one of the chamberlains of Ahasuerus. This seems to be the same as the Persian *mehmān,* a stranger, or guest; *mehmān dār,* one who sees that the guests are properly attended to.

Many other examples might be given, tending to shew, that a knowledge of the religion and language, as well as of the customs and manners, of the Persians, may prove useful to the illustration of several parts of scripture.

Illustrations of Scripture, from Ancient Traditions and Eastern Customs.

GENESIS vii. viii.—ACCOUNT OF THE FLOOD.

Among other traditions prevalent in South America, we find the following one of the deluge:—"The people of Mechoacan preserved a tradition, according to which Coxcox, (the Noah of the Aztecks,) whom they called Tezpi, em-

barked in a spacious *acalli*, with his wife, his children, several animals, and grain, the preservation of which was of importance to mankind. When the great spirit, Tezcatlipoca, ordered the waters to withdraw, Tezpi sent out from his bark a vulture, the *zopilote*, (vultur aura). This bird, which feeds on dead flesh, did not return, on account of the great number of carcasses with which the earth, recently dried up, was strewed. Tezpi sent out other birds, one of which, the humming bird, alone returned, holding in its beak a branch, covered with leaves. Tezpi, seeing that fresh verdure began to clothe the soil, quitted his bark, near the mountain of Colhuacan."

Humboldt's Researches concerning the Institutions and Monuments of the ancient Inhabitants of America, vol. ii. p. 65.

Genesis xi. 3—10.—Account of the building of Babel.

The following tradition, in regard to the tower of Babel, as found among the Indians of Cholula, is recorded in a manuscript of Pedro de Los Rios, a Dominican monk, and quoted by M. de Humboldt:—"Before the great inundation, which took place four thousand eight hundred years after the creation of the world, the country of Anahuac was inhabited by giants, (tzocuillixeque). All those who did not perish were

transformed into fishes, save seven, who fled into caverns. When the waters subsided, one of these giants, Xelhua, surnamed the Architect, went to Cholollan, where, as a memorial of the mountain Tlaloc, which had served for an asylum to himself and his six brethren, he built an artificial hill, in form of a pyramid. He ordered bricks to be made, in the province of Tlamanalco, at the foot of the Sierra of Cocotl; and, to convey them to Cholula, he placed a file of men, who passed them from hand to hand. The gods beheld with wrath this edifice, the top of which was to reach the clouds. Irritated at the daring attempt of Xelhua, they hurled fire on the pyramid: numbers of the workmen perished; the work was discontinued; and the monument was afterwards dedicated to Quetzalcoatl, the god of the air."

Researches, vol. i. p. 96.

In a subsequent part of the same volume, p. 320, we find mention made of another tradition, referring to this subject:—"According to the ancient traditions, collected by the Bishop Francis Nunnez de la Vega, 'the Wodan of the Chiapanese was grandson of that illustrious old man, who, at the time of the great deluge, in which the greater part of the human race perished, was saved on a raft, together with his family.' Wodan co-operated in the construc-

tion of the great edifice, which had been undertaken by men to reach the skies; the execution of this rash project was interrupted; each family received from that time a different language; and the great spirit, Teotl, ordered Wodan to go and people the country of Anahuac."

GENESIS xli. 45.—*And Pharaoh called Joseph's name Zaphnath Paaneah.* See also DANIEL i. 7.

Della Valle, in his Travels, mentions, that whenever the Mogul admitted any one into favour, he changed his name; and he says, not long before, he called his brother-in-law *Asaph Khan*, the gathering lord; and his physician *Macrob Khan*, the lord of my health.

LEVITICUS xi. 22.—*Ye may eat the locust after his kind.*

In a Persian manuscript, of which an extract is given by Sir William Ouseley, in his Persian Miscellanies, the following passage occurs:—"And the locusts descended on the plains of Irak, and the inhabitants thereof took them, and made them their food." Many think that the word translated locusts in Mark i. 6. denotes not the insect, but a fruit produced in the Levant; but the universal practice of eating locusts, in eastern countries, and the express permission

to the Israelites to eat them, seem to establish the common interpretation.

LEVITICUS xviii. 21.—*Thou shalt not let any of thy seed pass through the fire to Molech.*

M. de Humboldt, in his Researches, while on the subject of Mexican paintings, observes:—"In the paintings of the Mendoza collection, we trace the ceremonies practised, on the birth of a child.—The midwife, invoking the god Ometeuctli, and the goddess Omecihuatl, who reside in the abodes of the blessed, sprinkled water on the forehead and the breast of the new-born infant; and, after pronouncing different prayers, in which water was considered as the symbol of the purification of the soul, the midwife bade the children draw near, who had been invited to give the child a name. In some provinces, a fire was lighted at the same time, and the infant was seemingly made to pass through the flame, and undergo the double purification of fire and water." This custom of the Americans puts us very much in mind of the above prohibition to the Israelites.

DEUTERONOMY xii. 2.—*Ye shall utterly destroy all the places wherein the nations which ye shall possess served their Gods, upon the high moun-*

tains, and upon the hills, and under every green tree.

The custom of offering sacrifices in *high places* was prevalent among many nations. Thus, among the Persians, in the month *Abān* (October) a festival was held, which began on the twenty-sixth, and continued to the first of the following month, *Azur*. During this solemnity, the Magi used to place on the tops of high towers various kinds of rich and delicate viands, upon which it was supposed that the Peris, (fairies,) and the spirits of departed heroes, regaled themselves; while the priests danced a choral dance, called *dast-band*, (joined hands). All ranks of people gave way, on this occasion, to the most extravagant joy; all were dressed in their best clothes, and entertained one another with the greatest hospitality; and the rich sent presents to the poor, while the king, with his nobles, assisted at all the amusements of the people, decorated with wreaths of flowers, called *basāk*, and collars of pearls, called *pargar*. In the mornings, processions were always made to the temple of fire, *(Atishgāh,)* and, after the morning devotions were over, the rejoicings began; which consisted of singing men and women, instrumental musicians, and the swing or see-saw, a favourite pastime in the East, as promoting a circulation of air, very refreshing in those sultry regions.

See Richardson's Persian Dictionary, vol. i. p. 834.

1st KINGS xviii. 21.—*And Elijah came unto all the people, and said, How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him.*

Ardeshir Babegan, having entertained great doubts in regard to the national religion, convened the chief priests of the Magi, that he might have them explained; when the king, on proposing his doubts, delivered himself as follows:

Namāyand ān baman tā shak zagayhān
Kunam dūr wa hādīram dīni yazdān
Hamī kh' āham kī zān burhān namāyand
Hakīkat bar hamah gayhān namāyand.

Let them shew it to me, that doubt from the world
I may drive far off, and embrace the religion of God.
I wish that by this decision they would shew
The truth, to all the world shew it.

Richardson's Persian Dictionary, p. lxxvi.

This has some resemblance to the disputation between the priests of Baal and Elijah, which was also upon the subject of a national religion.

2d CHRONICLES xxvi. 10.—*Uzziah had husbandmen and vine-dressers in the mountains and in Carmel; for he loved husbandry.*

There was a festival which the Persians celebrated anciently on the eighth of the month *Day* (December), when, according to the *Farhangi Jahāngīrī*, (a celebrated Persian dictionary,) and other authors, the king of Persia, clothed in white robes, descended from his throne, and, seating himself on a white carpet, the *sarāpardah* or veil before the royal throne was thrown open, and all his subjects were admitted to his presence. The husbandmen were treated with particular respect, some of their chiefs dining at the same table with their sovereign, when he addressed them in the following strain:—"I am one of you; my subsistence, and that of my people, rest on the labour of your hands; the succession of the race of men depends upon the plough; without you, we cannot exist: but your dependence upon me is reciprocal; we ought therefore to be brothers, and to live in perpetual harmony."

Richardson's Persian Dictionary, p. 836.

Virgil seems to have entertained a high sense of the happiness of the life of a husbandman, in his well-known passage,

O fortunatos nimium sua si bona nôrint
Agricolas!—&c.

PSALM lvi. 8.—*Put thou my tears into thy bottle.*

This passage may admit of some illustration from the ancient lachrymatories, or vessels, wherein were collected the tears that were shed by the relatives and friends of any deceased person.—These were small glass or earthen vessels, in the form of a phial, and were kept along with the ashes and urn. The most ancient material of the lachrymatories was a dark coarse clay; in later ages, they were made of glass.

SOLOMON'S SONG ii. 1.—*I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys.*

The rose is a universal favourite in the East. All the oriental poets have sung of its beauties; and among the Persians it has ever been accounted one of their greatest pleasures to gather the rose of spring. Horace, in expressing his dislike to the Persian customs, says,

Mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur;

forbidding his attendant to seek the place where might be found the latest lingering rose. *Gul*, in Persian, is always used for the rose; but it literally means *the flower*, by way of excellence. Hafiz, in one of his odes, says,

Chū gul suwār shūd bar hawā Sulīmān wār
Sahargah murgh dar āyad banaghmahi Dāwūd.

When the rose rides in the air, like Solomon,
The bird of morn comes forth with the melody of David.

The comparison of the beauty of a flower to the richness of King Solomon's attire was perhaps a favourite figure among eastern writers. We find it used by our Saviour, Luke xii. 27.—*Consider the lilies how they grow: they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.*

See Flowers of Persian Literature, p. 166.

JEREMIAH xvii. 1.—*The sin of Judah is written with a pen of iron.*

The pen employed by the Hindoos to write on paper is a small reed. To write on leaves, which is the usual practice, they employ a pointed iron instrument, with which, properly speaking, they engrave. The leaves are generally those of the palm tree, and they are cut into long regular stripes, about an inch broad. Being of a thick substance, and smooth hard surface, they may be kept for almost any time; and the letters have the advantage of not being liable to be effaced,

or grow fainter. Their books consist of a number of these leaves, which, by a hole pierced at one end, are tied loosely together. After the writing is finished, they sometimes rub the leaves with a black powder, which, filling up the incisures, renders the letters more conspicuous.

See Sketches of the Hindoos.

Daniel ii.—Nebuchadnezzar's Dream.

M. Visconti, in a letter to M. de Humboldt, which appears at the end of the second volume of his Researches, makes the following ingenious suppositions:—"The Aztecks counted five ages, and Hesiod does the same, reckoning like them that which was not yet consummated, and in which he lived. He says, in express terms,

Μηκετ' επειτ' ωφειλον εγω πεμπτοισι μετειναι.

Opera et Dies, v. 174.

This tradition of the five ages must have been known to the Chaldeans, if we might be permitted to adopt the conjecture of Dante, (Inferno, canto xiv.) that the colossal figure seen by Nebuchadnezzar in his dream referred to this opinion. It was composed of five distinct and separate kinds of matter—gold, silver, brass, iron, and clay."

JOHN xix. 23.—*Now the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout.*

Dr. Clarke, in his very interesting Travels, thus describes the dress of the Arabs in the Holy Land:—"It is simple and uniform, consisting of a blue shirt, descending below the knees, the legs and feet being exposed, or the latter sometimes covered with the ancient *cothurnus*, or buskin. A cloak is worn of very coarse and heavy camel's hair cloth, almost universally decorated with broad black and white stripes, passing vertically down the back. This is of one square piece, with holes for the arms. It has a seam down the back; but, made without this seam, it is considered of greater value. Here then perhaps we behold the form and materials of our Saviour's garment, for which the soldiers cast lots. It was the most ancient dress of the inhabitants of this country."

ON THE

LITERATURE OF THE ARABS,

AND THE INFLUENCE WHICH IT HAS HAD ON THAT OF EUROPE.

THE literary history of the Arabs must ever be traced with peculiar interest. When Europe was sunk in the deepest barbarism—when the arts and sciences were alike unknown—Arabia was distinguished, not only by the extent of her conquests, but by the ardour which she displayed in the pursuit of every branch of knowledge. Her language, naturally rich, elegant, and nervous, was improved, with unremitting assiduity; and numerous works were produced by Arabian writers, on grammar and philology. One author, who flourished in the thirteenth century, named Ebn Malek, has left behind him more than forty treatises, devoted entirely to the elucidation of his native tongue.

In early times, Arabia, circumscribed within the narrowest limits, did not make herself conspicuous by foreign conquests. There were then none of those great achievements which shed so

bright a lustre on her after history. Her exploits were confined to the rude and predatory warfare of barbarous tribes, who, for the sake of plunder, invaded the territories of their weaker neighbours. But the efforts of an intrepid individual raised her at once from this state of anarchy and confusion: Mahomet united those unsettled hordes into one compact and well-regulated body; and, though he himself did not make any powerful impression on the neighbouring states, yet his exertions paved the way for the extensive conquests of his successors. In the first ages after the introduction of Mahometanism, we find nothing but the most misguided zeal, and the blindest fanaticism. The new proselytes were too much devoted to the doctrines of the Koran to think of any other subject; and they had acquired a degree of bigotry which led them to despise every pursuit that had not an immediate reference to their religion. They persecuted alike the faith and the literature of their enemies; and, apprehensive for the spread of what they deemed errors, committed to the flames some of the finest productions of human genius.

Ali, the fourth caliph after Mahomet, was the first who patronised the liberal arts; and there are others of his successors who may also claim the honour of being enrolled among the benefactors of their country. But it was reserved for the great Almamon, who succeeded to the ca-

liphate in 813, to be the father of Arabic literature. Bagdad now became the centre of the sciences: the throne of the caliphs seemed also to be that of the muses. He caused the works of the most esteemed philosophical writers of Greece to be translated into Arabic; and thus opened to his countrymen sources of information, of which they had before been totally ignorant. Numerous colleges were established; and Bassora and Cufa appeared to vie with the capital city, in the celebrity of their various institutions for the advancement of every branch of study. So great was the ardour for learning at this period, that the vizir of one of the sultans devoted the sum of two hundred thousand pieces of gold to the foundation of a college in Bagdad, to which he added a yearly revenue of fifteen thousand dinars. It is also mentioned by Gibbon, that a private doctor refused the invitation of the Sultan of Bokhara, because the carriage of his books would have required four hundred camels. Every prince was eager to be surrounded by the most learned men of his time; and a literary rivalship seems to have subsisted among them, each one wishing to engage to himself the most celebrated poets and philosophers of his age. This attachment of eastern princes to men of genius was sometimes carried to an extravagant excess. If they happened to leave them, messengers were dispatched in all directions to

endeavour to discover the place of their retreat; presents were showered upon them, to induce them to return; and threats were often employed, when gentler methods were unavailing.—Khakani, a celebrated poet of Persia, was a particular favourite with the Sultan of Shirvan. Conceiving some disgust at the world, he solicited permission from his munificent patron to retire into the religious order of the Dervishes. This permission was not granted, and the poet attempted to escape: he was pursued, taken, and imprisoned; and, while lonely in his dungeon, he composed one of the finest elegies of which Persia has to boast. His imprisonment, of course, was not of long duration; and the prince, moved by his remonstrances, reluctantly granted him leave to carry his design into effect.

From the most remote antiquity, the Arabs have been passionately fond of poetry. When a new poet made his appearance, he was hailed with the most enthusiastic rapture: a solemn festival was prepared, and they congratulated themselves that they had now one who would sing the deeds of his forefathers, and hand them down to latest ages. About the end of the sixth century, an assembly was established, at a place called Ocadh, where all were admitted to a rivalship of genius. Poets of every tribe had it in their power to dispute the prize, and the merit of their various compositions was impartially decided by the

whole assembly. So great was the respect which was paid to the victors, that their poems were inscribed on the finest silk, in letters of gold, and suspended in the Caaba at Mecca.

The Arabic poets love to paint nature: they dwell on the delights of spring; and, born under a genial sky, they exhibit a succession of the most brilliant and pleasing images. Yemen, or Arabia the Happy, seems peculiarly fitted, from the great variety of its natural beauties, to kindle a poetic fire; and if the remark be just, that whatever is delightful to the senses produces the beautiful, when described, what may we not expect from the eastern muse, that sports amidst the most charming and lovely objects in nature. But the poets of Arabia have not exclusively painted delights like these: they often tell us of rocks and wildernesses, of dismal forests and impending precipices; and, from the sweets of perennial spring, they transport us at once to the gloominess of the desert. Their language is admirably adapted to poetry; forcible and expressive, it is fitted equally for conveying the loftiest ideas, and breathing the most tender and soothing emotions of the soul.

No where did Arabic literature flourish so much as in Spain. Cordova, Grenada, Valencia, and Seville, seemed to vie with each other in their numerous colleges, established for the encouragement of the liberal arts; and above

seventy libraries were open to the public in the cities of Andalusia. Every province and every city had its own poets, and its own historians. Cordova contained six hundred mosques, nine hundred baths, and two hundred thousand houses. "It was," as a judicious writer observes, "the centre of politeness, taste, and genius: tilts and tournaments, with other costly shows, were long the darling pastimes of a wealthy people; and this was the only kingdom in the West where geometry, astronomy, and physic, were regularly studied and practised." In Sicily, the language and religion were almost crushed before those bold invaders; and France seemed to offer an easy prey to the proud conquerors of Spain.—Many of her fairest provinces were subdued, and the natives of Bokhara and Samarcand were in possession of her richest cities.

While Arabia was thus prosperous, it may not be amiss to look at the state of Europe. Here the scene is changed: instead of that taste for poetry and science which was so much cherished by the Arabs, we find nothing but the thickest gloom of ignorance. Not the smallest encouragement was held out to literary pursuits: on the contrary, any one who was possessed of superior knowledge was accused of having a connexion with evil spirits, or of being initiated in the mysteries of the occult sciences. In the annals of those dark ages, in vain do we search for any

work, on which the poet, the philosopher, or the historian, could dwell with pleasure. The various languages of Europe were yet in their infancy, and the dialect of one province was with difficulty understood by the inhabitants of the next.

But, notwithstanding the barbarism of the times, there was one language which had attained some degree of perfection: this was the Provençal. We must remember, however, that the literature of the Arabs was firmly established, before the commencement of that of the Troubadours. A people less advanced in civilization naturally looks up with deference to one which has made greater progress; and we find that the early bards of Provence were much indebted to their intercourse with the Arabs. Rhyme, which forms an essential part of Arabic poetry, was borrowed from it by the troubadours, to give grace and beauty to their wild compositions. Their most ancient rhymes are exactly the same as we find in common use among the Arabs; and the farther back we trace them, the more remarkable is the resemblance. It is usual for both Arabian and Persian poets to finish their odes by an apostrophe, most frequently addressed to the author himself. Any compliment or praise was, in this place, considered but as the due reward of his merit. It is not a little singular, that we find this practice in use among the

troubadours. The *envoi*, with which their compositions concluded, was exactly of the same nature: it was addressed, either to the poet himself, or to the lady for whom the poem was composed. In their poetry we find also a great deal of that mysticism of love, which is so remarkable a feature in all the lyric poetry of the East. Among the Arabs, kings and princes were often, not only patrons of poetry, but poets themselves. The same may be said of the princes of Provence, some of whom may be ranked among the best poets of their country. To their subjects, it was the surest road to honour and preferment.

It is to the East that we are to trace the origin of those numerous romances, which were, in former times, so much admired in Europe. The most ancient romances represent chivalry as established among the Arabs; and the Chronicle of Turpin describes Charlemagne as receiving the order of chivalry from an Arab prince. The Spaniards, of all the nations in Europe, have ever been the most devoted to chivalry; and they were the people who had the greatest intercourse with the Arabs. The manners of the Arabs are painted in their most ancient romances; and the oldest poem in their language, the Chronicle of the Cid, exhibits to us a faithful representation of their customs and mode of life. We find a wonderful similarity between the various romances of Arabia and Persia, and those of

Europe. The Ippogrifo, in Ariosto, on which Astolfo is wafted through the air, is exactly the Persian *simurgh*, or griffin, which Ferdusi, the celebrated poet of Persia, introduces, to lend assistance to his heroes, in times of peculiar danger. Amulets and talismans have been used, from time immemorial, by eastern nations; and we often find them introduced in the romances and poetry of the West. Thus, in the Orlando Furioso, Angelica is made to apply a magic ring to her mouth, and immediately disappear.

Then from her hand she took, with eager haste,
And 'twixt her lips the shining circlet placed,
And instant vanish'd from Rogero's sight,
Like Phœbus, when a cloud obscures his light.
Hoole.

In the Persian romance of Hatim Tai, the hero also places his talisman in his mouth, when about to plunge into the caldrons of boiling oil.

Many more instances might be adduced, but it will suffice to advert to a circumstance, in regard to which the romances of the West bear a remarkable resemblance to those of eastern nations. What is now alluded to, is the existence of those fabulous beings, the Fairies, which make so conspicuous a figure in all the early romances. The belief in the existence of supernatural beings in the East stretches far beyond the limits of

history: they suppose them to have inhabited the world long before the creation of the human race. Among other orders of beings who once possessed it, we are frequently told of the *Dives* and the *Peris*. The *Div* is described as hideous in the extreme, and bearing the most rooted aversion to mankind. The *Peri* is always represented as a model of beauty and benevolence: perfume is their only food; and they form a complete contrast to the malignant *Dives*. It is impossible not to perceive the coincidence between the English *Fairy* and the Persian *Peri*; and this coincidence is not confined to a mere verbal resemblance, but extends to their nature and dispositions, which are remarkably similar. The following passage from Milton's Comus gives a very accurate idea of the Persian Peri:—

Their port was more than human, as they stood:
I took it for a fairy vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,
And as I pass'd, I worshipp'd.

The Persian Peris were not immortal, but their lives were extremely long: and Ariosto tells us, "No fairy can die, as long as the sun revolves, and the heavens remain in their present state."

We have already traced the influence which the Arabs have had on the poets of Provence. The latter, in their turn, gave an astonishing impulse to Italian literature; and Tiraboschi allows, in his Storia della Letteratura Italiana, that the Italians first learned from them the art of rhyme. They were intimately acquainted with their language, and many celebrated troubadours were natives of Italy. The earliest specimens of Italian poetry were formed entirely on the models of the troubadours, who had closely imitated the poets of Arabia: thus the influence which the latter have had on the poetry of Italy is far from being insignificant. A decidedly oriental character is stamped, as might have been expected, on the early literature of Spain and Portugal. With their arts and sciences, the Arabs introduced a great variety of new images: the flowery and exuberant style of the East was used in their writings, and the Arabic language was very generally cultivated.

We should form a very erroneous idea of the ancient Arabians, were we to look solely at those of the present day. In judging of their literary character, we must always revert to that period when Arabia shone like a meteor amidst the darkness that surrounded her; and gradually diffused, among the rude nations of the West, that taste for literature and science which she had cultivated with such assiduity and success.

ACCOUNT OF

"AJAYEB AL MAKHLUKAT,"

OR THE

"WONDERS OF CREATION."

THIS work, though little known in Europe, is very celebrated in the East. The author's name is Zechariah Al Cazvini, who died in the year of the Hegira 682, (A.D. 1283). It was originally written in Arabic, and has been translated into Persian. It is from the Persian translation that the following abstract has been made.

The author commences his work with an invocation of the Deity, according to the practice of all oriental writers; and calls himself "the meanest of the servants of God, Zechariah ben Mohammed ben Mahmud Al Camuni Al Cazvini." When speaking of the designs of Providence, he introduces the following tradition, in regard to Moses:—

"It happened," says he, "that Moses (on whom be peace) once arrived at a fountain, which was at the bottom of a hill. Having performed his

ablutions, he ascended the mountain to pray. Soon after, a horseman came up to the same spring, and, after quenching his thirst, continued his journey; forgetting, however, a purse of money, which he had brought along with him. This was carried off by a shepherd, who had repaired to the same spot. Then there came an old man, with a burden of wood upon his back, which he placed beside him, and, after drinking of the water, he laid himself down to rest from his fatigues. Suddenly the horseman who had left the purse returned, and demanded it from the old man, who denied having any knowledge of it; and upon this the other struck him so violently that he killed him. Moses, (on whom be peace,) when he had witnessed that event, exclaimed, O God! what can be the meaning of this action, and what justice can there be in this? The Deity then revealed to him, that the old man had slain the father of the horseman, and that the shepherd had a debt owing him by the father of the person to whom the purse belonged, which was exactly equal to the sum that it contained; and thus was the divine justice and retribution executed upon both."

The author then gives a detail of his plan, and a minute definition of the words which form the title of his work. He mentions, that pieces of iron have, at different times, fallen from the clouds; and takes notice of stones which have

also "fallen from the heavens, frequently in Jilan." He says, that "Abu 'l Hussein Ali Alathir Alharazi relates, that, in the year of the Hegira 411, (A.D. 1020,) there fell a shower of stones, accompanied with a dreadful storm of thunder and lightning; and that every person on whom they fell was killed." He then proceeds to astronomy, and gives an account of the moon *(kamar)*, of Mercury *(utārid)*, of Venus *(zuhrah)*, and of the sun. He next describes the eclipses of the sun; and mentions Mars *(marrīkh)*, Jupiter *(mushtarī)*, and Saturn *(zuhal)*. He alludes to the eastern notion of the fatal influence of this planet, and says, "that he who looks on Saturn experiences grief, but that he who looks on Venus is filled with joy." He mentions the stars at considerable length, and describes the signs of the zodiac, and all the constellations, and the empyrean heaven, *(falaki aflāk)*. He then comes to the angels, and details the different offices which Mahometans suppose to be allotted to each of them—Gabriel—Michael—Azrael: this last is considered as the angel of death. Haroot and Maroot are next mentioned: these are said to be two angels, who were continually blaming the conduct of mankind, and at last were sent down to earth, to judge of the temptations to which men were exposed. They themselves, however, were soon led to commit all manner of excess; and, as a punishment, were suspended

by the feet in a well at Babylon, where they are to remain till the day of judgment.

The author then proceeds to treat of time, and its various divisions. He gives the names of the different days of the week, and a short account of each, beginning with the Sabbath. "Moses," says he, "(on whom be mercy and peace,) commanded the Jews to employ one whole day every week in divine worship, and they allotted the Sabbath day for this purpose; for, say they, God, glorious and great, rested on this day, after creating all things." The first day of the week he mentions particularly as the Christian Sabbath. He then takes notice of the division of time into months, and begins with those of the Arabs: the first of these is Muharram. "On the first day of this month," says he, "is a festival among the Arabs, which corresponds to that of *Nū rūz*, or new year's day, among the Persians. On the second day, Jonas came out of the belly of the fish. The tenth day of this month has been considered sacred by all nations; because on it the repentance of Adam was accepted of, and the ark rested on mount Ararat, (called in Arabic *Jūdī*); and because the birth of Abraham and of Jesus (on both of whom be the peace of God) happened on this day; and on it the fire became cold around Abraham; and the eyes of Jacob became bright; and Joseph escaped from the pit; and on it they gave the kingdom to

Solomon, (on whom be mercy and peace)." He then enumerates the other Arabian months, and mentions the different events which took place in each of them, and the various religious ceremonies that are performed. The months of Macedonia, which is called *Room* by all oriental writers, are then discussed. The first is called *Tashrīni awwal*, or the first month called *Tashrīn*. " In it," says our author, " men are obliged to keep their houses, on account of the cold." After going over these at great length, he next considers the months of Persia; and then the various seasons of the year, spring, summer, autumn, and winter, are all described. " Spring," he says, " is the season when the day and night are equal; the weather is temperate, the air is delightful, and the zephyrs blow. In it the snow disappears, the rivers are filled with water, the trees are clothed with foliage, the surface of the ground is covered with verdure, and all the inhabitants of the earth give vent to joy." After mentioning all the different seasons, he proceeds thus:— " Some learned men have affirmed, that God, great and glorious, has sent a prophet into the world every thousand years. The first of these was the father of mankind, (Adam); the second, Noah; the third, Abraham; the fourth, Moses; the fifth Solomon, (on whom be peace); the sixth, Jesus; and the seventh, our glorious prophet Mohammed." He then introduces the fol-

lowing story, to shew the effect which time has in changing the appearance of the surface of the globe. The prophet Khizir, to whom it relates, is supposed, by eastern nations, to live till the day of judgment, in consequence of having discovered the fountain of life. It is literally translated—"Among the children of Israel was a youth who feared God, and the prophet Khizir (on whom be peace) repaired to him. The king got information of this, and said to the young man, I have heard that Khizir has come to you; is this the case, or not? The young man acknowledged that it was. The king said, Since he has come to you, you must bring him into my presence. How can I bring him? said the other. The king replied, If you bring him not, I will put you to death. The young man reflected on what he should do to accomplish this, and stated the circumstance to Khizir. He said, Arise, and let us go immediately to him. Accordingly they set off together. The king, when he saw him, asked him, if he was Khizir? and on his answering that he was, Then, said he, tell me the most wonderful thing which you have seen? I have seen many wonderful things, said the other, but I will state the following:—I one day came to a city, which was remarkably magnificent and populous. I asked of one of the inhabitants, by whom the city was built? He told me, that it was very ancient, and that they did not know

who were its founders; for, when they asked their ancestors, they were unable to inform them. Five hundred years after this, I passed by the same place, and no trace of the city remained. I saw, however, a man, who was cutting grass, and I enquired of him when the city had been destroyed? There never was a city here, said he. I told him, that there was once a magnificent city. Then, exclaimed he, we have never seen it, nor have we heard of it from our forefathers. After another interval of five hundred years, I came to the same place, and I found there a sea, and people employed in catching fish. I demanded of one of them, when this became a sea? Should a person like you, replied he, ask a question like this? But, said I, this was once dry land. If it was, rejoined the other, we have never seen it, nor have we heard of it from our forefathers. Five hundred years after this, I found it changed into dry land; and I asked a man, at what period this had happened? He replied, It was always the same as it is at present. But, said I, was there not once a sea here? Indeed, replied the other, we never saw it, nor have we heard of it from our ancestors. Passing by the place, after the lapse of the same period of time, I observed this city, which you now behold."

The title of the next section of his work is, *dar safalyāt*—On the inferior bodies. He first

mentions the four elements—fire, air, earth, and water: these are all described in their order. Under the article air, he gives a particular and very interesting account of all the different winds, and the various atmospheric phenomena, thunder and lightning, the rainbow, &c. Under that of water, he enumerates the different seas, the fishes which they contain, and the islands that are situated in them. One of these he calls *jazīrah al tannīn*, the island of dragons, which he describes as follows:—"It is a large inhabited island, in which there are many mountains and trees.—They relate, that there was once a dragon in it, during the reign of Alexander; and the inhabitants of this island came to him, and complained that the dragon was destroying all their cattle; and that it was necessary to furnish him every day with two oxen, which they had to place where the dragon might get them, and devour them; for, if the oxen were not furnished as usual, the monster was furious, and fire flashed from his eyes and from his mouth, and he destroyed every thing that came in his way.—Alexander advised them to take two ox skins, and fill them with sulphur, quick-lime, and similar substances, and also put into them iron hooks, and stuff them up like oxen. When the dragon came and laid hold of them, the hooks fixed in his bowels, and he died in consequence. When the people perceived that he was dead,

they gave vent to joy." "In the seas of India," he says, "there is a flying fish, which, during the night time, comes and eats herbage on shore; but, when the sun rises, it betakes itself again to the sea." When mentioning the island of Kharak, in the Persian gulph, he particularly takes notice of the valuable pearls which are found in its vicinity. His account of the formation of the pearl in the shell is very curious.—(It is to be found in Bochart's Hierozoicon, part. ii. col. 675. ed. 1692). The flying fish is thus described:—"Abu Hamed Andalusi says, that this fish has two dusky-coloured wings, by means of which it can raise itself from the water, and mount into the air; and, when it pleases, come down again."

The author introduces his description of aquatic animals by the following remarks:—"These animals," says he, "are divided into two classes, one of which is destitute of lungs, as the various species of fishes which live solely in the water, and the other possesses them. To the latter class belong all amphibious animals, which live partly in the water and partly on land. The wise Creator has formed those which exist only in the water so that the heat of their bodies may be rectified by the coldness of the water: they have no occasion for air; and they are incapable of producing any sound, because they want lungs. God has thought fit that every animal should be possessed of those members which are necessary

for the preservation of its existence; and he has accordingly given to those animals which inhabit the water a less perfect conformation than to such as live upon the land, because the former require it in a less degree than the latter. He has fortified the bodies of some of them with a rough shell, so that nothing can hurt them; and others he has furnished with fins, to enable them to propel themselves in the water, in the same way as birds fly through the air; and, as great numbers of them are devoured by the other animals, he has made them wonderfully prolific." He then describes amphibious animals, and gives a long account of the crocodile. Of the dragon he says, "It is the most wonderful animal in the creation—of a horrid appearance, and of great length: its eyes are like flashes of lightning, and its mouth of so great dimensions that it could swallow a cow. All the animals tremble at it, because it is more powerful than any of them." Speaking of the torpedo, he says, "It is a small fish, but there is such an excessive coldness in its nature, that, if it be taken by a hook, and the fisherman should lay hold of the line, a tremor seizes his frame, and he is obliged to fasten the line to a tree or a stone, till the fish be dead, and this quality have left it." When describing the sea turtle, he tells a story about some sailors, who landed and kindled a fire on what they conceived to be an island, but which, to their no small ter-

ror, began suddenly to move under them: the island turned out to be a monstrous sea turtle, which was floating in the sea. This is similar to the wonderful stories told amongst us of huge sea serpents; which even for a time gained credit with those who ought to have known better.

The author then gives an account of the earth, its formation, and the different opinions respecting it. He divides it, after the manner of all oriental geographers, into seven climates, which are described in succession. He mentions the various inequalities on its surface, and enumerates the most remarkable mountains. Of Alvend, a mountain in Hamadan, he says, "There is a fountain on its summit, whose waters appear every season, during a certain period; but, when this is over, they sink again into the earth, until the next year. The fountain springs from a fissure in the rock; and, during the time that it is visible, it neither increases nor diminishes.—Crowds of people then come, and drink the water, to cure them of their diseases, and they carry it home with them." In describing a mountain in Khorassan, he mentions, that there are found on it "naphtha, iron, copper, lead, and gold; and there is also to be seen a black stone, which burns as well as wood. They give an ass load or two of this for a single *dirheem*, (a piece of money). After being burned, it becomes white, and they wash their garments with it. Stones

of this sort are to be found in no other quarter of the globe." The black stone thus described is unquestionably coal, which, from this account, would seem to be found in Khorassan. Under the article Beysitoon, he gives a long and interesting account of the curious sculptures on that mountain, said to have been executed by the celebrated Persian statuary Ferhad; and the tale of his loves with the beautiful Shirin is told in a very affecting manner. Of mount Ararat, he says, "The ark of Noah rested on it; and there is a mosque built by him, which still remains, and to which pilgrimages are performed." Of Dumavend, he says, "It is a mountain in the territories of Ray, (the capital of Persian Irak,) remarkably high, and never free from snow, either in winter or in summer. They say, that it was on it that Solomon, the son of David, (on whom be peace,) chained the demon Sakhreh; and that here King Feridun detained the usurper Zohak, and that there are mines of the philosopher's stone. Mohammed ben Ibrahim Alzirab relates, that his father was anxious to obtain something from this mine; and, for this purpose, he made a long hammer, but the iron was melted when it was put near it. Ali ben Zarin reports, that as he was desirous to ascertain the state of this mountain, he sent some persons who ascended for five days and five nights until they reached the summit, where they

found no traces of any animal; the cold was intense, and the wind remarkably strong. On the top, there were seventy holes, out of which proceeded a thick smoke, and all the parts adjacent to these were covered with yellow sulphur." He then continues to describe the most remarkable mountains in the various parts of the East. Of the high mountain in Ceylon, called by the Portuguese Pico d' Adam, or Adam's Peak, he says, "It was here that Adam fell from paradise, and the marks of his footsteps are yet to be seen; and, every night, serpents collect about this place, and lightnings are visible." "In the desert of Kirman," says the author, in another place, "are many hills, on which are found stones, that, when fire is applied to them, burn like wood."

He now proceeds to treat of rivers.—"When the rain and snow," says he, "fall in considerable quantities on the mountains, the former falls into cavities, where it collects, and the latter melts gradually away, and is deposited in similar clefts. This water oozes out by degrees, and hence are formed springs and rivers." He begins by describing the Volga, at considerable length. He says, among other things, that "when it reaches the sea, and its waters flow into it, the sea is coloured by it for two days." Next are described the Gihoon, the Tigris, and the Araxes, besides many other rivers of less note. His account of the Nile is particularly long, and interesting. "The

Nile," says he, "is reported to be the longest river in the world; for it flows one month in the territories of the faithful, one month in Nubia, and four months through the desert. There is no other river but the Nile which is increased during the summer; for, at that season, when it would be dried up, the Deity sends the north wind, that the sea water may be driven up; and this serves as a barrier, and keeps back the Nile. In consequence of this, the whole of Egypt is covered with it; and, when it is sufficiently fertilized, the Deity sends the south wind, and the waters, which had been kept back, flow again into the sea. The people of Egypt have a Nilometer, by which they know how much the river rises; and when it has increased sufficiently, they congratulate one another, and look forward to a happy year, and great riches. This Nilometer is a column in the midst of a reservoir of water, on the banks of the Nile; and there are marks on it, by means of which they may ascertain the increase of the river. It is reckoned enough when it has risen fourteen cubits, but if sixteen, so much the better." After concluding that part of his work which treats of rivers, the author proceeds to describe fountains and wells, which he does at considerable length.

The next section treats of minerals, and commences thus:—"Bodies, which are produced from the four elements, are either capable of growth,

or they are not. Minerals form the latter of these classes. Others again are capable of feeling and of moving, or the contrary. The former class consists of animals, and the latter of vegetables." He then enumerates and describes the different metals, and the various sorts of minerals. Of rock crystal, he says, " Aristotle affirms, that it is a species of glass: they can colour it so as to make it resemble rubies. Kings procure for themselves vases made of it, and they believe that these possess superior advantages. If rock crystal be placed in the sun's rays, and a black rag or a little cotton put near it, the rag or cotton will take fire. There is one sort that is of a dark colour, and, if this be applied to any person when distressed by tooth-ache, the pain will be relieved." He mentions a stone, which, he says, " is found in the regions of the West; and, if it be placed in a house, all the mice gather round it, so that they may be taken by the hand. The people of those countries rid themselves of them simply by means of this stone, because they have there but few cats." He describes the emerald as follows:—" It is a green transparent stone, and is produced in gold mines. If poison has been given to any one, and if the emerald be pounded, and administered to him, it cures him. By looking on it, a person becomes quick-sighted. It is also said to be useful in driving away epilepsy: and Mohammed Zigaria

says, that if an emerald should touch the eyes of a viper, they instantly dissolve like water."

The author next proceeds to treat of vegetables. "These," says he, "hold a middle rank between minerals and animals. They are to be considered as superior to the former, but inferior in perfection to the latter, as they want the power of moving, and are incapable of feeling. God has granted to every being those peculiar faculties which are necessary for it, and more than this he has not given. Sensibility and locomotion, which would have been useless to plants, he has given to animals. How ought we then to admire the wisdom and goodness of our Creator! When a seed, or the stone of a fruit tree, falls upon the moist soil, and the sun shines on it, it opens, and, by a property which is called the attractive, draws from the earth those particles which are nutritive; and these it preserves by another quality, which has been named the retentive, and thus it grows and becomes a plant. Those vegetables which have a long trunk are called trees: large trees are like large animals, and small trees like small animals. Those which are large do not produce fruits, as the Indian plantain, and the plane; and the reason of this is, that all the sap is expended in the nourishment of the tree itself. Fruit trees do not grow so large, because they give a portion of the sap which they possess for bringing forward their

fruits. It is one of the wonders of the creation, that trees are covered with leaves, in the same way as animals with hair and wool. These are an ornament, and serve also to protect them from the scorching rays of the sun, and the violence of the winds. They are disposed over the fruit, in such a way, as that it may be both ripened by the sun, and cherished by the zephyrs." The following are some of his descriptions of particular vegetables:—"The Pepper Tree.—It grows in India, and is a lofty tree, and has its root always in water. When a wind comes, its fruit falls off on the surface of the water, and in this way they collect it. Its fruit remains on it both in winter and in summer: every one who pleases may take of it. The tree is covered with clusters of the fruit, over which the leaves are distributed, in such a manner, as that the sun, which is excessively warm in those regions, may not scorch it; and, when his heat is less intense, they leave it exposed, that the breezes may blow upon it. The Clove Gilly-Flower.—It is a native of the islands of India, and its fruit is similar to that of the jasmine, only it is of a black colour. The inhabitants of those places where it grows will not allow any one to carry it away, until they have done something to it which prevents it from growing in any other place. The Camphire Tree.—This is a large tree, which grows in Hindustan. There is a huge animal,

called the Babir, (royal tiger,) one of the beasts of prey, which is fond of living under it. The camphire is got from it at the time when the wood is disjointed and light; when a hole is made in the tree, a gum exudes from it, and this produces the camphire. The Cocoa-nut.—The people of Hejaz say, that this tree is the same as the *mokl*, or wild palm, but that in India it produces the cocoa-nut. They procure a sort of fibres from it, which are used for ropes to ships, and are called *kinbār:* these are excellent, and last a long time. Its kernel is well tasted, when it is fresh. Chamomile.—This is a well known plant: its blossoms are yellow and white, and it is useful for head-aches and colics. The Besh (Napellus Moysis) is a plant which grows in Hindustan. If a quantity of it, equal to half a drachm, be swallowed, it proves fatal. When it has been taken by any person, his eyes seem as if they would start from their sockets, his tongue swells, and giddiness ensues. The Rose Laurel, (Rhododaphne).—Its leaves are like those of the willow, and its trunk is thicker near the top than at the bottom: its flowers are red, like those of the piony rose, and its fruit is very tough. Avicenna says, that every animal that eats of its leaves dies. Belnias relates, that a certain king had an enemy, who marched against him with an army which he could not resist. He gave orders, however, to bring some of the rose laurel, and

mix it with a quantity of flour, and bake bread of it, and put a portion of it in a quantity of barley: this he took along with him, and proceeded to battle. When his enemy came against him, he made a precipitate retreat, and the hostile forces plundered his baggage, ate the bread themselves, and gave the barley to their horses. When the king knew how matters stood, he returned, and found them all lying dead. Bugloss, (Βουγλωσσον, ox-tongue, called in Persian *gāwza-bān*, a word which has exactly the same meaning). —This is a well known plant: it has the effect of inspiring joy, and of driving away grief. Ivy twists itself about trees; it has very slender fibres; it is useful in curing inveterate headaches, and makes the hair grow. Nenuphar, (the Water Lily).—This is a well known plant. Its smell is remarkably sweet, and it grows in the midst of the water. If it be dried in the shade, and thrown into the fire, its smoke relieves a pain in the head; and if an ointment be made of it, it removes the leprosy."

The next section, on animals, is very interesting. After some observations on animals in general, the author proceeds to man, and describes, at great length, his various intellectual and moral faculties. " Man," says he, " is composed of a body and a soul. He is more dignified in his form than any other animal; and the great and glorious God has created him more

noble and beautiful than the other creatures which he has made. He has granted him the finest conformation, both as to body and mind, and given him the use of language. He has furnished his body with those senses and powers which are useful, and his mind with faculties the most noble and vigorous. He has made the brain the seat of reason, and placed it in the most dignified and exalted situation. He has endowed him with thought, reflection, and memory; and subjected the powers of his body to those of his mind. The soul may be compared to a prince; intelligence is its vizir, the faculties are its armies, common sense its courier, the various members its slaves, and the body the seat of its government. The senses are always on the outlook, and bring back news either favourable or unfavourable to the common welfare; every thing is reported to common sense, which forms as it were the connecting link between the soul and the senses, and may be compared to the guard at the gate of a town. It transmits the intelligence to the intellectual faculties, and these make use of it as circumstances may require. Man has been called, on this account, a little world.—He partakes of the nature of vegetables, because, like them, he grows, and is nourished; of that of the irrational animals, because he feels and moves; but it is by his intellectual faculties that he resembles the higher orders of intel-

ligences. He partakes more or less of these various classes, as his inclination leads him. If his sole wish be to satisfy the wants of nature, then he is only anxious to procure food sufficient to preserve his existence. If he partake of the nature of animals, we find him fierce as the lion, greedy as the bull, impure as the hog, cruel as the leopard, or cunning as the fox; and if, as is sometimes the case, he possess all these bad qualities, he is then a demon, in human shape. But if, by his exalted mind, he resemble the heavenly beings, his soul, fired with the thoughts of a better world, disregards this perishable abode; and then he may be ranked as one of those of whom God has said, we have given them superior excellence, and raised them far above most of the other creatures." He goes on to treat of the soul, and its different powers and faculties; and describes all the various members of the body. Many anecdotes are introduced in this part of the work, illustrative of the various dispositions and affections of mankind.

The author concludes, by giving a long and curious account of animals, birds, and insects, and their several habits. This work is by far the most complete system of the geography and natural history of the East with which I am acquainted.

POETICAL TRANSLATIONS.

Translation of a Passage in the Poem of Joseph and Zuleikha.

WHEN fair Aurora usher'd in the day,
The nightly bird then wing'd his lonely way;
The feather'd songsters warbled in the woods,
And rent the roses in their sportive moods.
Here blush'd the jasmine, silver'd with the dew,
There tender violets, of fairest hue.
Soft balmy slumber on Zuleikha steals,
Hush'd are her sighs, no present ill she feels.
To holy Mecca now her face she turns;
Her tender heart with madd'ning phrenzy burns.
Her lovely damsels circling round her stand,
Imprinting kisses on her lily hand.
See! she awakes, and puts her veil away,
Just like a tulip at the break of day.
Too long conceal'd and veil'd by sable night,
Her hidden beauties burst upon the sight.

Translation of an Ode of Hafiz.

See the spring midst roses smiling,
Sweet delights return again;
Each lone hour with joy beguiling;
Let no sorrow now remain.

Softly sweet the breeze descending
Fills with joy the tender rose,
Each young rose bud's mantle rending;
Now full many a flow'ret blows.

Than the streams, so purely flowing,
Purer let thy conscience be;
Let cypress, in the meadow growing,
Tell thee ever to be free.

Now the vernal zephyrs playing
Rudely curl the blushing rose;
The hyacinth's young charms displaying,
Lull'd on jasmines to repose.

See the rose, so sweetly pleasing,
All its virgin charms display,
On each fond affection seizing,
Bear the captive soul away.

Hark! I hear some music stealing
Gently on the list'ning ear;

Each young rose the transport feeling,
Says the nightingale is near.

By the wine, from goblets flowing,
HAFIZ chase each care away;
Hear sweet music, joy bestowing,
Listen to the songster's lay.

Translation of a Hindustanee Ode.

SAD was the hour when I my heart
To fatal love resign'd;
No fleeting joys can cure the smart;
No remedy I find.

Could I my charmer's face but see,
Contentedly I'd die;
Thou know'st not, fair one, that for thee
Does wretched SOUDA sigh.

Quick as the wasting tapers burn,
So melts my soul away;
O bless'd the love that meets return,
I perish by delay.

Ah! beauteous maid, the live long night
Thy absence I bewail;

Yet could I see thy image bright,
My throbbing heart would fail.

If thus thy beauty's killing rays
Have melted SOUDA's heart,
How great the grief that on him preys,
When doom'd from thee to part!

VERBAL RESEMBLANCES

BETWEEN THE ORIENTAL LANGUAGES AND THOSE OF OTHER NATIONS.

" Nous y trouvons," says Chardin, speaking of the Persian, " avec assez de plaisir, une infinité de mots, qu' on voit incorporés dans nos langues d' Europe, comme l' Allemand, l' Anglois, et François ; et plus dans Anglois que dans aucune autre langue."

It was remarked by Sir William Jones, " that the first race of Persians and Indians, to whom we may add the Greeks and the Romans, the Goths, and the old Egyptians or Ethiops, originally spoke the same language, and professed the same popular faith ;" and he adds, that this, in his opinion, is capable of incontestable proof. He divides mankind into three great families—Hindoos, Tartars, and Arabs ; and proves, that from these three stocks all the human race gradually

proceeded. He concludes, "that Iran, or Persia, in its largest sense, was the true centre of population, of knowledge, of languages, and of arts." The same learned author observes also, "that the Saxon Chronicle, (I presume, he adds, from good authority,) brings the first inhabitants of Britain from Armenia; while a late very learned writer concludes, after all his laborious researches, that the Goths or Scythians came from Persia; and another contends, with great force, that both the Irish and old Britons proceeded severally from the borders of the Caspian: a coincidence of conclusions, from different media, by persons wholly unconnected, which could scarcely have happened, if they were not grounded on solid principles."

From all these considerations, Sir William's proposition receives a great degree of probability; and an examination of the different languages renders it almost certain that his conclusions are just. There is a very great similarity between the Sanscrit and the Greek and Latin languages; and the old Persian was, according to Sir William Jones, the parent of the Sanscrit, the Parsi or more modern Persic, and of all the Gothic dialects. An equal similarity subsists between the Scythian or Gothic languages and the Greek and Latin, as any one may be convinced, by consulting Dr. Jamieson's Hermes Scythicus. The different dialects of the Gothic are also nearly

allied to the oriental languages, particularly Persic and Sanscrit. As a proof of this, it may be remarked, that a whole volume has been filled with resemblances between the German and the eastern languages, by Professor Wahl. The few following words may, in a slight degree, illustrate the proposition, that the Goths and Persians are from the same stock. The Gothic words were suggested principally by a perusal of Jamieson's Hermes Scythicus, which led to the comparison given below. The Sanscrit words are taken from an article in the twenty-sixth number of the Edinburgh Review, on Wilkins' Sanscrit Grammar.

Resemblances between the Northern Languages and the Oriental.

Aa, in Islandic, is a river; *āw,* in Persian, water.

Aatta, in Islandic, eight; *attai,* in Cingalese, the same.

Æthel, in Saxon, noble; *athūl,* in Arabic, sprung of a noble stock.

Ar, in Islandic and Suio-Gothic, is bread; *aran,* in Gaelic; *ara,* in the Falashan, a language spoken in Abyssinia, (*See Vocabulary given in Bruce's Travels, last edition, by Professor Murray*); *ārd,* in Persian, the same. The

resemblance between these is very remarkable.

Baldr, or *baldur*, in Islandic, powerful; *bald*, in Alemannic, the same; *bālā*, in Persian, high; *bālātar*, more powerful.

Bar, in Islandic, a leaf; *barg*, in Persian, the same.

Bean, in Gaelic, a woman; *bīn*, in Malay, a wife.

Ber, in Islandic, a *berry*; *ber*, in Persian, fruit.

Binden, in Belgic, to *bind*; *bindan*, in Persian, the same.

Cum, in Gaelic, hold, shape, fashion; *cumadail*, well-shaped; *kawām*, or *kūām*, in Arabic, a well-proportioned shape, a pillar, prop.

Cridhe, in Gaelic, the heart; *kridaya*, in Sanscrit, the same.

Daan, in Islandic, a servant; *dāa*, in Arabic, the same.

Gaas, in Islandic, a *goose*; *gas*, in Armenian, the same.

Gorgelen, in Belgic, to *gargle*; *ghargharat*, in Arabic, gargling.

Matkr, in Islandic, contracted from *mattugr*, mighty, powerful; *maktadir*, in Arabic, the same.

Meadhon, in Gaelic, middle; *mūān*, in Persian, the same; as in this couplet of Hafiz—

Sākī bīār bādah keh āmad zamāni gul
Tā bashekanīm tawbah digar dar mīāni *gul.*

Cupbearer, bring the wine, for the season of the rose is at hand;
Let us again break our vows of repentance in the midst of the roses.

Mez, in Alemannic, a measure; *mīzān*, in Persian, the same.

Min, in Anglo-Saxon, is the genitive of the pronoun *ic*, I; in Islandic, *eg*, genitive *myn*; in Francic, *ik*, genitive *min*; in Persian, *man*, genitive the same.

Mios, in Gaelic, a month; *mās*, in Sanscrit; *māh*, in Persian, the same.

Mitte, in Islandic, middle; *meti*, in Coptic, the same.

Nef, in Islandic, a nose; *anf*, or *anef*, in Arabic, the same.

Nih, in Mœso-Gothic, not, neither, nor; *nei*, in Islandic and Danish; *nah*, or *neh*, in Persian, the same. What is rather remarkable, the Mœso-Gothic *nih*, or *ni*, is joined with the substantive verb, as *nist*, for *ni ist*, it is not; and, in Persian, the very same thing takes place, as *nēst*, for *neh ast*, it is not; as in this couplet of Hafiz—

Rāhēst rāhi ashek keh hījash kanāreh nēst
ānjā juz āṅkah jān basipārand chāreh nēst.

The path of love is a path to which there is no end,
In which there is no remedy for lovers, but to give up their souls.

In Persian, the indicative of the substantive verb *būdan*, to be, is as follows: *am, ī, ast; ēm, ēd, and.* In Mœso-Gothic, it is *im, is, ist; sijum, sijuth, sind.*

Rach, in Gaelic, to go; *rāh*, in Persian, a road, path.

Righ, in Gaelic, a king; *raja*, in Sanscrit, the same.

Saihs, in Mœso-Gothic, is *six*; *sehs*, in Alemannic; *sechs*, in German; *shesh*, in Persian, the same.

Sakan, in Mœso-Gothic, to speak, or argue; *sakhan*, in Persian, a speech, or argument, as in the following example: *īn* sakhan *bar dili dahkān kārgar āmdeh bulbulrā āzād karad*—this discourse (argument) taking effect upon the heart of the gardener, he set the nightingale at liberty.—(*Fable of the Gardener and the Nightingale, in Sir William Jones' Persian Grammar*, p. 110.)

Seilbh, in Gaelic, cattle, a drove; *sīlch*, in Persian, a drove, herd.

Seige, in Islandic, I say; *saghi*, in Coptic, a word.

Sira, and *Syr*, in Islandic, signify Lord; שר *sar*, in Hebrew, a prince; *Tsar*, in Russian, is a title applied to their princes; *sar*, or *sir*, in Persian, is the head, chief, the most exalted; *sari askar*, the general of an army. This word gives rise to a numerous class of compounds; and it may be remarked, that, in composition, it strengthens the signification, and denotes a peculiar excellence in the things to which it is applied. Thus, in the following sentence, from the fable, quoted above; *wa bar yak gōshahi chamanash gulbanī būd tāzahtar az nihāli kāmrānī wa* sarāfrāztar *az shākhi shajrahi shādmānī*—and in one corner of his garden there was a rose bush, fresher than the shrub of desire, and more lofty than the branch of the tree of mirth. Here *sarāfrāztar* is the comparative of *sarāfrāz*, lofty; which is compounded of *sar*, and *afrāz*, lofty, exalted, high. The word *sar*, in this case, gives emphasis and force to the compound. What is remarkable, the Greeks called the sun Σειρ, and, with a termination, Σειριος: thus Suidas, Σειρ, ὁ ἡλιος; and Hesychius, Σειριος, ὁ ἡλιος, και ὁ του κυνος αστηρ. *Sira*, or *Syr*, is the name

given to the Supreme Being in some Runic monuments; in which sense it resembles the Arabic *sirr*, any thing pure or excellent, also, incomprehensible, mysterious. In Sanscrit, the sun is called *Surya:* this seems the same with *sar*, or *car*, which, according to Mr. Faber, was used in the mysteries of the Cabiri, as a radical word, signifying the sun. Similar to this is *khūr*, in Persian, the sun, which was used in the same sense in the days of Hesychius; for he says, Κυρος, ὁ ἡλιος παρα Περσαις. Κυρος is exactly the Persian *khūr*, with a Greek termination.

Speur, in Gaelic, a sphere, the sky, the firmament; *sipihir*, or *spihir*, in Persian, the same: in Irish, it is *spier*.

Standan, in Mœso-Gothic, to *stand*; *astādan*, in Persian, the same.

Straat, in Belgic, a *street*; *sirāt*, in Arabic, a way.

Supa, in Cimbric, broth, *soup*; *shūbā*, in Persian, broth, or gruel.

Swistar, in Mœso-Gothic, a *sister*; *swasāra*, in Sanscrit, the same.

Tigh, in Gaelic, a house, dwelling; *tāk*, in Persian and Arabic, an arched building, the upper part of a structure.

Resemblances between the Greek and Latin Languages and the Oriental.

Ebnūs, in Arabic, *ebony*; *ebenus*, in Latin, the same.

Ahrām, in Arabic, sanctuaries, sacred places, asylums; *ara*, in Latin, an altar; also, a sanctuary: *ad aram confugere*, to flee to the sanctuary.

ākhter, in Persian, a star, or constellation; as in the following lines of Sady:

ānkah az jannati firdūs yakī mī āyad
ākhterī *mī guzarad yā malakī mī āyad.*

Either one of the inhabitants of Paradise passes by,
Or it is a star, or it must be an angel.

And in the beautiful lines on the Deity, in the Tārīkh Moajem:

Keh bar tāraki charkh ākhter *nihād*
Keh dar sangi yākūt ahmar nihād.

Who placed the stars in the high vault of heaven,
And tinged the hard bosom of the ruby with a vivid glow.

The Persian *ākhter* resembles the Latin *astrum*, and the Greek αστηρ, a star.

Arkhōn, in Arabic, a prince, chief, or patriarch; αρχων, in Greek, αρχοντας, in Romaic, or modern Greek, a governor, or prefect.

ārd, in Persian, flour, meal, grain of any kind; αρτος, in Greek, bread.

Ast, or *est*, in Persian, it is; *est*, in Latin, the same.

Astefān, in Arabic, a garland; στεφανη, in Greek, the same.

Anāk, in Arabic, princes, nobles, chiefs; ανακ, in Greek, a king.

ālā, in Persian, but; *elo*, in Syriac; αλλα, in Greek, the same.

āmīkhtan, in Persian, to mix, mingle; μιγνυμι, in Greek, *misceo*, in Latin, the same.

Anū, or *enū*, in Arabic, an age, any division of time, a year; ενος, in Greek, a year; *annus*, in Latin, the same.

ō, in Persian, he, she, it; ὁ, the Greek article, sometimes used for he.

āhenīn, in Persian, iron, made of iron; *āhen*, iron; they may sometimes signify brass; *ahenum*, in Latin, is a brazen caldron or kettle.

Bār, in Persian, a load, burden, weight; βαρος, in Greek, the same.

Biskopōs, in Persian, a *bishop*, from επισκοπος, in Greek, the same.

Bun, in Persian, a root, basis, extremity, tip; βουνος, in Greek, a hill, protuberance; βουνιας, a kind of esculent root.

Būk, in Persian, a trumpet, hunting horn, clarion, pipe, or flute; *bucca*, in Latin, that part of the cheek which projects by blowing; *buccina*, a trumpet.

Behār, in Persian, with *h* very slightly aspirated, signifies the spring, and resembles the Greek εαρ, the same. Hafiz, in one of his odes, says:

Gul bī rokhi yār khūsh nabāshad
Bī bādah behār *khūsh nabāshad*
Tarafi chaman wa tawwāfi bostān
Bī sawti hazār khūsh nabāshad.

The rose is not pleasant, without the cheek of my beloved;
The spring is not agreeable, without wine;
The borders of the meadow and walks of the garden
Are not delightful, without the melody of the nightingale.

Pārcheh, and *pāreh*, in Persian, a part, portion, fragment, mouthful, morsel; *pars*, in Latin, the same; *parte*, in Italian.

Pārs, or *pārsh*, in Persian, a leopard or panther; the same word, in the language of the

Mantchou Tartars, is a tiger; παρδος, in Greek, *pardus*, in Latin, a panther.

Padar, in Persian, a *father*; πατηρ, in Greek, *pater*, in Latin, the same.

Pur, in Persian, complete, *pure*; *purus*, in Latin, the same; *puro*, in Italian.

Pest, in Persian, low, humble, despicable; *pestān*, the basest of men; *pestī*, baseness; *pestis*, in Latin, a *pest*, a rogue.

Pastar, in Persian, *posterior*, later; *pastarīn*, the latest or last; *posterus*, *posterior*, *postremus*, in Latin, the same.

Penj, in Persian, five; *pancha*, in Sanscrit; *pashai*, in Cingalese; πεντε, in Greek, the same.

Pay, or *pei*, in Persian, a foot, footstep, vestige; πους, in Greek; *pes*, in Latin, the foot.

Tabāh, in Persian, corruption; *tabes*, in Latin, the same; *tabe*, in Italian.

Terāb, in Arabic, ground, the earth; *terra*, in Latin, the same.

Torsh, in Persian, acid, tart, sour, rough; *torsh rō*, an austere countenance; *torshī*, sourness; *torvus*, in Latin, grim, stern; *torvo*, in Italian.

Test, in Persian, a cup, or goblet; *testa*, in Latin, a pot, or jar.

Tanhā, in Persian, only; *tantum*, in Latin, the same.

Tō, or *tū*, in Persian, thou; *tu*, in Latin, the same.

Jigar, in Persian, the liver; *jecur*, in Latin, the same.

Jins, in Arabic, a family, generation, race, kind, *genus*; *gens*, in Latin, a family, and *genus*, a kind.

Jentiyānā, in Arabic, the herb *gentian*, bitterwort; *gentiana*, in Latin.

Juvān, in Persian, young; *juvenis*, in Latin, the same; *giovane*, in Italian. Thus Hafiz:

Nafasi bādi sabā mushk fishān kh'ahad shud
ālami pīr digar bārah juvān *kh'ahad shud.*

The breath of the zephyr will soon shed musk around,
The old world will again be young.

In regard to the first word *nafas*, or *nefes*, it is the same, as to letters and signification, with the Hebrew נפש *nephesh*, soul, self, or breathing. In this latter sense it is frequently used by the Arabian poets—as *nefesi nūm*, a breathing of sleep. Similar to the Hebrew *nephesh*, and the Arabic *nefes*, is the Syriac *naphsho*, anima, the soul; as in the Syriac version of 1 Corinthians xi. 28. *boke naphsheh*, probans animam ipsius.

Chūgh, in Persian, a yoke; *jugum*, in Latin, the same.

Khodā, in Persian, God, resembles the Saxon *Goda*, and the English *God*; which is pure Anglo-Saxon, signifying both God and goodness.

Khurram, in Arabic, joyful, glad; *khurramī*, gladness. Thus Anvarī:

Tō az shādī khurramī *bar khūrī*
Keh man az tō bajuz jigar nakhūram.

Thou enjoyest every pleasure and delight,
But from thee I receive nothing but sorrow.

In Greek, χαρμη and χαρμα have the very same meaning.—*Iliad.* iii. 51. iv. 222.

Kh'āb, in Persian, sleep, a bed; *cubile*, in Latin, a couch.

Khōrāz, or *khorōs*, in Persian, a ball, dance, or company of dancers, is evidently the same as χορος in Greek, and *chorus* in Latin.

Dāhīm, in Persian, a *diadem*; διαδημα, in Greek.

Darham, in Arabic, a silver coin, a ducat, a *drachm*; דרכמון *drachmon*, in Hebrew, or *darkemon*, according to the vowel points, Ezra ii. 69.; δραχμη, in Greek; *drachma*, in Latin.

Despōt, in Turkish, a prince, a *despot*, from the Greek δεσποτης, a master, lord.

Delfin, in Persian and Arabic, a *dolphin*, which, according to old Persian writers, is always ready to save persons in danger of drowning; δελφιν, in Greek; *delphin*, or *delphinus*, in Latin.

Dō, or *dū*, in Persian, *two*; *dow*, in Malay; *duo*, in Latin, the same.

Dōl, in Persian, a shameful cheat; *dolus*, in Latin, a trick.

Dah, in Persian, give thou, imperative of *dādan*, to give; *da*, in Latin, the same, from *dare*; διδοναι, in Greek, to give.

Dah, in Persian, ten; *decem*, in Latin; δεκα, in Greek; *dasa*, in Sanscrit; *daha-yai*, or *daha*, in Cingalese: the latter is generally used in composition, as *daha-attai*, ten and eight, or eighteen.

Dīw, or *dīv*, in Persian, a divinity, or supernatural being, of any kind, good or bad, generally bad. The Persians say, that four of the Dives made war upon Tahmuras, the third king of the Pishdadian dynasty, by whom they were defeated, and bound in dark and gloomy caverns; on which account he is called *Dīv band*, the chainer of demons. In the Chronicle of Abujafar, many curious stories are related about the exploits of the Dives. The word *Dīv*, taken in a good sense, resembles the Latin *Deus* or *Divus*, the Welsh *Duw*, the Celtic *Dia*, the

Sanscrit *Deva*, the Cingalese *Dewio*, the Malay *Dīwāt* or *Divāt*, the Italian *Dio*, and the Greek Διος.

Rāy, in Arabic, a *raja*, a royal title of Hindoo princes; *rex*, in Latin; *rè*, in Italian; *rey*, in Spanish, a king.

Ranan, in Arabic, a frog; *rana*, in Latin, the same.

Rūān, in Persian, moving, flowing, rushing; *ruens*, in Latin, the same.

Zānū, in Persian, the knee; *genu*, in Latin, the same.

Zistan, in Persian, to live, to *exist*; *existere*, in Latin, the same.

Zanjabīl, in Arabic, *ginger*; *zingiber*, in Latin; ζιγγιβερις, in Greek, the same.

Zūās, in Arabic, Jupiter; Ζευς, in Greek.

Sākī, and *sakā*, in Arabic, a cup-bearer—an indispensable attendant on the banquets of the voluptuous Persians. Wine, at all times agreeable to them, was rendered doubly so when given from the hands of a graceful cup-bearer. In all the Persian poets, we find the *Sākī* frequently introduced. Thus one of their poets says:

Sāgheri sākī *māhrō hamah fatah ast wa kushād.*

Translated by Sir William Ouseley—

The goblet of the lovely moon-faced cup-bearer is our only subject of triumph, and cause of exultation.

And again, in an ode of Hafiz, translated by Sir William Jones, (*Grammar,* pp. 14. 131.):—

Badeh sākī *may-i bākī keh dar jannat nakh'āhī yāft*
Kanār-i āb-i ruknābād wa gulgasht-i musallārā.

Cup-bearer, bring me the wine that remains; for thou wilt not find in paradise the sweet banks of our Rocnabad, or the rosy bowers of our Mosella.

Sākiyā *fasli behāri tō mubārak bashūd.*

O cup-bearer! may thy youth, delightful season of thy spring, be happy.

In Xenophon's Cyropædia, frequent mention is made of the cup-bearer of Astyages, under the title of Σακας, which appears to be the same with the Persian *sākī.*

Salām, in Arabic, peace, safety, salutation; *salus,* in Latin, the same.

Semt, or *semit*, in Arabic, a foot-path, way, road; *semita*, in Latin, the same.

Sindarūs, in Arabic and Persian, gum *sandarach*; σανδαραχη, in Greek, the same.

Sībā, in Persian, a cuttle-fish; σηπια, in Greek; *sepia*, in Latin; *seppia*, in Italian.

Sayf, or *sīf*, in Arabic, a sword, from the root *sāf*, ense percussit; ξιφος, in Greek, the same.

Sīmāt, in Persian, *sīmat*, in Arabic, a mark; שם *shem*, in Hebrew, a name, or mark; σημα, in Greek, a sign.

Sīnah, in Persian, the bosom; *sinus*, in Latin, the same.

Shash, in Persian, *six*; *sex*, in Latin, the same.

Trifīl, in Arabic, clover, *trefoil*; *trifolium*, in Latin, the same.

Tūfān, in Arabic, Persian, and Turkish, a deluge, storm, tempest, whirlwind; τυφων, in Greek, a whirlwind.

Ubr, in Arabic, copious; *uber*, in Latin, the same.

Arz, in Arabic, a petition, prayer; *arrāf*, in Persian, a priest, or augur; αρα, in Greek, a prayer, and αρητηρ, a priest.

Ουνεκα τον Χρυσην ητιμησ' αρητηρα.
Iliad. i. 10.

Ghīr, in Arabic, change, alteration; γυρος, in Greek, *gyrus*, in Latin, a circle, revolution; *giro*, in Italian.

Fāt, in Arabic, *fate*; *fatum,* in Latin, the same.

Farsang, in Persian, a measure of distance, nearly equivalent to thirty furlongs, though sometimes more; a *parasang*: this is the identical word used in Xenophon's Anabasis, παρασαγγης.

Furn, or *forn,* in Arabic, an oven; *furnus,* and *fornax,* in Latin, the same; a *furnace.*

Femī, in Arabic, oral, of the mouth; φημι, in Greek, I say.

Funūs, or *fanūs,* in Persian, a pharos, a lantern; φανος, in Greek, the same.

Fīlasūf, in Arabic, a *philosopher*; φιλοσοφος, in Greek.

Kālūn, in Persian, good, fair, beautiful; καλον, in Greek, the same.

Kānūn, or *kānōn,* in Persian, a law, regulation, statute, ordinance, *canon*; κανων, in Greek, a rule.

Kadah, in Arabic, a cup, or goblet, as in this line of Hafiz:

Subhast sākiyā kadahī *par sharāb kun.*

It is morning; cup-bearer, fill the cup with wine.

Cadus, in Latin, has the same meaning, or nearly so—a cask, or urn.

Vina cadis onerârat Acestes.
Æneid. i. 195.

Kartūs, or *kartas*, in Arabic, paper; *charta*, in Latin, χαρτης, in Greek, the same.

Karn, or *kern*, in Arabic, a horn; *kerne*, in the language of Tigré, in Abyssinia, the same; κερας, in Greek. The Arabic word also signifies a hill, the top of a mountain, a tumulus, similar to the Gaelic *charn*, a heap of stones. In Scotland and Wales, and sometimes in Ireland, we find heaps of stones, of all sizes, placed generally in some conspicuous situation, called *cairns*—a word exactly corresponding to the Arabic *kern*, a tumulus. Various opinions have been entertained in regard to these heaps, and various causes have been assigned to account for them; but the general and most probable opinion is, that they served as sepulchral memorials of heroes and great men. Thus it was customary, as long as the memory of the deceased endured, for passengers to add a stone to the heap; and, among the highlanders, to this day an expression prevails, *cuiridh mi clach air do charn*—I will add a stone to your cairn; which merely signifies, I will pay every respect to your memory.

Karanful, in Arabic, the clove gilly-flower; καρυοφυλλον, in Greek, the same.

Kazā, in Arabic, an accident, chance; *casus*, in Latin, the same.

Kalam, in Arabic, a pen, a reed; καλαμος, in Greek, *calamus*, in Latin, the same.

Kamin, in Arabic, a chimney; *caminus*, in Latin, the same.

Kanāt, in Arabic, a *cane*; in the plural, *kenā*, canes; קנה *kaneh*, in Hebrew, a cane, or reed; καννα, or καννη, in Greek, *canna*, in Latin, the same.

Kinbār, in Persian, (pronounced *kambār*), *cinnabar*; κινναβαρι, in Greek.

Kītār, in Arabic, a harp, lyre, *guitar*; κιθαρα, in Greek, the same.

Kāriz, in Arabic, a public crier, a herald; κηρυξ, in Greek, the same.

Kujā, in Persian, whither? where? *cujas*, in Latin, of what country? *cujus*, of whom? *çu*, in Chinese, is that, this, of himself; *çu-kia*, and *çu-ki*, himself.

Kohl, in Arabic, the sky, heaven; *cœlum*, in Latin, the same; κοιλος, in Greek, hollow.

Kalāsh, in Persian, a cock; *gallus*, in Latin, the same.

Kilīm, in Persian, a habit worn by dervishes; χλαμυς, in Greek, and *chlamys*, in Latin, a cloak, or loose coat.

Kamar, in Persian, an apartment open in front, an arched building; *camera*, in Latin, a vault; *kammer*, in German, a chamber.

Kammūn, or *kuminūn*, in Arabic, cumin-seed; κυμινον, in Greek, *cuminum*, in Latin, *cumin*.

Kinnārat, in Arabic, a harp, a lute; כנור *kinnōr*, in Hebrew, κινυρα, in Greek, the same.

Keh, in Persian, who; and *kī*, who? *kī ast*, or *kīst*, who is it? *qui*, in Latin; *che*, and *chi*, in Italian; *che*, and *ky*, in Chinese, who, which, what.

Kīr, in Arabic, a lord, corresponds exactly to the Greek κυριος.

Kīrās, in Arabic, a cherry; κερασιον, in Greek, *cerasum*, in Latin, the same.

Kīs, plural *kīst*, in Arabic, a sack, bag, purse; κιστις, in Greek, a chest; (*kist*, Scoticè.)

Girdāb, in Persian, a whirlpool, and *gardish*, a revolution, turning round, resemble the Latin *gurges*, a whirlpool.

Golū, in Persian, the gullet, throat, or windpipe; *gula*, in Latin, *gola*, in Italian, the same.

Galah, or *geleh*, in Persian, a flock or herd; αγελη, in Greek, the same.

Lab, in Persian, a *lip*; plural, *labān*; *labium*, in Latin, the same.

Lest, in Arabic, a robber; ληστης, in Greek, the same.

Latīf, in Arabic, pleasant, soft, gentle; *lætus*, in Latin, joyful.

Loghat, in Arabic, the tongue, language, speech, dialect; λογος, in Greek, a word.

Lūbiyā, in Persian, a kind of pulse, or bean; λοβος, in Greek, a pod.

Māder, in Persian; *mata*, in Malabar; μητηρ, in Greek; *mater*, in Latin—a *mother*.

Mālikhōliyā, in Persian, *melancholy*; μελαγχολια, in Greek.

Māndan, in Persian, to remain; *manere*, in Latin, the same; *māned*, in Persian—*manet*, in Latin, he remains; μενειν, in Greek, to remain.

Meta', in Arabic, when, after; μετα, in Greek, after. As most of the Greek prepositions have been traced to Hebrew or Arabic roots, but no satisfactory derivation has yet been assigned to μετα, may it not be deduced from the Arabic *meta'*, with which it so nearly corresponds in meaning? As an illustration, the following line of Hafiz may be quoted: it is the last line of his first ode, and, together with the first of the same ode, is written in pure Arabic:

Meta' *mā talak man tahawī daa aldunyā wa 'lhamalhā.*

After thou shalt have obtained possession of her thou lovest, bid adieu to the world, and abandon it.

Mihnat, in Arabic, labour, distress, calamity, whether actual or threatened; as in the four-

teenth couplet of the first chapter of the beautiful poem *Pendeh-i Attar*, or the Counsels of Attar:

ān yakīrā ganj naamat mīdahad
Dīgarī ranj wa mihnat *mīdahad.*

He gives to one man treasures and affluence;
To another he assigns trouble and affliction.

This word seems to resemble the Latin *minæ*, threats.

Modd, in Arabic, a measure; *modus*, in Latin, the same; *modh*, in Gaelic, a manner.

Murr, or *marr*, in Arabic, bitter; מר *mar*, in Hebrew; *amarus*, in Latin, the same. In Malay, *mār* is evil. In looking over a vocabulary of the Abyssinian languages, given in the last edition of Bruce's Travels, we find, that, in Amharic, *memarar* is bitter; in Gafat, *merai*; in Scherets-Agow, *maro*, the same—all of which seem to have a common origin.

Mordan, in Persian, to die; *mori*, in Latin, the same.

Marg, or *morg*, in Persian, death; *murg*, in Hindustanee; *mors*, in Latin; *morte*, in Italian, the same.

Marmar, in Persian and Arabic, marble; μαρμαρον, in Greek, *marmor*, in Latin, the same.

Mugas, in Persian, a fly; *macshā*, in Sanscrit; μυια, in Greek, *musca*, in Latin, the same.

Malas, in Arabic, he was soft; *mollis*, in Latin, soft.

Malam, in Arabic, reprobate, worthless; *malām*, reproach, disgrace; *malus*, in Latin, evil, wicked.

Mammah, in Persian, a woman's breast; *mamma*, in Latin, the same.

Manjanīk, and *majānīk*, in Arabic, a warlike engine, or machine; μαγγανον πολεμικον, in Greek, the same; *machina*, in Latin, a *machine*.

Minhat, in Arabic, a gift; *munus*, in Latin, the same.

Mandīl, in Arabic, a towel, fringed table-cloth, or *mantle*; *mantele*, and *mantile*, in Latin, the same.

—— villis *mantele* solutis.
Ovid. Fast. iv. 933.

—— tonsisque ferunt *mantelia* villis.
Virg. Georg. iv. 377. *Æneid.* i. 702.

Muhreh, in Persian, a kind of shell-fish; *murex*, in Latin, the shell-fish from which the celebrated purple dye was extracted.

Mūsh, in Persian, a *mouse*; *mushica*, in Sanscrit; *mus*, in Latin; *maus*, in German, the same.

Mītā, or *mētā*, in Arabic, a boundary, goal, the winning post at a race; *meta*, in Latin, the same.

Nāz, in Persian, accomplishments, blandishments; or it may signify the affections of the mind in general—in which sense it seems to have some connexion with the Greek νοος, by contraction νους, the mind.

Nām, in Persian, a *name*, fame, renown; *nam*, in Sanscrit; *mim*, in Chinese; *namun*, in Malabar; *nomen*, in Latin; *nome*, in Italian, the same.

Nāmūs, in Arabic, law; νόμος, in Greek, the same.

Nāweh, or *nāveh*, in Persian, a ship, boat, or vessel of any kind; ναυς, in Greek, *navis*, in Latin, *nave*, in Italian, the same.

Nargis, in Persian, a *narcissus*; ναρκισσος, in Greek.

Nefī, or *nefīān*, in Arabic, prohibition; *nefas*, in Latin, unlawful.

Nummī, in Arabic, money—that kind especially which is mixed with brass or tin; *nummi*, in Latin, money.

Nav, or *nov*, in Persian, new, fresh, recent; *novus*, in Latin, νεος, in Greek, the same.

Nautī, in Arabic, a sailor; *nauta*, in Latin, ναυτης, in Greek, the same.

Nūn, in Persian, now; νυν, in Greek, the same.

Nah, or *neh*, in Persian, *no*, not, neither, lest; *ne*, in Latin, the same.

Heft, in Persian, seven; ἑπτα, in Greek, *septem*, in Latin, the same.

Ham, in Persian, along with, together, also, in the same manner; it is nearly synonymous with the Latin *con*; עִם *ghim*, in Hebrew, and Chaldee; ἁμα, in Greek, the same. The Syriac *am*, of the same signification, comes nearer to the Greek and Persian, than the Chaldee or Hebrew.

Honar, in Persian, virtue; *honor*, in Latin; *honneur*, in French; *honour*, in English.

Yūlyūs, in Turkish, *July*; *Julius*, in Latin.

Yūniyūs, in Turkish, *June*; *Junius*, in Latin.

In Syriac, a good many words occur, which have a resemblance to Greek and Latin.

EXAMPLES.

Oyar, the air; αηρ, in Greek, *aër*, in Latin, the same.

Aguno, a contest, strife; αγων, in Greek, the same.

Euangilista, an *evangelist*; ευαγγελιστης.

Urganon, an *organ*; οργανον.

Ochlos, a crowd; οχλος.
An, if; αν.
Espes, an *asp*; ασπις.—Romans iii. 13.
Ger, for; γαρ.
Dugma, a *dogma*; δογμα.
Zitima, a question; ζητημα.
Timi, honour; τιμη.
Logikos, a *logician*; λογικος; *logicus*.
Lestoo, a robber; λῃστης.
Nomuso, law; νομος.
Thronos, a *throne*; θρονος; *thronus*.

Ancus, in Sanscrit, a hook; *uncus*, in Latin, the same, crooked.

Gana, in Sanscrit, a race, tribe, or family; γενος, in Greek, the same.

Vidhavā, in Sanscrit, a *widow*; *vidua*, in Latin, the same.

Ustah, *usta*, *ustum*, in Sanscrit, burned; *ustus*, *usta*, *ustum*, in Latin, the same.

Adnam, in Mahratta, is a title, and also a nick-name; *agnomen*, in Latin, a surname.—*See Drummond's Illustrations of Guzerattee and Mahratta*, Bombay, 1808.

Aadmaia, in Cingalese, the soul; *anima*, in Latin, the same.

Batang, in Malay, a staff; *baculus*, in Latin, the same.

Berat, in Malay, heavy; βαρυς, in Greek, the same.

Kapala, in Malay, the head; κεφαλη, in Greek, the same.

Kras, in Malay, thick, hard, strong; *crassus*, in Latin, thick.

Moddah, in Malay, mean, small; *modicus*, in Latin, moderate.

Ngo, in Chinese, I; *ego*, in Latin, the same.

Cai, in Chinese, and, again; και, in Greek, the same; *cai* is *and* also in the language of Chili, in South America.—*See the Abbé Molina's Work on Chili.*

Resemblances between the English and Oriental Languages, especially the Persian and Arabic.

ābād, in Persian, a city, habitation, *abode.*

Abilah, in Persian, *bile.*

Astabil, in Arabic, *a stable.*

Alkīmīa, in Arabic, *alchemy*, or *alchymy.*

Ilimūn, in Persian, a *lemon.*

Am, in Persian, I *am.*

Bāzān, in Arabic, a brazen vessel, reservoir, *basin.*

Bad, in Persian, wicked, *bad*; *bad nām*, a *bad name*.

Brādar, in Persian, a *brother*.

Brū, in Persian, an eye-lid, or eye-*brow*.

Band, in Persian, a fetter, ligament, *band*.

Band, in Arabic, an armed body of men, a *band*.

Behtar, in Persian, *better*.

Perīshān, in Persian, ruined, perplexed, sad, *perishing*; *perīshān hāl*, a ruined condition.

Piyālah, in Persian, a cup, goblet, *phial*; *piyālah gardāñīdan*, to circulate the glass.

Taftah, in Persian, twisted, a kind of silken cloth, *taffeta*.

Tundūr, and *tundar*, in Persian, *thunder*.

Jarang, in Persian, jingling, rattling, *jarring*.

Jarreh, in Persian and Arabic, an earthen water-vessel, a *jar*; *jarre*, in French.

Jullāb, in Persian, water and syrup mixed, *julap*.

Jumbīdan, in Persian, to move, stir, agitate, *jumble*.

Jungal, in Persian, a wood, a country overgrown with wood, a *jungle*.

Chak, or *chek*, in Persian, a bill, bond, *check*.

Hasāsīn, in Arabic, *assassins*.

Khup, in Persian, an earthen jar, a drinking vessel, a *cup*.

Khūsh, or *khōsh*, in Persian, healthy, happy, well, comfortable; *cosh*, in Scotch.

Dokhter, in Persian, a *daughter*; (*dochter*, Scoticè.)

Rakh, in Persian, a groan, distress, *rack*.

Rukh, in Persian, the *rook*, or tower at chess.

Rind, in Persian, bark, *rind*.

Zafrān, in Arabic and Persian, *saffron*.

Sāwīdan, in Persian, to file, to polish, to *saw*.

Stān, in Persian; *sthan*, in Sanscrit; *tan*, in Chinese—a region, country, station, *stand*.—*Hindoostan* seems to be compounded of this word and *Hindī*, or *Hindū*, in Persian, Indian, belonging to India; which comes from *Hind*, India: *Hindūstān*, the Indian country, or country of the Indians. In Sanscrit, it is called *Bharat-kant*, the country of Barat, who was one of their ancient emperors.

Sarjang, or *sari jang*, in Persian, a leader of a body of troops, a *sergeant*.

Sandal, in Persian, a kind of slipper, a *sandal*.

Shāl, in Persian, a kind of mantle, made of silk and camel's hair, or of very fine wool of a species of goat common in Tibet, a *shawl*.

Shakar, or *shukar*, in Persian, *sugar*; *shukar-lab*, *sugar-lipped*.

Shūb, in Arabic, the juice of meat, broth, *soup*.

Saffah, in Arabic, a couch, a place for reclining on, before the doors of eastern houses, made either of wood or stone, a *sofa*.

Tawīl, in Arabic, long, *tall*.

Fizar, in Arabic, a hole, or *fissure*.

Frikteh, in Turkish, a ship of war, a *frigate*.

Kurst, in Arabic, *crusts* of bread.

Krimzī, in Arabic, scarlet, *crimson*; from *kirmiz*, cochineal.

Kastel, in Persian, a *castle*.

Kandīl, in Arabic, a lamp, a *candle*; *candela*, in Latin; *chandelle*, in French.

Kārwān, in Persian, a body of travellers, a *caravan*; *kārwān-sarāy*, a *caravansera*, a public building for the reception of caravans.

Kaptān, in Persian, a commander, a *captain*.

Kerūbīn, in Arabic, *cherubim*.

Kulah, in Persian, a cap worn by dervishes, mitre, fillet, *cowl*.

Kūpalah, in Persian, the bud or young shoot of a tree, a *cupola*.

Kawt, or *kōt*, or *kūt*, in Persian, infirm in the feet, *gouty*.

Kūftan, in Persian, to bruise, beat, *cuff*.

Kahf, in Arabic, a recess, *cave*; *as-hābi kahf*, the companions of the cave—that is, the seven sleepers. This is founded on a legend of seven young Christians of Ephesus, who are reported to have fled from the persecution of the Emperor Decius, and slept in a cave, accompanied only by their dog, for one hundred and eighty-seven years, or (according to the Mahometan accounts of the legend) three hundred and nine years. Mahomet has introduced this story into the Koran, chapter xviii.

Gāw, in Persian, an ox, bullock, *cow*.

Gird, in Persian, a circle, orbit, circumference; to *gird*; *girdāgird,* round about, round and round.

Lāgh, in Persian, a jest, burlesque, *laugh*—of which the Scotch pronunciation is exactly the Persian word.

Langar, in Persian, an *anchor*; in French, *l'ancre.*

Māiltar, in Persian, more affectionate, more gentle, *milder.*

Mirmir, in Persian and Arabic, a *murmur.*

Mūā, or *mewā,* in Arabic, *mewing* as a cat.

Mīdān, or *maydān,* in Arabic, an open field, a *meadow.*

Naw, or *nō,* or *nū,* or *new,* in Persian, *new.*

Wayl, in Arabic, woe to, (interjection)—affliction, *wail.*

Wayn, or *wīn,* in Arabic, black grapes, *wine.*

Yāsmīn, in Arabic and Persian, *jasmine.*

Bar, in Mahratta, a sunken rock, a sand bank, a *bar.*—*Drummond's Illustrations of Guzerattee and Mahratta,* Bombay, 1808.

Ghas, in Guzerattee, *grass.*—*Drummond.*

Hiven, in Chinese, according to Mr. Weston, has the same meaning as *heaven* in English.—*See Conquest of the Miao-tse, by Kien-Lung,* p. *55.*

Nay, in Chinese, more, but more, *nay.*

Fang, in Chinese, a part or portion; *fang*, in Scotch, has the same signification.

Miscellaneous Resemblances.

Moey, in Chinese, is fair, pretty—(*See Weston's Fan-Hy-Cheu, a Chinese Tale*, pp. 8. and 11.); *moey gin*, a pretty girl. In Dutch, *mooi* is also fine, pretty; *mooi weer*, fine weather.

Yak, or *ēk*, in Persian, one; *ek*, in Sanscrit; *ye*, in Chinese; *ekai*, in Cingalese; *inek*, in the language spoken by the Shiho, a wandering tribe on the borders of Abyssinia.

Tīrkash, in Persian, a quiver; *turcasso*, in Italian, the same.

Jarrār, in Arabic, a brave soldier; *guerrier*, in French, a warrior.

Furīb, in Persian, fraud, a cheat, an impostor; *fourbe*, in French; *furbo*, in Italian, a cheat.

Kamīs, in Arabic, a shirt, or any kind of inner garment of linen; *chemise*, in French; *camicia*, in Italian, the same.

Khān, in Persian, an emperor, king, lord; *kiun*, in Chinese, a lord.

Daf, in Persian, *duff*, in Arabic, a cymbal; תף *toph*, in Hebrew, a timbrel.

Adam, in Hebrew, he was red; *adamah*, earth, properly red earth; *adam*, man; *ādam*, in Arabic, man, mankind, Adam and his posterity—it also signifies brown, dusky; *ādamī*, in Persian, human, brown, dusky.—*Adim*, in Sanscrit, means the first.

Pharaoh, the title of the ancient kings of Egypt. *Praw*, in the Birman language, as we learn from Symes' Account of Ava, signifies a lord, and is always annexed to the name of a sacred building. It is also a sovereign and sacerdotal title, and is frequently used by an inferior, when addressing his superior. *Phra* was the proper name under which the Egyptians first adored the sun, before it received the allegorical appellation of *Osiris*, or author of time. They also conferred the same title on their kings and on their priests. In the forty-first chapter of Genesis, we are told, that Pharaoh gave Joseph to wife the daughter of Potiphera, priest of On. In the book of Jeremiah, a king of Egypt is mentioned, under the name of Pharaoh-hophra; and it is not a very improbable conjecture, that the title of Pharaoh, given to successive kings of Egypt, is a corruption of the word *Phraw*, or *Praw*, in its original sense signifying the sun, and applied to the sovereign and priesthood, as the representa-

tives on earth of that splendid luminary.—*See Symes' Ava*, vol. ii. 63.

On the similarity of some Japanese words to the Arabic and Persian.

The Japanese, like the people of Tibet, reckon five elements:—wood *(keno)*, fire *(fino)*, earth *(tsutsno)*, metal, or lead *(kanno)*, and water *(midsno)*. The Japanese *keno*, wood, bears some resemblance to the Arabic *kenāt*, a cane of wood, a small stick, and its plural, *kenā*, canes. The materials, however, for the comparison of Japanese with Arabic are so very scanty, that almost the only data we have are the twelve signs of the Japanese zodiac, given by Kaempfer, and quoted by M. de Humboldt, in his Researches. Of these twelve words, we find, upon investigation, that four have a connexion with the Arabic or Persian words for the same things.

Ouma, in Japanese, is a horse, the constellation of the horse; *samā*, or *sumā*, in Arabic, is also a horse: and the coincidence is rendered the more remarkable, as the Arabic word, besides signifying a horse, likewise means heaven, the sky, a cloud.

Tsitsuse, in Japanese, is a sheep, the constellation of the sheep; *tays*, in Arabic, is a goat, plural *tayūs*, goats; and *taysā*, in the same language, is a long horned goat.

Sar, in Japanese, is an ape, the constellation of the ape; *kir*, or *kar*, in Persian, is an ape, a monkey, a baboon.

Torri, in Japanese, is a bird, and a constellation of that name; *tīūr*, or *tīōr*, in Arabic, birds, the plural of *tayr*, or *tīr*, a bird; *tā-ir* is also a bird, and *tīūrī*, or *tīōrī*, a dealer in birds.

If the similarity between these words be admitted, may we not venture to infer, that the Japanese *may* form, as it were, a connecting link between the language of China and other oriental tongues? We are expressly told, by those who have visited Japan, that the similarity between this language and the Chinese is not so great as might have been expected, but that it is a compound of the Chinese and other languages.

Among the rude inhabitants of the South Sea Islands we find words which have a very great resemblance to the Persian and Arabic, as we shall endeavour to shew. The data for the words of the South Sea Islands are the vocabularies

given of their languages, by Captain Cook, in his several voyages. Whether or not these resemblances are accidental, we shall not attempt to determine. In the following list we must not expect an exact resemblance: we shall find the oriental words garbled and mutilated, and disfigured with a variety of uncouth terminations.

Karoo, in the language of Tanna, in the South Sea, is two; *khour*, in the language of the Moguls, is the same.

Morye, in the language of New Holland, is hair; *mōy*, in Persian, is the same.

Mier, in the same language, is smooth; *muhreh*, or *mihreh*, in Persian, is a shell used for smoothing paper—an iron or bone polishing instrument.

Kulke, in the same language, is a nail, claw, or talon; *khilb*, or *khulb*, in Arabic, has the same meaning.

Aee, in the language of Savu, is fire; *arī*, in Arabic, is the same; *ayā*, or *aeeā*, is light, brightness, splendour of the sun; and, what is remarkable, *ei* is fire, in the Hottentot language, according to Mr. Barrow.

Ai, in the languages of Otaheite and New Zealand, is *aye*, or yes; *ay*, or *ī*, in Arabic, is the same.

Naroo, in the language of Mallicollo, is a cocoa-nut; *nār*, in Persian, is a pomegranate, and *nārgīl*, a cocoa-nut.

Avy, in the Otaheitan tongue, is water; *āw*, or *āv*, in Persian, is the same.

Matte, in the language of New Zealand, is death; *mawt*, in Arabic, and *mītat*, the same.

Ao, in the language of the Friendly Islands, is a cloud; *āwb*, in Arabic, is the same.

Maheena, in the language of the Friendly Islands, is the moon; and, if we take away the termination *eena*, we shall find the Persian *māh*, which also signifies the moon.

Evaha, in the language of the Society Islands, is to carry a person on one's back; *vahitum*, in Sanscrit, is to carry; *eveho*, in Latin, to carry out.

Maya, in the same language, is the fruit of the plantain tree; *mawz*, or *mūz*, in Arabic, is the same.

Huun, in the language of Chili, is the mouth; *dahan*, or *dhun*, in Persian, is the same.

Cainie, in the same language, is an enemy; *kīnah*, in Persian, is hatred.

Suca, in the same language, is a house; *maskin*, or *masukan*, in Arabic, is a dwelling.

Rapaoo, in Otaheitan, is a physician; רפא *rapha*, in Hebrew, sanavit, he healed; and רופא *rophe*, a physician.

In a list of several of the South American numerals, given in M. de Humboldt's Researches, we find, that, in the language of the Muyscas,

in New Grenada, *ata* is the numeral for one.—Now, in the language of Otaheite, the name for one is *ata-hay*, which is the same as the Muysca, with the addition of the syllable *hay*. In the language of the Marquesas Islands, the corresponding numeral is *atta-hau*, and in that of the Island of Amsterdam it is *tahae*; which are all different forms of the same word.

Professor Pallas, in his Travels, while on the nations which inhabit the Caucasus, gives a list of words in the language of Kubesha, some of which have a resemblance to Arabic and Persian:—

Katz, in the Kubeshanian tongue, is bread; *khabz*, or *khubz*, in Arabic, is the same.
Girik, clouds; *khirah*, in Persian, a cloud.
Kunud, a woman; *kadbā*, in Persian, the same.
Nem, a mother; *mām*, in Persian; אם *em*, in Hebrew, the same.

In the language of the Aztecks of South America, *Teotl* is the supreme and invisible Being, and it resembles the Greek Θεος. When *Teotl* is used in composition, it is changed into *Teo*, which brings it still nearer the Greek.

Teocalli, in the same language, is a house of God; Θεου καλια, in Greek, is the very same. This

coincidence is remarkable enough in two languages, spoken at such a distance from each other.

Tepec, in Mexican, a mountain; *tepe*, in Turkish, the same.

Baz, in the language of the Toltecks of South America, according to the Chevalier Boturini, is an ape; *būznah*, in Persian, the same.

THE following particulars, in regard to the language of Chili, are taken from a work of the Abbé Don Juan Ignatio Molina:—

In the Chilese language, the verb is made negative in the subjunctive and infinitive, by the insertion of the particle *no*; as *eluli*, if I may give; *elunoli*, if I may not give. In a similar way, in Persian, the negative verbs are formed, by prefixing *nah* to the affirmative, in all the tenses. The Chilese negative particle is the same, and has the same power, as our English *no*. The optative is formed from the subjunctive, by adding the word *velem*, I would, I wish, which exactly corresponds with the Latin *vellem*. In substantives, the vocative is formed by prefixing *a* to the nominative, as *a cara*, O city. In like manner, the Persians, in the formation of the vocative, prefix the particle *ay* to the nominative, as *ay gul*, O rose. From every word in the Chilese language a verb may be formed, by adding *n*; as *sengu*, a

word, *sengun*, to speak. There is not an irregular verb in the whole language.

The following list will shew its similarity to the Greek and Latin languages :—

CHILESE.	GREEK.	ENGLISH.
Aldun	αλδειν	to increase
Ale	ἑλη	splendour
Amun	αμευειν	to go
Cai	και	and
Dapein	δειπνειν	to feast
Ga	γε	indeed
Lampaicon	λαμπειν	to shine
Mulan	μυλλειν	to grind
Pele	πηλος	clay
Reuma	ῥευμα	a stream
Tupan	τυπτειν	to whip

CHILESE.	LATIN.	ENGLISH.
Aren	*ardere*	to burn
Cupan	*cupere*	to desire
Ejun	*ejulare*	to weep
Lev	*levis*	light, active
Lui	*lux*	brightness
Lumulmen	*lumen*	light
Man	*manus*	the hand
Nahue	*nata*	a daughter
Putun	*potare*	to drink
Valin	*valere*	to be worth
Valen	*valere*	to be able
Une	*unus*	one

Putun, in Chilese, to drink; *pitum*, in Sanscrit, the same.

Cara, in Chilese, a city; קריה *kiriah*, in Hebrew, the same.

Inche, in Chilese, I; אנכי *anochi*, in Hebrew, the same.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR

IN

HOLLAND, FLANDERS, AND FRANCE,

IN 1817.

AFTER a pleasant passage of five days from Leith, we reached London on the evening of the twenty-sixth of June, 1817. Having been fortunate enough to find a vessel bound direct to Rotterdam, we left London on Saturday the twenty-eighth, about four o'clock in the afternoon; and proceeded down the river to Gravesend, where we lay till Sunday morning, at nine o'clock, when we got fairly under weigh. The first part of our passage was pleasant enough: but soon, instead of fine breezes, which we met with at first, we experienced a great deal of rough weather, and contrary winds. Our passengers were a motley assemblage of various nations.—In one corner sat a Bavarian soldier, who had fought in the great battles of Leipsic and Hanau, and had got two medals for his services on various occasions. He had quite the appearance of a soldier, and was constantly smoking a long tobacco-pipe, which he used as a walking stick, and

which he supplied from a large box that he kept beside him. Near him was an intelligent German, who spoke English, French, and Latin, with great fluency, and who had been in a good situation in Germany, but had been obliged to leave it, by the rapacity of the French. He was now returning to his own country, after having lost a leg in the British service. A Polish Jew, with a long beard, sat by himself, and took little notice of what was passing. When we reached Gravesend on the Saturday evening, we were immediately taken on shore to the Alien office, where our names and professions were entered in a book, that is kept for the purpose. The Jew was asked to sign his name, in a paper which was presented to him, but positively refused to violate his Sabbath by any secular employment; nor could any thing that was said to him induce him to change his resolution. We had also a Dutch lady, with her child and servant, who were just returned from France, and who, from the time we left the Thames till we anchored at the Brill, never made their appearance, but kept their beds during the whole voyage. Two old Dutch women, a non-descript sort of a being who had been before in Holland, two English gentlemen, and two wanderers from Aberdeen, made up the party.

Sunday was a very warm day, but the evening became stormy and disagreeable. We all felt very

uncomfortable, and a good many passengers were sick. We had some conversation with the Jew on religious subjects: he firmly believed in all the Rabbinical traditions, and told us, very gravely, that all the prayers of the faithful ascended up to heaven by a small door; but that, when the angels were angry with any one, they closed the door, and prevented his prayers from getting up. How comfortless is a Sabbath spent at sea! Instead of the peaceful harmony of church bells, nothing is heard but oaths and imprecations; and, instead of the stillness of the Sabbath morn, nothing save the wild dashing of the ocean, and the scream of the sea-fowl passing over-head, and directing its flight to some distant shore. The Jew must have had a low idea of the religion of the Christians, when he heard the sailors singing songs all day, and profaning, at every word, the name of their Maker, while he himself never mentioned it without washing his hands. He was well acquainted with the Hebrew; and we had a good deal of conversation about the present state of the language and literature of the Jews. The night of Sunday was the most dismal that I ever spent. The vessel pitched very much, and drew a considerable quantity of water: it was impossible to stand in the cabin; and she rolled so much, from one side to the other, that stools, and every thing which was not secured by ropes, were tumbled from

side to side, as the vessel changed her position. Every now and then was heard a groan from one of the Dutch women, who was terribly sea-sick; and a white head would frequently pop out from a wooden bed-place, anxiously looking for the dawn of day. Often did I think on a couplet in the first ode of the Persian poet Hafiz:

The night is dark, and the fear of the waves and the whirlpool how dreadful!
How little do they know our situation, who live at ease on shore!

Monday was also very stormy: but, to our great joy, about four o'clock in the afternoon, we saw the coast of Holland stretching along before us, at some distance. We soon got a pilot on board, who told us that we could not venture to enter the river Maese that night, as we should not have sufficient depth of water. We had then no alternative but to stand out again to sea, though none of us relished the idea of losing sight of land. Next morning, when we got up, we found ourselves safe in the river, close by the Brill; where we lay at anchor till three o'clock in the afternoon, when we sailed for Rotterdam. The verdure of the banks attracted our attention, and we were much pleased with the neatness and regularity of the hedges on both sides. A stranger is much struck with the number of wind-mills

which surround him on all hands: some of them are very large buildings. On our way from the Brill to Rotterdam, we saw several villages, which appeared to be very neat. On the left side is Flaarding, where a great quantity of herring is cured. A number of fishing boats lay near the town.

July 2.—ROTTERDAM.—We arrived here last night; and went immediately to the house of Mrs. Hill, to whom we had a letter of introduction. We found her at home: she received us with the greatest politeness, and was so good as to ask us to stay with her while we remained here. The night was very rainy, which prevented us from seeing much. We could not, however, help paying our respects to Erasmus, a large statue of whom stands in the market place. We went this morning to see the town, which is very handsome. In front of every line of houses is planted a row of fine trees; and a canal, on which boats of all kinds ply incessantly, runs down the middle. The trees form a delightful shade, in warm weather. Some of the streets are very fine, particularly the *Boompjes*, which stands on the river side. We saw the women squirting water upon some of the houses to wash them; for in this country they clean the outside of their houses, as well as the inside. The stairs are generally of white marble, and the table in the

kitchen is of the same materials, which makes it look always neat and clean. The large hats or bonnets of the women attracted our notice; and the clatter of the wooden shoes, worn universally by the lower orders, afforded us no small amusement—particularly when they were passing along the wooden bridges of the canals, when they made as great a clatter as a regiment of cavalry. Mr. Carp, a German gentleman, whom we saw at Mrs. Hill's, had the goodness to take us, this evening, to some pleasant gardens, at a little distance from the town, called the Society Gardens. There was a concert, attended by all the fine ladies of Rotterdam, and the music was very good. When it grew dark, the gardens were splendidly illuminated, and the company walked about in them during the time that the music ceased, which it did occasionally. The gentlemen treated the ladies with claret and refreshments, and they indulged themselves with a pipe of their favourite tobacco. There was a long hall, where a party of them was engaged in playing at nine-pins, which seems to be a favourite game here. The effect of the whole was very grand, and far surpassed any thing I had before seen. It was pretty late when we came home, and we were surprised to see the streets so ill lighted. Indeed, in some of them, the only lights we saw were the fiery segars in the mouths of the Dutchmen who passed along. In the forenoon,

Mr. Carp introduced us into the Museum—a place where gentlemen are accustomed to meet, to read the newspapers, and to smoke tobacco. It is well supplied with English, French, and German periodical publications; besides newspapers, in all the modern languages.

July 3.—As we were resolved to make the best use of our time, we, this forenoon, took a walk to what is called the Plantation, delightfully situated on the banks of the Maese. The pleasure grounds are very extensive, and we wondered that they were not more frequented by the inhabitants of the town: they have, however, so many fine walks, that I should think they would be at a loss to which to give the preference. We saw there two boys in their little coach, drawn by a tractable goat, of which they seemed to have the complete management, and which went as steadily as the best trained horse could do. We went next to the top of the episcopal church in this city, from which we had a fine view of Delft, Dort, and the Hague. On our return to the town from the Plantation, we went into a bookseller's shop, where we found Dutch translations of many of our English works; amongst others, Wilberforce's View of Christianity, and Campbell's Travels in South Africa. Books are very cheap here, and many of great value may be picked up for a mere trifle. We also went to

the Stadthouse, in which there is nothing very interesting to be seen. We dined with our townsman, Mr. Young, who lives in a fine house, near the Schiedam gate. In the evening, we took a long walk to Delftshaven, a pretty large village; but not remarkable, either for its neatness, or fine appearance.

July 4.—Holland is, in general, not well supplied with the inestimable blessing of good water. We found the water so bad, that we could scarcely drink it; and we could not help often thinking of our pure water at home, which we longed to taste again. In the streets here you never see porters carrying loads on their backs, as they do in England and in Scotland: most articles are put on sledges, which are drawn by horses, and in front of which is placed a small barrel, containing water, which drops out upon the street, to prevent the sledge from taking fire by the friction. The men are also often to be seen conveying goods, by putting them on a sort of cart, which they push before them. No class is more apt to impose upon strangers than the porters: it is a good rule to give them only half of what they ask; and, even then, they are too well paid. The fellow whom we hired to convey our trunks to Mrs. Hill's had engaged to carry them for a certain sum; but, while on the way, he pretended to forget the place where we

told him he was to take them, and seemed to be quite surprised that it was so far off, when we refreshed his memory. Of course, when we reached her house, his demands were nearly doubled; but we were determined to keep him to his bargain, and he went away in very bad humour, because we would not satisfy his exorbitant demands. The Dutch women are dressed very neatly: most of them wear large ear-rings of gold, about an inch long; and many of them, to add to their charms, have large patches of the same metal on their foreheads. We were delighted with the gardens in Holland—they look so pleasant and so cheerful; and whole families may be seen, in an evening, drinking tea in a summer house, that is entwined with honeysuckle and other creeping plants. The outskirts of the town are full of them, for no one thinks himself comfortable without a garden; and these are the evening resorts of all the fashionables of the city.

This afternoon we went to one of the Dutch churches, in order to have an idea of the form of worship. When we went in, a reverend looking old man was reading the bible: he was dressed in a black gown, with a large white wig, and we understood that he was the *voor-leezer*, or precentor. After he had read several chapters, the clergyman made his appearance, and delivered a sermon. In front of the pulpit were placed a considerable

number of rush-bottomed chairs, which were filled principally by old ladies, who kept fanning themselves during the whole time of the service. The rest of the church was occupied with large pews; and on each of these lay a good many bibles, which had printed on them, in large characters, *Kerken boek*, or church book. The collection is made in small velvet bags, fastened to the end of long sticks; and, in some places, a ladle is used, as in the country churches of Scotland. In the evening we witnessed a scene which was new to both of us: we went, about seven o'clock, to the synagogue, where we found several hundreds of Jews chanting the service; but such a noise—such an assemblage of discordant sounds, I could not have conceived. Sometimes all were silent, except the two priests, who were reading, with a loud voice, and in a singing tone, the stated portions of scripture: at other times, all of them burst out into the most wild and disagreeable cries. I might truly say, I never heard discord before, in perfection. Some of them, apparently in great distress, were driving their heads upwards and downwards, while their neighbours round about them, were laughing at their zeal, and mimicking their motions. A few of them were dressed in sackcloth, and presented the most woeful figure imaginable. In a latticed gallery we saw some of the women peeping through upon us,

who seemed more eager to see the audience than to join in their devotions.

While on the subject of the Jews, I may mention some circumstances relative to a converted Jew, who has attracted a good deal of attention among serious people here, and who is now going to England, where, I understand, he was first converted to Christianity. He was lately in Rotterdam, from which he intended to visit his native country, Poland; but he found his friends to be so much incensed against him, that he judged it prudent to defer his visit, for the present. While here, he lodged in an inn, kept by a Roman Catholic, with whom he had frequent conversations on religion. The subject turning once upon the Virgin Mary, the Catholic insisted that she should be treated with divine honour, which the other as positively denied. After a good deal of reasoning, the Catholic agreed to refer to the New Testament; and if he did not find it to support his opinion, he promised to give up the argument. This was precisely what the other wanted; and from that book, which both of them professed to revere, he pointed out the errors of the Roman Catholic church, and the delusions of its votaries. The Catholic was confounded, and could not answer him a single word; but went to the priest, who said that it was a disgrace to him to harbour such a wretch in his house, and that he ought immediately to turn him out of

doors. This advice, however, he did not choose to adopt; but took an opportunity of bringing the priest and his Christian friend together, to hear, as he expected, all the arguments of the latter triumphantly refuted by the former. The event, however, was different: for the priest could not answer the converted Jew, but desired that they might converse on the subject by themselves, in order that the Roman Catholic might not perceive the fallacy of his arguments. This, however, the other would not agree to; and the result was, that the innkeeper became a Protestant.

July 5.—As this is one of the market days here, we went to see the different places where fish and vegetables are sold. All the fishes are brought up alive, and kept in tubs, till they are disposed of, when the purchaser generally gets them crimped, that is cut across in many places, while alive; which, they say, improves their taste, and makes them tender.—It is a cruel operation. Numerous accidents happen here, by the canals, at night: a poor Swede, last night, fell into one of them, and was almost dead when taken out. The streets are miserably lighted, and it is really attended with considerable risk to walk in them after it gets dark. In the forenoon we went to the top of the steeple of the Great Church; and had the most delightful view

I ever beheld. The ascent was dark and gloomy; and we had to mount three hundred and twenty steps, before we reached the summit. The prospect was much more extensive and diversified than that from the episcopal church, on the top of which we had been a few days ago. We saw as far as Haarlem, and, as the day was fine, we enjoyed it very much. There are no objects here, as in Scotland, to obstruct the view; but the eye ranges unrestrained over a vast extent of fine country, which stretches to a great distance on every side. The scenery on the banks of the Maese attracted our attention in a particular manner, by the richness of the vegetation, and the great number of hedges, with which almost every field is enclosed. The effect produced by the gardens, which are beautifully situated on the outskirts of the town, was very pleasing; and the masts of the ships, in the different canals, with their colours flying, added to the beauty of the prospect.

In the afternoon, we went some miles out of town; and drank tea in a small wooden house, erected for the convenience of the inhabitants of the city, who may come in a fine evening to enjoy the country air. We passed in a hackney coach along the top of one of those great dikes, for which Holland is so remarkable. On one hand was the river Maese; and on the other lay the country, a great many feet below us, inter-

sected with numerous canals, generally lined with rows of fine trees; through which, every now and then, we could see the sails of boats, passing along, in the midst of the fields. If the dikes were to give way, the whole country would be inundated; but, in general, they are so substantially built, that there is little danger of such an event taking place. The road lay through long avenues of trees; and here and there was a handsome farm-house, with its canal before the door, and its little draw-bridge, which was in general neatly painted. The dike is, in some places, so high, that it is on a level with the tops of the houses below. We saw some of the country girls with large patches of gold on the sides of their heads, for which they pay sometimes no less than two hundred and fifty guilders. This day, for the first time, we saw the *aan-sprecker*, who, when any person dies, goes round, and informs the friends and relations of the deceased. He was dressed in black, with a large cocked hat, and a piece of crape hanging down on one side, and another piece, still longer, behind. Mr. —— preaches twice in the Scots church to-morrow; and I look forward with great pleasure to spend a Sabbath on shore, (the last two having been spent at sea,) and to give thanks to God for preserving us from the dangers of the ocean, and bringing us thus far in safety.

July 6.—*Sunday.*—It is a pretty good criterion for judging of the state of religion in any country, to observe the manner in which the Sabbath is kept: and if we adhere to this rule, the estimate we must form of the present state of religion in Holland will be very low. As this has been the first Sabbath we have spent on the continent, we carefully observed if it was respected as it ought to be. We were shocked, however, to see all the shops open, and business carried on as briskly as on any day of the week; while the banks of the canals were lined with people, who were keenly engaged in fishing. We were told that the billiard rooms were crowded, and that it was principally on Sundays that dances and parties of pleasure took place. On this day, which is here treated with so great irreverence, all the genteel families go to their gardens, in the vicinity of the town, where they indulge in every kind of amusement. The Dutch seem to forget the fourth commandment.—Thanks to God, things are far otherwise in the dear land of our fathers: there, perhaps, more than in any country in the world, that public respect is paid to the Sabbath which the laws of God require, and which it is the duty and privilege of every rational creature to pay to an institution, that is so conducive to the real happiness of mankind. It has been often said, that we never know our advantages till we are deprived

of them. This I feel to be the case with me at present: I never duly appreciated the privileges I enjoyed in Scotland till I came here; and I hope ever after to be more thankful for being placed, by divine providence, in a land, where the Sabbath is reverenced, and where true religion flourishes.

July 7.—This day has been occupied entirely in preparations for our departure to the Hague to-morrow, and in taking leave of our many kind friends in Rotterdam.

July 8.—THE HAGUE.—We left Rotterdam in one of the treckschuyts for Delft, where we intended to spend a short time in seeing whatever was deserving of notice. We took leave of our kind hostess, Mrs. Hill, about nine o'clock; and walked leisurely to the boat, which lay at some distance, and which sailed from Rotterdam about ten. The first object that attracted our attention was the multitude of windmills: the lower part of them was generally inhabited, and some of them had that neat and clean appearance which forms so remarkable a feature in the Dutch residences. On each side of us were extensive fields of hay, that seemed to be very luxuriant. We passed through the little village of Overschie, which presented no object worthy of particular

attention; and, in about two hours, we arrived at Delft.

We first went to the house in which William I. Prince of Orange, was assassinated; and here we were shewn the very place where he was killed, and the large holes made in the wall by the bullets. We then went to the new church, and paid our respects to the tomb of Hugo Grotius, whose remains are deposited there. We particularly admired the monument erected to William I. The sculpture is most exquisite, and the effect of the whole is very striking: but it would be impossible to give any description. To have an adequate idea of it, it is necessary to see it. A figure of the prince is cut out in white marble, in a reclining posture, with a dog couched at his feet, which is uncommonly well executed.

After gazing for a while at this exquisite monument of art, we embarked in another boat for the Hague, which we reached about three o'clock. The passage between Delft and the Hague exceeds in beauty any thing we have as yet seen in Holland. I could scarcely divest myself of the idea that I was travelling in the vicinity of some nobleman's residence: all the country appeared one vast extent of pleasure grounds, diversified with wood and water. High as my expectations were raised of the Hague, they certainly have been more than gratified. Soon after our arrival at the inn, we were informed that dinner was

ready; and as we wished to see as much as possible of the Dutch character, we preferred dining at the public table. Accordingly we set to work, surrounded by about fifteen or sixteen sturdy Dutchmen, who put a great many questions to us with the greatest *sang froid*, and examined and cross-examined us, till they were fortunate enough to discover that we were Scotsmen.—Upon this, one of them, who spoke English, demanded what we were? He was answered, Travellers. You'll be going to Amsterdam on business? No, merely to see the country. The latter part of our answer surprised them not a little; for a Dutchman has no idea of locomotion, unless he can make money by it. For some time they were so much engaged in swallowing their dinner, that they had not leisure to continue their investigations; but afterwards they learned several interesting facts about us from one of the company, with whom we were very intimate at Rotterdam, and whom we now met at the Hague. A lady from Friesland sat opposite to me, and was the only female at table.—Her head, I suppose, could scarcely have been rigged out for less than thirty pounds. It was literally covered with a large piece of solid gold, beautifully carved; and her finely wrought cap of muslin hung down over her shoulders.

After dinner, we called on the Reverend Mr. Carp, for whom we had a letter of introduction

from Dr. Brown, Principal of Marischal College. Though a Dutchman, he preaches in English; and along with him we went to see the new palace, which is a very handsome building. He was so good as to take us into a fine shrubbery, called the Prince's Garden, where we walked for some time: this is a perfect labyrinth; walks run off in every direction, and here and there a delightful arbour is to be found, which affords a pleasing shade from the heat of the sun. We afterwards took a long walk through the town and suburbs; and could not but admire the grandeur of many of the streets, and the magnificence of the buildings. We saw a good many of the butchers' carts drawn by large dogs; and, between Delft and the Hague, we met a small gig, drawn along by two of these animals. The person who sat in it seemed to have them in complete subjection, and drove them along at no inconsiderable rate. We also saw the old palace, which is not comparable to the new, in point either of taste or elegance.

July 9.—This has been a very busy day to us. After breakfast, we set out, with an intention of walking about, and examining the beauties of this delightful town. We rambled till twelve o'clock, when we had agreed to go with Mr. Carp to pay a visit to the House in the Wood, the well-known residence of the Princes of Orange.

Some of the streets and squares are really magnificent. The Vyverburg is a large oblong square, planted with stately old trees, which have a very striking effect. Indeed we saw so many grand buildings and fine streets, that we were quite bewildered; and so many pleasing objects in succession presented themselves to our view, that we did not know to which we should give the preference. The walk to the House in the Wood was very pleasant: the large avenues of trees afforded a delightful shade from the heat of the sun; and, after walking about two miles, we reached this abode of royalty. The external appearance of the house has nothing particularly elegant or remarkable; but several rooms are very magnificent, especially the great hall of audience. When the door is opened, the effect produced upon the mind is very powerful, arising from the number of beautiful paintings on the walls, and the elegant appearance of the whole. Some of the paintings are most exquisitely finished; and we could with difficulty tear ourselves away from them. We admired much the elegancē of what is called the Chinese room, the whole furniture of which was sent as a present from the governor of Batavia. All the tapestry is Chinese workmanship; and is executed with that richness for which their embroidery is so remarkable.

In the afternoon, we went down to Scheveling, a fishing village on the sea side, three miles distant. Here we saw a large fish, which had lately been caught, and which was shewn for a trifle. It seemed to be of that kind which is called *Delphinus Phocæna*, though not full grown. We likewise saw in perfection the strange costume of the lower classes of the Dutch women. An enormous hat overshadowed their face most completely; and from their ears hung large pendent gold earrings, which they seem to consider as indispensably necessary. A great many carts, drawn by dogs, passed between this village and the Hague; and the fish women balanced their large baskets, full of fishes, on their heads, with the greatest dexterity. The appearance of the village is very clean and neat, and the walk to it from the Hague is most delightful. Mr. Carp took us, in the forenoon, to a very splendid library, where we spent some time in examining the books.—We stumbled upon one which contained a view of Wallace-nook, in Aberdeen; and it gave us no small pleasure to see this, when so far from the place which it represented: we had the sensations which one has on meeting with an old friend, after a long absence. We intend to go to-morrow to Leyden, and return here on Saturday, as Mr. —— preaches for Mr. Carp on Sunday.

July 10.—LEYDEN.—We left the Hague, this morning, at nine o'clock, in the passage boat; and arrived here about twelve. The scenery along the banks of the canal was beautiful. In some places, the water was covered with a broad-leaved plant, which bore a pretty white flower; and the never-failing windmills contributed not a little to enliven the scene. None of the people in the boat could speak either English or French; so that we were obliged to make an attempt, as well as we could, in broken Dutch. Though none of the rational part of our companions, however, could easily converse with us, yet this deficiency was, in some degree, made up by a fine cockatoo, which a person on board was carrying to one of the princesses. It could speak more distinctly than any of the kind I ever saw before; and we were not a little pleased to find that it could articulate a good many English words. On our arrival here, we went to the inn called the Sun, in Broad-street, one of the finest streets in the city. This is one of the most comfortable inns we have met with in Holland; and we were pleased to see the landlord, who is a Roman Catholic, before sitting down to dinner at the *table d' hôte*, say grace himself, and his guests following his example.

We called in the forenoon for Professor Hageman, who is now a very old man, and who re-

ceived us with great civility. In the afternoon, we went to the top of the *Burg* or castle, famous for the long siege which it endured. The prospect is very fine; and on the tops of the houses underneath us we saw a good many storks, sitting quite composedly, and looking at the people passing below them. They are never molested; and the people consider it as fortunate, if they nestle in their chimnies. We went next to the museum of natural history, belonging to the university, which is by far the largest and finest collection I have ever seen. A great many rooms are full of birds, beasts, minerals, &c. all scientifically arranged, and inclosed in glass cases. Among the birds, the number of specimens of the genus *Ardea* engaged our attention: we observed also a fine flamingo, *Phœnicopterus ruber*, in excellent preservation. In ornithology this collection is particularly rich; and the brilliant colours of some of the humming birds can scarcely be conceived. Among the quadrupeds we found the camel, the lion, the tiger, and the zebra, and a good specimen of the hippopotamus: but it would be endless to mention the various rare animals which compose this superb collection, or even to enumerate the most remarkable. We observed an enormous specimen of the *Testudo coriacea*, and a large skeleton of a crocodile. We were also shewn, in the centre of a section of a large tree, a piece of an iron instrument,

with three prongs, exactly like what in Scotland is called a *graip*. It seemed to be pretty complete, and was firmly imbedded in the wood. A great many specimens of the rocks from Verona, that are so famous for the impressions of fishes which they contain, attracted our notice in a particular manner, as neither of us had ever before seen any of the kind. After being in the museum a considerable time, we went to the botanic gardens, which are pleasantly situated near the college, and contain an excellent collection of rare plants. In a room in the garden are many Greek and Roman inscriptions, and antique figures; and here we were shewn a brick, said to have belonged to the first house built in Holland. We walked over the place where the houses stood which were destroyed by the explosion of a powder ship, in 1807. At present, it is converted into a walk; and a person could never know that such an event had taken place, as grass now grows, where formerly stood houses full of inhabitants.

July 11.—After breakfast to-day, we went to call upon Professor Wyttenbach, well known in the literary world by his admirable edition of Plutarch's Miscellaneous Works, and very deservedly ranked as one of the best Greek scholars on the continent. He lives at a distance from town, in a pleasant country house; and enjoys

that *otium cum dignitate* which his long labours in the cause of literature entitle him to possess. He is a man far advanced in life, and his sight has almost completely failed him: he regretted that his old age and infirmities did not permit him to go with us in person to examine the library of the university; but he kindly gave us an introduction to M. Bake, the professor of Greek, who, he assured us, would pay us every attention in his power. We were much disappointed at not finding this gentleman at home, as he had gone to Utrecht: we, however, saw his lady, who spoke English very fluently. Leyden, though pleasantly situated, is, it must be confessed, rather dull: here you never see that bustling activity which you meet with in the streets of Rotterdam, where every one seems to have got something to do. In Leyden, as in every other town in Holland, you are beset with crowds of the most importunate beggars, who will sometimes follow you for a whole street, imploring your charity in the most piteous tone imaginable. You find them every where, and begging seems to be quite a profession; parents train up their children to it, from their earliest years.—We have now seen the greatest part of this city, and its environs; and admire, both the salubrity of its situation, and the regularity and beauty of its principal streets: yet, for my part, I should far prefer the Hague,

which is the most delightful town I have ever seen, and where you behold the finest scenery, even in the middle of the city.

In the afternoon, we went to see the Stadt-house, where there are some good paintings: that which pleased me most, was a very well executed painting of the Relief of Leyden, after the great famine, occasioned by the siege, in 1574. Since our arrival in Holland, we have seen several persons, who have never been in England, but who speak our language very fluently; and the literature of our country is much more generally cultivated than I had expected; though, it must be confessed, that for one who knows English you will find many who know French.

In the evening, we went to see the library in the university: the librarian went with us, on purpose to shew us any curiosity, or rare manuscript, which we might wish to see. We observed a beautiful copy of Virgil, finely written on vellum, and illuminated in a very splendid manner. We were also shewn a great many kinds of wood, made in the form of books, and arranged so as to exhibit every thing remarkable in the tree. The back of the book is made of the bark, and on it are fixed specimens of the moss found on the tree; while the inside contains the seeds, leaves, and every part that can contribute to its botanical elucidation. A great number of volumes are arranged thus; and each

exhibits a distinct specimen. This collection was presented to the university by Louis Bonaparte, and it is certainly a great curiosity. The oriental manuscripts, which amount to about two thousand, attracted my attention in a particular manner. There is a very fine copy of the Koran, with an interlineary version in Persian, very neatly written; and here are to be found the works of the best writers, both in prose and poetry, of Persia and Arabia. I was very sorry to leave them; and could scarcely tear myself from those volumes, which had been handled by a Schultens and a Golius. This collection is invaluable for a student of the languages of the East. To-morrow, we intend to return to the Hague.

July 12.—THE HAGUE.—We arrived here again about two o'clock, in the boat from Leyden. Soon after our arrival, we went to the king's collection of paintings, where we saw some of the *chefs d'œuvre* of the first artists.—Many of the best paintings which compose this collection were removed by the French to the Louvre; and it is not long since they were brought back to the place from which they were taken. In a room above the one where the paintings were shewn, we saw the shirt and dress in which William I. Prince of Orange was killed at Delft. The shirt is covered with blood, and

the hole made by the bullet is quite discernible. We were next taken into the room called the Chinese Museum, which contains a great number of Chinese curiosities, and several volumes in the Chinese language. We particularly admired the figures made of rice, which shone like finely polished marble. At the time when we were in the room, looking at the curiosities, we were surrounded by several Dutch clergymen, with large cocked hats, who had come, as we ourselves had done, to see whatever was curious. Every now and then, on being shewn any thing which attracted their notice, they would burst out into an exclamation, *O zeer mooi*—O it is very fine; and then begin to talk something to us, expecting no doubt to hear our opinion; but all we ventured to say to the gentlemen was merely the usual form of assent, *Ja, mynheer*—Yes, sir.

In the evening, we went down a few miles by the side of the canal, in the direction of Delft, accompanied by Mr. Carp and his family; and drank tea in a house where parties go for this purpose, during the summer. Here we saw many boats pass, drawn by men, who were yoked like horses to ropes, by which they pulled them along: one large boat we saw dragged by two women. I have forgotten to mention the strange appellation by which clergymen are known in Holland: they are called Dominies, as a term of respect.

To us, Scotsmen, however, who are not used to associate any particular respect with this title, it appeared singular to hear them accosted by what we had been accustomed to consider as rather a contemptuous appellation. It had been discovered by some of the people of the inn that Mr. —— was a preacher; and I was not a little amused to see a set of them pull off their hats, and wish good morning to *Mynheer de Dominie.*

July 14.—HAARLEM.—We spent yesterday at the Hague, where Mr. —— preached for Mr. Carp. The English congregation there is not so numerous as in Rotterdam, but there were several well-dressed people present. Admiral Van Capellan, who commanded the Dutch fleet in the late attack upon Algiers, was in church, with his whole family: he is very fond of England, and English is the only language spoken in his family. We went in the afternoon to several of the Dutch churches, and in the evening to the French church. In the Dutch churches, the collection is made twice during the service. The deacons go about with bags, made of black velvet, to which is affixed a small bell, the ringing of which was very disagreeable during the sermon: they collect first, for the poor, and the second time, for the funds of the church; and, lest any one should escape without giving his collection, they lock the doors till the business is over.

The men sit with their hats on; but when any of their acquaintances come in, they pull them off, and make a profound bow, even in the middle of the service.

We left the Hague at seven o'clock this morning, and passed a second time through Leyden, on our way to this town, where we arrived in time to dinner. We paid a visit to the palace, at present inhabited by the dowager princess. It is by far the handsomest building we have as yet seen in Holland, and there is a neatness and elegance in its structure which we could not but admire: the walks in its vicinity are delightful. We had an opportunity, on our way to the palace, of seeing one of those flower gardens, for which Haarlem is so famous: we had a letter of introduction to a gentleman, who is proprietor of one of the finest in this neighbourhood, and who kindly shewed us every thing remarkable. He told us, that such, at one time, was the rage for hyacinths, that he remembered one being sold at the enormous sum of eight hundred and seventy guilders.

July 15.—This forenoon we went to the town-house, where they shewed us what they called the first book ever printed, by Lawrence Coster, whom they represent to have been the discoverer of the art of typography. The paper is printed only on one side; and at the top of every page

are wooden cuts, intended to exhibit the most interesting events in scripture history. The book itself is an abridgement of the Bible. Opposite to the great church is a large statue of Coster, holding in his hand a capital A; beneath which is a neat Latin inscription.

Haarlem is a very handsome town; though its appearance is injured by the houses having been built with their gables to the street. In the forenoon, we saw the Museum belonging to the Society of Haarlem; and, at twelve o'clock, we went to hear the organ in the Great Church, which is played three times a week, for an hour each time. No words can describe the impression made upon the mind by this noble instrument: at one time, the sounds seem to die away, and are so low as scarcely to be heard; while, at another, they swell upon the ear, in the grandest tones imaginable, and roll through the building like the sound of distant thunder. So powerful is the effect produced by the whole, that one cannot but feel emotions of the sublime, while the deep tones of the instrument make the edifice tremble. This organ fills nearly one end of the church; and its size is no less remarkable than the fineness of its tones.

We paid a visit to the Teylerian Museum, and saw the electrical machine, which is said to be the largest ever made: it is not of the common form, but is what is called a plate machine, and is

of enormous power. The museum possesses a very large magnet, which supports two hundred pounds. It contains also an excellent collection of minerals: some of the specimens are very fine, particularly those of calcareous spar, and some pieces of malachite, from Siberia. I forgot to mention, that, in the museum of the society, we saw a fine specimen of that rare animal, the *Ornithorynchus paradoxus*, from New Holland, one of which is also in the museum of Marischal College.

July 16.—AMSTERDAM.—We reached this city from Haarlem yesterday evening; and, after our arrival, took a walk along some of the principal streets. We visited what was formerly the Stadthouse, now called the palace: it is a very noble looking building, and is quite free of that ginger-bread appearance which disfigures some of the public buildings in Holland. Several of the streets of this large city are very fine, and many of the houses have a princely aspect. The weather to-day has been very rainy and disagreeable, so that we could not walk about the streets. We accepted of an invitation from Mr. Melville, the British consul, to dine with him at his country seat, on the other side of Haarlem. In passing again through that city, several objects attracted our attention, which we had not formerly observed. In the front of a good many houses, we

saw large Hebrew signs suspended, which we were told belonged to Jews. At several doors, we observed a quantity of lace, fixed on a square piece of paste-board, and ornamented with pink ribbons: this, we were told, was to give notice that a child was born, and the arrangement of the lace also indicated whether it was a boy or a girl. For my part, I thought it was meant to intimate that laces of different kinds were to be sold, and I was rather surprised when informed what it really signified.

July 17.—This day has been occupied in an excursion to North Holland. Our kind friend, Mr. Ogg, was so good as to offer to conduct us; and as the manners of the people differ greatly from those of the inhabitants here, we gladly availed ourselves of his proposal, and left Amsterdam about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. After a passage of about half an hour, we landed on the other side, and procured a carriage from the place where we went ashore to convey us to Broek, which is at a considerable distance. This little village is the most remarkable thing we have as yet seen in Holland: every corner of it is kept as clean as it is possible to make it, and the streets are paved with bricks of various colours, which are arranged in the most fanciful figures imaginable. Broek exhibits the Dutch character in perfection. The inhabitants are

generally opulent; and here they live separated from the world, and having scarcely any intercourse with society. They have no wish but to continue always in the same state of indolence and inactivity. All the windows that look to the little streets, if indeed they can be called streets, (for a carriage is never allowed to enter them, lest they should be made dirty), are covered with blinds, or else closed up by window shutters. Every house has two doors, one of which is opened only on three occasions—a birth, a death, or a marriage; and no stranger is ever allowed to see the inside of these singular hermitages. With great difficulty we procured access to the garden of one of the principal inhabitants, which we minutely examined. In every direction we found canals, the banks of which were covered with flowers; and here and there, among the trees, we would stumble on a little Chinese pagoda, the effect of which was very pleasing. The walks were covered with sea shells; and a variety of figures of men, swans, &c. made of wood, presented themselves on every hand. The trees in the village are cut into the form of fans, and into various other fantastical shapes, which had rather a grotesque appearance; at least to us, who are not accustomed in Scotland to see these improvements upon nature. In one little garden we observed the box-wood cut into the shape of tables, foxes,

peacocks, stags, and many other figures. On the table were represented an urn and a set of tea cups, all formed from the same plant, which to be sure was a pretty large one. The door of one of the houses was finely gilded, and richly embossed. Mr. Ogg told us, that a clergyman, who had been but a short time settled in the village, found to his regret the number of his auditors gradually diminish, till at last but few remained. He redoubled his application to his sermons, and made them as perfect as he could; but all to no purpose. Finding all his endeavours to bring back the people ineffectual, he at last asked one of the deacons what detained his parishioners from church, where, in former times, their attendance used to be so regular? The deacon replied, Our former clergyman always took off his shoes, when he went to the pulpit; and, if you follow the same plan, the people will soon return. The remedy was used, and proved effectual. While at Broek, the richest man in the village was pointed out to us; but his appearance was rather an indication of poverty.

After examining Broek, we drove to Saardam, which is a long ride from the former place. This town is famous for its wind-mills, which amount to many hundreds. Almost every house has its little garden, the sides of some of which are ornamented with beads, and the little subdivisions are entirely covered with them, arranged in va-

rious forms. We saw here the hut where Peter the Great of Russia learned the art of ship-building, and the bed in which he slept: we were also shewn three chairs, made with his own hands. Alexander, the present Emperor of Russia, visited this place, and has erected a small piece of white marble here, on which is marked this short inscription—*Petro Magno, Alexander.* In the album, where the names of the visitors are enrolled, we found, in one place, the name of the Duke of Reggio, and, in another, that of Professor Leslie, of Edinburgh. We left Saardam at seven o'clock, and reached Amsterdam, by water, about eight at night.

July 18.—This day, we paid a visit to the palace, which is a very fine building. The chamber of the throne is very beautiful, and the hall of audience is the grandest I have ever seen. At one end of this splendid apartment is a figure of Atlas, supporting the world on his shoulders; and the upper windows are covered with pink-coloured blinds, which have an excellent effect. After examining the other rooms, many of which are very grand, we went to the top, and enjoyed a fine view of Amsterdam, which lay below and around us. The masts of innumerable ships, which were close beside the town, added greatly to the beauty of the scene. We next visited a building called *Felix meritis*, which did not seem

to possess any thing particularly worthy of attention, except a pretty neat collection of philosophical instruments, and a set of statues made of plaster of Paris, for the use of the students of painting and statuary. The Dutch, however, appeared to think all this very fine; and a great number both of ladies and gentlemen stood gazing for a considerable time at the beauties of a room, which contained nothing but a few chairs turned upside down, and a table that lay on the floor.

We next went to the Museum, which contains the national collection of paintings. Some of these are extremely valuable; and to see them to any advantage, it would be necessary to devote a much longer time to them than we could spare. We were particularly struck with a painting by Gerard Douw: it is intended to represent a scene by candle-light, and cost the enormous sum of two thousand pounds. A master is seen teaching a girl, who is spelling her lesson to him; and on the back ground appears a group of children, who are all busy at their tasks. No fewer than five different lights are introduced, and the execution of the whole is inimitable. We also saw the celebrated painting by Rembrandt, representing the night watch of the city of Amsterdam, which we admired very much. A great many rooms are occupied by this splendid collection. In the evening, we

went to the Old Church, to see the painted windows, which certainly are very beautiful. A Dutch dominie was preaching, and had beside him a sand glass to measure the time, as was formerly the custom in Scotland.

July 19.—UTRECHT.—After a tedious passage of seven hours from Amsterdam, we reached this city, about three o'clock in the afternoon, and went to a hotel in the great market place. We chose this situation, because at present the annual fair is held in this town, and here we shall be near the scene of action. Many persons from all the towns of Holland are assembled, and several shows of wild beasts, &c. are now before our windows. I have often heard of the Dutch fairs, and am quite delighted at the thoughts of seeing one. In one part of the town we saw several French women playing on the fiddle, and in another, some monkeys, dressed in scarlet jackets, and mounted on an ass, whose frolics seemed to give great amusement to the boors, crowds of whom followed them from place to place.

We walked in the evening over a great part of the town; and were much pleased with the neatness and regularity of the streets, and the salubrity of its situation, which is certainly preferable to that of most of the towns in Holland that we have seen. It forms a pleasing contrast

to the gloomy and ill-aired streets of Amsterdam, which we were very well pleased to quit. We paid a visit to the house formerly occupied by Dr. Brown, when Professor at Utrecht: we also called on M. Otto Van Beck, for whom we had a letter of introduction from the Doctor, and with whom on Monday we intend to visit the curiosities of the town. The country between Amsterdam and Utrecht is most delightful; and you sail the whole way along rivers, the scenery on the banks of which is very beautiful. The rivers in Holland are so level, and so little current is observable, that we did not know, till we reached this place, that we had been sailing at all on rivers, far less that during part of our way we had been on the Rhine. We thought that all the time we had been dragged along one of those canals, by which the treckschuyts pass from one place to another.

July 20.—*Sunday.*—This day we twice attended the French church. In the afternoon, we heard an admirable sermon from one of the clergymen upon the doctrine of the Trinity. His manner was peculiarly interesting: there was an earnestness and a seriousness which could not fail to arrest the attention. He had no finesse or frivolity; but his manner was as chaste as his sermon was excellent. We had an opportunity of meeting, in the forenoon, with a pious young

man, M. Faure. He is a native of the Cape of Good Hope, and has come here to pursue his studies: his intention is to return to the Cape, where he is to be a minister. With him we spent part of the forenoon, and all the evening, in a very agreeable manner. In the former part of the day, all the shops were open, as usual; but things were pretty quiet till about nine o'clock at night, when we returned to our inn. The scene we then witnessed will never be obliterated from my memory: it was with difficulty that we could force our way through the crowds that surrounded us on every side: all the temporary wooden huts were splendidly illuminated, and every kind of merchandize was exposed to sale. We heard, in every direction, the noise of fiddles, tambourines, and flutes; while our ears were grated by the loud screaming of ballad-singers. In one house we heard the noise of people dancing to the fiddle. How thankful ought we to be, that matters are so different in Scotland!

July 21.—M. Faure told us an interesting fact, relating to the Jews. Some gentlemen in the passage boat between Amsterdam and this town happened to meet with several Jews. The conversation turned upon the very unfavourable weather; when one of the Jews observed, that it was a judgment upon the Christians, for their disrespect to the Messiah, the Saviour of the

world. "And what do you care about the Messiah?" said one of the gentlemen; "are not you Jews?" "Yes," replied the other, "but we believe as firmly in Christ as most Christians: we have been long separated from the synagogue, and meet together by ourselves, to read the New Testament, and to pray to Jesus Christ. Our numbers are very considerable in Amsterdam." "But why," resumed the other, "do you not come forward to join the Christians, at once?" "Sir," replied the Jew, "your practice is so corrupt, that we are better by ourselves."

This day we visited the library of the university: it is rather a select than a large collection, though it contains many valuable works. There are a few oriental manuscripts, and, among the rest, an Arabic translation of the Persian poet Hafiz, in pretty good order. We also paid a visit to the collection of anatomical preparations belonging to the university, which is certainly very valuable, and to a student of medicine must be particularly interesting. There is a regular series of skeletons, from a woman seven feet high to a child of as many inches; and all the subjects are arranged in a very convenient manner. We likewise visited the botanical gardens; and near them we saw a very curious model of the temple of Solomon, made of wood, and so large that a person can stand in it nearly upright. The whole furniture of the temple is complete, and the holy

of holies is a very exact representation of that of the temple of Jerusalem. It is as many inches high as the other was feet, and the workmanship is very neat. We spent the afternoon very pleasantly with M. Van Beck, with whom we dined. In the evening, we walked along the Mall, which is a very beautiful promenade. Upon the whole, Utrecht is one of the most agreeable towns we have seen in Holland. The water is reckoned good, and is sold pretty high in Amsterdam, though it is far inferior to the water we have in Aberdeen. We were both sorry to part with M. Faure; but we were happy in the prospect of meeting him in London, where he intends to be in a short time. He is an excellent young man, and will, I am sure, be a very zealous and useful minister.

July 23.—ANTWERP.—We left Utrecht yesterday morning, at six o'clock, by what is called the Diligence. This vehicle was not remarkable either for its neatness or its elegance: in fact, the first time I saw one of them, I mistook it for one of the Dutch hearses, to which it has far greater resemblance than to a stage coach. It had inscribed in large letters the following words, below the windows, on each side, *Deligence van Gorinchem op Utrecht, en visa versa.* Our harness too was not the most splendid: the horses were yoked to the coach by ropes, and their reins were of the

same materials. We crossed the Rhine at Vyanen, and, after a great many delays, arrived at Gorcum, where we remained for about an hour; and then set out for Breda, which we reached about six o'clock in the evening. The sun shone beautifully on the green ramparts of the town, which produced a very pleasing effect; and the similarity of the neighbouring country to some parts of Scotland added to the pleasure derived from the scene. On our way to Breda, we passed, on the right, Gertruydenberg, a small town, but strongly fortified. When we arrived at the gates of Breda, we were examined by the sentries before we were allowed to pass. Soon after our arrival, we went to see the Great Church, which is a noble building, and contains the tomb of Engelbert of Nassau, by Michael Angelo. There are two figures, one of Engelbert, and one of his wife, and a canopy of black marble above them, supported at one end by Julius Cæsar and Regulus, and at the other by Philip of Macedon and Annibal. The last two were made by a pupil of Michael Angelo, but the others were made by himself; and the sculpture of the whole is exquisite. The church also contains a monument of Henry of Nassau, and his family, and of the first Baron of Breda. He is lying on his back, and his two wives beside him. His tomb is of lapis lydius, or touch-stone. We walked

over part of the ramparts, and inspected the fortifications, which are very strong.

At ten o'clock at night we set out for Antwerp, which we reached at five this morning. During the night, we saw many flashes of the most vivid lightning that I ever remember to have beheld; and I dare say we should have heard a great deal of thunder, had not the noise of the coach prevented us. The rain fell in torrents, and the whole scene was grand and impressive, in a high degree. On our arrival at the gates, our passports were demanded by an officer of police, who took them to get them countersigned for us; and, in a little time, we found ourselves safely landed at the Hotel de la Couronne. Our first care was to take a nap till ten o'clock; and, after breakfast, we sallied forth to see the curiosities of the town. Every thing here reminds us that we are in a Roman Catholic country: images of the saints are fixed in the corner of almost every street, and priests and friars are seen walking about in every direction. We first went to the great cathedral, which is esteemed one of the finest buildings of the kind on the continent. A great many *religieux* were kneeling, and repeating their prayers before the images of the saints, and of the virgin; and every now and then we heard the ringing of the little bells used during the service. Here is to be seen

Rubens' celebrated painting of the Descent from the Cross, which is very beautiful. Many of the windows are finely painted, and look extremely elegant and grand. We next went to St. James's Church, where we saw the tomb of Rubens, and his family. Above the place where they are interred is a very fine painting, by himself, representing him and his family at the resurrection. In another part of the church is a statue of St. James, under a kind of canopy, supported by six pillars, before which stand two angels, made of silver. On a little box, which stood in a corner, we found the following inscription :—*Sancti Bonifacii martyris reliquiæ approbatæ.*

After examining this superb edifice with attention, we proceeded to the Church of the Dominicans. On the outside of the building is an exact model of Mount Calvary, of considerable magnitude, made under the inspection of some monks, who had been at Jerusalem, whose statues stand at the entrance. Here is a model of the tomb of our Saviour, and a representation of the punishment of the wicked just beside it. The whole place is stuck full of saints and martyrs, without number. The churches in Antwerp are particularly grand; and are lined, on each side, with images of the virgin, the apostles, &c. before which some of the people are seen continually

kneeling, counting their beads, and crossing themselves with great apparent devotion.

We saw two enormous figures, twenty-eight feet high, made of paste-board, which are dragged about the streets on any public festivity. Their heads are moveable, and nod backwards and forwards, whenever they are put in motion. We also paid a visit to the naval docks, which are perhaps inferior to none in Europe. They are capable of containing a great number of ships of the line. The Dutch broad-brimmed hats of the women have now disappeared, and there is little difference as to external appearance between the inhabitants and the English.

July 24.—BRUSSELS.—We reached this city by the Diligence from Antwerp, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon; and, on our way, passed through a considerable number of fine villages, which lay scattered here and there, in the richest and most fertile country imaginable. A great deal of barley has been cut down, and the wheat seems to be nearly ready. About half way we passed through Mechlin, which is an ancient looking place, and has a very fine tower. We observed some of the streets marked by the letters of the alphabet, as *Rue de l' A, B,* &c. The country between Antwerp and Brussels is much more pleasing than the appearance of Holland:

the surface is more diversified, and the manners of the people are more agreeable than those of their Dutch neighbours. On the right hand side of the road, a few miles from Brussels, is to be seen, delightfully situated on a rising ground, at the end of a long avenue, the palace of Laken, at present occupied by the king.

After our arrival, we went to see the Park, which is a lovely place. On each side are splendid houses, and in the centre are planted trees of various kinds, which form a delightful shade to the many pleasant walks that run off in every direction through them. Near the Park is the Place Royale, where there are some very elegant houses, and, on one of the sides, a neat church. We went to the Great Church in the afternoon, where we saw popery in perfection. In this church is a very fine organ; but the sound of it was overpowered by drums and trumpets. The music, to be sure, was very good, but not in the least degree calculated to raise devotional feelings in the mind. We enjoyed a walk in the Allée Verte, which is a delightful place, with trees on every side. In the evenings, it is generally full of fashionable ladies and gentlemen, who come there principally to drink beer and smoke tobacco. The Hotel de Ville, or town-house, is a large edifice, which is ornamented with a fine spire, but is built in rather a strange style of architecture.

July 25.—This day we have paid a visit to the field of Waterloo. We left Brussels about half past eight o'clock in the morning. After a ride for some time through a most delightful country, much resembling some parts of Perthshire, we arrived at the forest of Soignies, the scenery in some parts of which is very beautiful, and highly diversified. We drove for a considerable distance among the trees, which are closely planted on each side of the road; and here and there great piles of firewood presented themselves: these the peasants were busy in removing into large waggons, some of which were dragged by eight horses; and this wood the peasants take to Brussels for sale. All at once, the red church of Waterloo burst upon our sight; and, in a few minutes, we found ourselves landed at a little inn, just opposite to this building. On the left, before we entered the village, we saw some little mounds of earth, which had been raised over the remains of the brave men who fell near the spot. Near the same place a great many bodies were burned, as the number of killed was so great, that they found it impossible to bury them before they became putrid. Not far from the church we saw a place where four hundred men were buried, under a large heap of earth, which was still in the same state as after the battle. Near this spot is a grave, with a stone, containing a short inscription, to the memory of

Lieut. W. Robe, British Royal Horse Artillery, who fell on that memorable day; and in the church itself, which is a very neat building, are many monuments, erected to those officers who fell in the battle.

After giving orders at the inn at Waterloo, called Jean de Nivelles, to have dinner ready by our return, we set out for Mont St. Jean, distant from the former about two miles. It was near this place that so many of our brave troops were killed; and now over the earth, that scarcely conceals their bodies, we saw the most luxuriant crops of wheat and barley, which, in certain spots, assumed a darker hue, and seemed to be uncommonly rank. On enquiring, we found that those were the places where the greatest carnage had taken place. Advancing a little, we came to the tree where the Duke of Wellington was during a great part of the action; hence called the Wellington tree. We found it a good deal shattered with balls, and a great many branches have been taken off by the numerous visitors.—Here a number of men and boys followed us, with buttons of French and English soldiers, breastplates, balls, &c., which they importuned us to buy from them. Near this tree, on the left, is a road, at the end of which the Duke threw himself into a square, to save himself from a dreadful charge of the French cavalry. Not far from this is the place where the 95th and 52d regiments

were posted, and where the number of killed and wounded was very great. In this place the crops seemed to be particularly luxuriant. A little off this road Sir Thomas Picton was killed. A good deal farther on is shewn the place where the 42d royals, and 44th, were posted; and on the other side is the farm of Papelotte, the place where stood the 92d. Our guide had been a soldier in the German legion, and had himself been in the battle: of course he knew all the parts of the field; and we found him the more useful, as he spoke French very well, and English tolerably. While at Mont St. Jean, Bonaparte's guide, Jean Baptiste de Coster offered his services to us: but when at Brussels, we were apprised that he told a new and marvellous story to every party, and that his information was not to be depended upon. We therefore declined his services, though we met him afterwards with some Englishmen at Hugomont. A little farther on, we came to the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, the roof of which had been much shattered by balls, but seemed to have been lately repaired. Near this farm the French cuirassiers were defeated by the British cavalry. In the gable of the house is an inscription to the memory of the officers and men of the German legion, who were killed on the spot. After advancing a little distance, we came to a small house, on the end of which was rudely marked, in large black letters, *Hotel de la Belle*

Alliance, near which Wellington and Blucher met after the battle. Here a great many relics were exposed for sale—helmets, caps, swords, and balls. I bought an eagle of the cap of a French soldier of the old guard, and some other small things, which were offered to us in great numbers. I forgot to mention, that near the Wellington tree is a handsome monument erected to the memory of the Honourable Sir Alexander Gordon, who fell in the battle.

Leaving La Belle Alliance, we turned to the right, to pay a visit to Hugomont, which is exactly in the same state as after the battle. The gate is pierced in every part; and the walls are marked by cannon balls and shells, which fell in every direction. The roof is burned off, and the trees are full of balls. We were here shewn a little chapel, where they told us that a miracle was performed by the image of our Saviour. The fire, which consumed the rest of the buildings, was at once arrested in its progress by the image, only the feet of which were burned. Our guide seemed devoutly to believe this, and ascribed the preservation of this little chapel solely to the miraculous powers of the image. Near the chateau we saw a place where upwards of six hundred men were either buried or burned; and our coachman from Brussels, who was employed in burying the dead, told us, that some of those who were burned were still alive, though so badly

wounded that there could be no hopes of their recovery. We walked round the walls of the garden, which were full of holes from the artillery and musketry; and near a hedge, which skirts a fine avenue of trees, that extends for the whole length of the garden, we found a simple tomb, to the memory of John Lucie Blackman, Waterloo, June 18th, 1815. A dread silence prevailed over all this orchard, where so many of our brave countrymen fell, in defence of our liberties, civil and religious. We found here some boys employed in taking out the bullets from the trees in the garden; and were offered again the same sort of relics which were shewn to us at La Belle Alliance and Waterloo. I here bought the breastplate of a Prussian soldier.—After examining this spot we returned to Waterloo, and dined very comfortably in the little inn. We paid a visit to the place where the operation was performed on the Marquis of Anglesea, and saw the spot where his leg was buried in the garden. The girl who shewed it to us was in the house during the whole of the battle, and attended the Marquis in the time of the amputation, and after it was over.—About half past three we left Waterloo, and after a most charming drive returned safely to Brussels.

July 26.—This day has been occupied in walking about the town. In the afternoon I went to

the Roman Catholic church, and saw the service performed. The people do not join in the singing; but persons are hired from the theatre, who sit beside the organ, and sing delightfully.

We propose to set out for Paris on Monday, and to sleep one night at Valenciennes, on our way to that great metropolis.

July 31.—PARIS.—We left Brussels at four o'clock in the morning of the twenty-eighth, for this city. The day previous to our departure, Sunday the twenty-seventh, we went in the forenoon to the Dutch church, where we saw the King of the Netherlands, and one of the Princes Royal.

After having fairly set out on our journey, on Monday morning, in the Diligence, an enormous vehicle dragged by five clumsy horses, the first place where we stopped was Hal. The scenery between Brussels and Hal, and Hal and La Genette, is very beautiful. At every turn of the road it varies, and a new and rich prospect presents itself. Between Soignies and Mons we had the good fortune to meet the Duke of Wellington, who was on his way to Brussels. As we passed quite close to him, we had an excellent opportunity of seeing him. We met a band of robbers in chains, guarded by two French gens d'armes: they were, I believe, on their way to the place where they were to be

punished. Mons is a pretty large town. The town-house is a very fine Gothic building, of considerable antiquity. The situation is low and swampy, and the surrounding country has much the level and flat appearance of Holland.

When we entered France, near the village of Quievrain, our coach was stopped; and our trunks, and all the baggage, were examined by the officers of the customs. Here, for the first time, we had an opportunity of seeing some Russian cossacks, who are stationed in the villages all along the frontiers. We were particularly struck with the small size of their horses; and could scarcely conceive it possible, that such diminutive animals could undergo so much fatigue.—We reached Valenciennes in the evening, and found the gates guarded by the 43d British regiment. We were very glad to see our countrymen in this part of the world. They told us, that they did not like their present situation, and that they were delighted at the thought of soon being ordered to England.—At Valenciennes we were joined by two Russian officers; one of them a count, and the other a general in the army, who continued with us all the way to Paris. They were remarkably pleasant and agreeable. After a comfortable sleep all night, we set off next morning at six o'clock. We were detained a considerable time at Cambray:

our passports were taken from us, and others were given us for Paris, where we were told that we should receive our former ones.—Cambray is at present full of British troops. About three thousand are encamped without the walls; and we found a party of the 3d regiment of guards stationed at the gate nearest to Paris, where we had to stop some time, as one of our Russian friends had neglected to shew himself to the police, which is absolutely necessary. We were informed, that at present the police is stricter than even during the reign of Bonaparte. You cannot turn yourself without being noticed.—We reached Peronne in the evening; and after travelling all night, breakfasted at Senlis, a neat looking town, with a very high steeple, which we saw at a considerable distance. In the neighbourhood of this town, a battle was fought between the French and Marshal Blücher. While on our way to Senlis, we met the Duke d'Angouleme, and the Duke de Berri, escorted by a troop of cavalry. They were to hunt in some forest in the vicinity. As we passed along, we were highly amused at seeing the enormous boots of our French postilions. The nearer we approached to Paris, the more did they increase in size; and those of the postilion who drove us to the metropolis, were so large, that a very considerable exertion was necessary for him to move. A long queue added to the effect produced by

these ponderous boots, which never seemed to have undergone the operation of cleaning; and both conjoined to exhibit a very grotesque appearance. We could not look on them without bursting into fits of laughter, which we found it impossible to repress. We entered Paris about three o'clock in the afternoon, by the Fauxbourg St. Denis; and proceeded, immediately after leaving our Diligence, to the Hotel de Venise, where we are at present lodged, in the centre of all the bustle and confusion of Paris.

This forenoon we visited the Place Vendome, where stands a very lofty pillar, erected after the model of that of Trajan at Rome. The outside is of brass; and there are two hundred and seventy-six subdivisions, each of which represents some important event in the campaign of 1805, from the march of the French from Boulogne to the battle of Austerlitz. The brass is made of eleven hundred pieces of artillery taken from the Austrians. The figures are beautifully executed; and every now and then Bonaparte makes his appearance among the warriors. We next visited the Thuilleries, and afterwards the great church of Notre Dame, where we saw the burial service performed. I never beheld such mummery. Instead of making one serious, it tended rather, in the way in which it was conducted, to produce a ludicrous effect. The melody of the priests was nearly as

bad as that of the Jews, in the synagogue at Rotterdam. We went to the top of this venerable edifice, and enjoyed a grand prospect of Paris and its environs. On every side, its lofty buildings presented themselves to our view, and we were tempted to philosophize, when we looked down upon the bustling scene below. Every person was in motion, and seemed solely intent upon his business. We also visited the Pantheon, and the gardens of the Luxembourg, which are laid out with great taste and elegance. On our way home, in the evening, we looked into that little world, the Palais Royal. A more remarkable scene can scarcely be conceived. In the middle, a fountain of water plays continually; and many fine trees of various sorts form an agreeable walk, which is generally quite crowded with people of all ranks, and of all the nations of Europe. Along the piazzas are shops, in which is to be found every article that is sold in Paris; and the continual bustle and confusion conspire to make this as singular a place as one can imagine.

August 1.—This has been a busy day to us. At ten o'clock we went to the Bibliotheque du Roi, in the Rue Richelieu. This is truly a superb collection. The printed books amount to about three hundred and sixty thousand. Every convenience is afforded to the public, and any

person may call for any of the books, and read as long as he pleases. We saw also the oriental manuscripts, which are very numerous; and, near the place where they are deposited, we were shewn specimens of the hand-writing of Louis XIV., Racine, Boileau, Henry IV., Voltaire, and La Fontaine. Leaving this valuable collection of books in every language, we proceeded to the Pont Neuf, where we hired a cabriolet to take us to the Garden of Plants, which is at a considerable distance. After walking for a short time, and looking at the different plants, which are all scientifically arranged, we proceeded to a large room, where we had the pleasure of hearing M. Cuvier lecture to an audience of about seven or eight hundred persons. He is quite a Frenchman in his manner, and an enthusiast in his subject, of which he is completely master. He lectures from memory, and does not even seem to use notes. After leaving M. Cuvier, we visited the collection of wild beasts and birds, which is very extensive. We saw several lions, tigers, and many other sorts of animals; and we observed some brown bears in a den, sunk a good many feet below the ground, one of which climbed up a pole placed there on purpose.—From living animals we passed to dead ones, and visited the Museum, where we saw the greatest collection of stuffed beasts and birds that I could well conceive, arranged with the

utmost elegance and taste. The edifice extends to about six hundred feet in length, and is completely filled with various specimens of natural history. We saw the identical cameleopard that was killed by Vaillant in South Africa, of which he gives a drawing in his Travels. It is indeed a stupendous animal; and its rarity makes it still more interesting to the naturalist. The splendid collections of every kind of curiosities which we have already seen in Paris, have, I fear, in a great measure obliterated the memory of those which we saw in Holland and Flanders, and which then so much engaged our attention. But every thing here is made for show, and every thing in Holland is made for convenience.

In the evening we again visited the Thuilleries. The gardens were crowded with fashionable company; and in a large basin full of water we saw innumerable gold and silver fishes sporting about. The various hues which they seemed to assume as they swam rapidly past, produced a very pleasing effect. From the gardens we passed to the Place Louis XV.; and paused for a moment to look at the spot where Louis XVI., and many of his unfortunate subjects, were put to death. The view of the Thuilleries from this point is very fine. Leaving this magnificent square, we proceeded to the Champs Elysées, which include a vast extent of ground, planted in every direction with rows of trees. On our

way home, we passed again through the Palais Royal, which was then to be seen in perfection, as it was splendidly lighted up, and crowded in every corner. I felt quite bewildered. In fact, the more I see of this extraordinary place, the more is my wonder increased. The scenes of revelry and debauchery which are continually passing here, serve to give one an idea of the morals of the French people. Under the pavement where you walk, are places where every kind of gambling and excess is practised; and woe be to the traveller who is bold enough to venture into these subterranean abodes of misery.

August 2.—This forenoon, we paid a visit to the catacombs, which contain the sculls and bones of more than two millions three hundred thousand persons, being nearly four times the present population of Paris. Before descending, every one furnishes himself with a taper: for not a ray of light can penetrate these gloomy abodes, where are deposited the relics of so many generations. Our party was very numerous, and was composed principally of English; and, accompanied by a guide, we ventured to descend. The long string of flambeaux had a very singular effect; and I felt a somewhat strange sensation, when I considered that I was now under the city of Paris, and just about to see the mouldering remains of so many of my fellow-mortals.

We proceeded about half a mile under ground, before we came to the entrance of the catacombs. At last we reached a door, beside which was the following inscription: *Has ultra metas requiescunt beatam spem expectantes.* Here we had to wait some time for our guide, who numbers the company when they go down, and also when they come up, lest any one should wander astray in these long and dark passages. On his arrival with the key, we entered amongst the bones, which are piled up regularly on each side. The smaller bones are thrown behind; and the front is composed of the thigh bones, with their ends stuck out, lined with three rows of sculls, by way of ornament; an ornament which none but a Frenchman would have ever thought of.

After walking through a great many passages of this description, we came to what is called the Gallery of Port Mahon, which was made by a common soldier, who had been in Minorca, and who, with great labour, had formed from the stone an exact model of the fortifications of Mahon. He was afterwards killed by a part of the rock falling upon him. We were also shewn a set of specimens of the different diseases of the bones, collected from this immense depository. One of our party was a Turkish gentleman, dressed in his national costume; who seemed to view these wonders with that apathy for which his nation is so remarkable. He was at last, however,

roused a little by an accident that took place before we left these dark caverns.—A party of us, of which he was one, after leaving the gallery of Port Mahon, were unfortunate enough to wander from our guide, and for a short time we completely lost ourselves. Our tapers were nearly burnt done, and I must confess that I was not a little alarmed, as some of the passages extend for three miles. Had we wandered into one of these, we might never have been heard of. The Turk was every now and then exclaiming, *Très dangereux,* for he spoke French very well; and seemed to be terrified, lest his portly carcass should add to the number of infidels, whose mortal remains he had just been contemplating. By the providence of God, however, we reached the upper regions in safety.—After leaving the catacombs, we proceeded to the Gobelins, which is a manufactory of tapestry. Here, too, we met crowds of our countrymen. Some of the tapestry is exquisite.—On our way home, in the afternoon, we found an immense multitude collected, to witness the execution of a man for the murder of his wife. We saw him pass; and I shall never forget the expression of wildness depicted in his countenance, as he gazed on the crowds around. He sat on a cart, attended by a priest; and his neck was bared, to be in readiness for the guillotine.

August 4.—This day we went to see the Museum of French Monuments, in the Rue des Petits Augustins. In this superb collection, the various specimens of sculpture are arranged according to their respective ages. In the first apartment we found various Celtic remains, no less remarkable for their rudeness than their antiquity; we then passed on to the productions of ages more polished and civilized; and, after examining a great number of most elegant specimens of art, we found ourselves among the busts and memorials of Moliere and Racine, Rousseau and Voltaire. The great beauty of this arrangement is, that it affords a view of the progressive advance and improvement of the arts, from their first rise down to the present time. On the pavement we observed a great number of inscriptions, composed by different persons and upon different occasions. The following is one written by the unfortunate Mary Stuart.

Adieu plaisant pays de France,
O ma patrie,
La plus cherie,
Qui a nourri ma jeune existence.
Adieu France, adieu nos beaux jours;
La nef, qui dejoint nos amours,
N'a eu de moi que la moitié.
Une part te reste, elle est tienne;
Je la fie à ton amitié,
Pour que de l'autre il te souvienne.

We paused for a time to read the inscriptions on Blaise Pascal, and Des Cartes; both of them men remarkable for their originality of thought; and, though their studies were in many respects dissimilar, yet united by the greatness of their minds. After spending some hours here, we paid a second visit to the Palace of the Luxembourg, and saw the gallery of paintings. We had formerly seen the Chamber of Peers. On our way home we visited the church of St. Sulpice, which is a very fine building.

August 5.—We went to-day to the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers, which is an immense collection of different machines, arranged with the greatest elegance and taste. A great many halls are completely filled with them; and among them there are not a few machines made by the famous mechanic Vaucanson. It would require a long time fully to examine this collection. Every sort of mechanism is to be found here, from the most complicated machine, to the simplest implement of agriculture. While walking on the Boulevards, on our way to the manufactory of plate glass, we had the pleasure of seeing Louis XVIII. pass in his coach, escorted by a troop of cuirassiers. We were much gratified by seeing the process by which the mirrors are formed. Some of them were of a very large size.

August 7.—Yesterday was entirely taken up with our passports. To-day we paid a visit to Versailles, which is distant about twelve miles from Paris. On our way we passed St. Cloud. Versailles surpasses every thing that we have seen in grandeur and elegance. The grounds are laid out in a style of regal magnificence; and the interior of the palace is unrivalled. The Grand Trianon, and Petit Trianon, are both in the same style as the other buildings. The different ponds are full of fishes; and, upon throwing in a little bread, we saw hundreds of them make their appearance.

August 8.—This day we went to the Ecole de Médecine, but as we were too late we did not see the interior. At the corner of one of the streets, I observed a party of common porters busily engaged in playing at cards: they had no table, but, by the assistance of their knees, they contrived to manage wonderfully well. We went to hear the pleadings in the Palais de Justice; but such vociferation I never heard before. French vivacity was displayed in perfection. The lawyers were dressed in black gowns, and black velvet caps, of a shape that did not give them a very dignified appearance. We also went to the Hotel de Ville, in the Place de Grève, to which the miscreant Robespierre fled for refuge, and where he ignominiously terminated his life.

In the afternoon we had the heaviest shower that I ever remember to have seen. In Paris all the kennels run down the middle of the streets; and, by the great quantity of rain, they were increased to an enormous size.

August 9.—To-day we went to the top of Montmartre, and enjoyed a most delightful view of Paris, and the country round about for many miles. On reaching the summit, the first object that presented itself was a little boy sitting and whistling the Woodpecker, which amused us not a little; upon enquiry, however, we found that he had been in England. From Montmartre we descended to the Hotel des Invalides, which is one of the most interesting establishments I have ever seen. There are about four thousand veteran soldiers comfortably lodged and maintained in this admirable Institution.

We leave this place on Monday for Rouen and Dieppe, from which we intend to embark for Brighton.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR

IN

FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, AND GERMANY,

IN 1820.

We left Calais about ten o'clock in the morning of the fourth of May, 1820, and, after travelling for two days and a night, arrived at Paris about six o'clock in the evening of the fifth.—The road from Calais presents nothing very interesting to the attention of the tourist. The appearance of the country as far as Boulogne is, in general, by no means beautiful. Boulogne is strongly fortified, and contains about thirteen thousand inhabitants; to whom may be added five thousand English, who are at present resident in the town, on account of the cheapness of provisions. Leaving Boulogne, we advanced to Samer, a beautiful little village, the appearance of which was very picturesque. We were, as usual, followed by crowds of importunate beggars, one of whom, a little girl of about eight years of age,

was most unremitting in her endeavours to extort a few *sous* from *Milords Anglais*. She followed us with cries of *Give me one halfpenny—Good morning, sir—Good bye, sir*—and many similar English phrases, which she had picked up in order to strengthen her claims on our countrymen. From Samer we came to Montreuil, a town very strongly fortified, and placed in a most commanding situation. The streets are narrow and dirty. As the day was fine, all the windows were thrown open; and disclosed to us, as we passed along, tailors, shoemakers, &c., all busy at their respective employments, and enjoying at the same time the genial freshness of the air. We passed through the forest of Cressy, a name with which every Englishman must associate the glory of his country, and arrived at Abbeville about eleven o'clock at night, where we supped. The Diligence continued to advance during the night, and we breakfasted at Beauvais the following morning. The sides of the road were lined with fruit trees, covered with the greatest luxuriance of blossom; and the vineyards were arrayed in the richest green imaginable. On our arrival at Paris, we immediately got a carriage to convey us to the Hotel Dusseldorf, Rue des Petits Augustins, where we are at present lodged; and, after drinking tea, we walked to the Palais Royal, and afterwards called for my old friend M. Bellot.

May 6.—This forenoon we went to Notre Dame, in order to see the building, which is well worthy of attention, and to examine the paintings, many of which are valuable and beautiful. We were offered holy water both on entering and retiring; and the person, who held out the brush to us, seemed not a little surprised that we declined it. The communion was administered to several persons while we were there; and we could not remark without pain the superstition which pervaded the ceremonies. There are several relics to be seen at Notre Dame, which are objects of great veneration among the devout part of the Parisians. I observed the following inscription in the Chapelle du grand Pénitencier: *Les reliques ici sont de Sainte Ursule, et de ses compagnes vierges et martyres; les mêmes qui etaient anciennement en Sorbonne.* From Notre Dame we went to the church of St. Etienne, which, like the former, we found covered with paintings; and relics presented themselves in abundance. Behind one of the altars is the following inscription, cut in a block of marble:—*Hic sunt reliquiæ Sanctorum Stephani, Petri, Pauli, Pii, Candidi, et Clari.* The pulpit is of exquisite workmanship. We were much interested by seeing the tombs of Blaise Pascal, and of Racine; the latter of which was erected by Boileau. After having spent some time in this church, we went to call on M. Chevalier, who is

well known to the literary world by his admirable work on the topography of the plain of Troy, and to whom we had letters of introduction. He received us in the most friendly and affectionate manner, and gave us a memorandum of the most remarkable things to be seen in Paris. We sat with him about two hours, and had a great deal of conversation on various subjects, but principally relative to Greece, most of which he has visited. He kindly promised to give us letters for M. Fauvel, the French consul at Athens, if we should be able to carry that part of our plan into effect.

After leaving M. Chevalier, we visited the Pantheon; a magnificent building, which was begun in 1764. The portal consists of twenty-two noble Corinthian columns, and the architecture of the whole is chaste and elegant. Underneath are the tombs of those who have been illustrious, either for their military exploits, or their literary reputation. We descended along with a guide, who was furnished with a flambeau, which is absolutely necessary on account of the darkness of the passages. The first object which presented itself was the spot where rest the ashes of Voltaire. Farther on, we saw the tomb of Jean Jacques Rousseau, which bore this inscription: *Ici repose l'homme de la nature, et de la verité.* Bougainville, the celebrated navigator, is also buried here. M. Chevalier is principal librarian

of the Bibliotheque Sainte Geneviève, which contains eighty thousand printed volumes, and two thousand manuscripts. He directed us to pay particular attention to a plan of Rome, executed by Grimani on a very large and complete scale. We could trace most distinctly every remarkable building in that great metropolis.—We next called for M. Bebian, at the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, under the direction of the Abbé Sicard. M. Bebian has now the principal charge of this invaluable institution, as the Abbé has to struggle with the infirmities of advancing years. We were shewn some of the drawings of the pupils, which were inimitably beautiful.

Our next object was the royal manufactory of the Gobelins, where we saw the finest tapestry, in every stage of forwardness. Some of the pieces must have cost a great deal of time and labour, and could not be sold but for a very large sum. There was, in many of them, a richness and delicacy of colouring, which vied with the finest paintings on velvet. After spending about an hour at the Gobelins, we went to the Jardin des Plantes, containing a great variety of curious plants, fruit trees, and culinary vegetables of every description. The specimens are all labelled; and this circumstance alone must be of the greatest consequence to those who are commencing the study of botany. We ascended, by a

gradual and pleasant path, through beautiful shrubbery, to a temple situated on the summit of a little hill, from which we enjoyed a very fine view of Paris and its environs. When we descended, we examined the various wild animals which are here collected together. By all these employments our time was fully occupied during the day. In the evening we walked in the Elysian Fields, and took coffee in the Café des Mille Colonnes; so called from the indefinite multiplication of the columns that line the room, by reflection from the mirrors that cover it from top to bottom. A stranger cannot fail to be struck by the gaudy magnificence of this singular place.

May 7.—This day, being Sabbath, we attended the English service in the Temple de l'Oratoire, Rue St. Honoré; and afterwards went to the church of St. Sulpice, where we again witnessed the imposing ceremonies of the Roman Catholic worship. There are few public edifices in Paris, which are more calculated to produce an effect on the mind of a stranger, than this building. The architecture is in excellent taste, and elegant in the highest degree. On our way home, we stepped into the church of St. Roche, which is rendered interesting, by containing the ashes of the celebrated poet Corneille, and of the philosopher Maupertuis. The service was going on

while we were there; and I observed an admonition to all devout worshippers to pray for the souls in purgatory. This was painted in large letters, in a conspicuous situation, near some of the images. The people seemed to take no share in the worship. Every thing was managed by the priests; and the congregation contemplated what was going on, with the same apparent indifference as they would have beheld any ordinary spectacle.

May 8.—We have been very busy to-day.—In the morning, about seven o'clock, we repaired to the Hotel des Invalides, a fine building, destined to be an asylum to those who have been wounded in the service of their country. Pleasant walks are provided for the accommodation and amusement of the interesting inhabitants of this noble institution; and an excellent library supplies them with rational entertainment after the fatigues of war. Most of them appeared to have been severely wounded, and many of them had medals, which had been given them for their services. From this place we went to the Ecole Militaire, appropriated to the education of young men of good family, possessed of slender means, and of those whose fathers had been killed in battle. It was erected by Louis XV., in the year 1751. The architecture, like that of most of the other public buildings in Paris, is chaste and ele-

gant. Immediately in front of the Ecole Militaire, is the Champ de Mars; a spot which has acquired celebrity, from its having been the scene of many of the grand military spectacles exhibited by Bonaparte. We found it filled with French cavalry, exercising their horses, and going through their various evolutions. Several pieces of flying artillery were also on the field; and we could form an accurate idea of the rapidity with which they could be brought to any necessary point, in order to act against an enemy. The Champ de Mars is lined by a double row of trees on each side, and we found several bodies of infantry at drill in these avenues.

After having breakfasted most comfortably in a Café for the trifling sum of one franc each, we went to the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers in the Rue St. Martin. This institution is one of the most curious and interesting in Paris. It contains models of all the machines invented or perfected by Frenchmen, and is also enriched with specimens of the most remarkable of those invented by foreigners. One hall is occupied with large machines; another, with agricultural implements of every kind; a third, with various sorts of looms, and machines employed in manufactures; a fourth, with models of telegraphs, pile-engines, fire-escapes, &c. In the midst of such a vast collection, the mind is completely be-

wildered; and it would require a very long time to be able to examine, with due attention, the various memorials of human ingenuity, which are here presented to our view. No study could be more interesting, than to trace the resources of the human mind, as exhibited in the invention of so many specimens of complicated mechanism, deposited in this vast collection. You have, as it were, before you, the intellectual inheritance, which, in this department, has been bequeathed to Europe by the most ingenious of her sons.

I must not omit to mention, that we paid a visit to the Palace of the Luxembourg, now called the Palace of the Chamber of Peers. It is in the form of a square, and its principal front faces the Rue de Tournon. We were conducted to the hall where the sittings are held, and visited in succession the several rooms for committees. The staircase, which leads to the chamber itself, is embellished by fourteen statues of distinguished generals. The gardens, behind the palace, are furnished with cool and delightful walks. We were, however, more interested by the gallery of paintings, which is here open to the public, than by any of the other objects that presented themselves. We were particularly pleased with a painting of the oath of the Horatii, by David, and the attack of Xerxes on the Greeks at Thermopylæ, by the same artist. The

painting of the revolt of Cairo, by Girodet-Trioson, is also admirably executed.

May 9.—I have spent the whole of this morning with Professor Kieffer, Oriental Interpreter to the King of France, and Professor of Turkish in the Royal College. I found him exceedingly attentive; and derived a great deal of information from him, in regard to the plan of prosecuting the study of oriental languages in Paris. M. Kieffer is intimately acquainted with Persian and Arabic, and is at present busily engaged with Sanscrit. He is quite devoted to the cause of the Bible Society; and I have seen no one in France to whom I could lay open my sentiments with greater confidence. He presented me with two copies of the first report of the Bible Society of Paris. It was with regret that I parted from this excellent man; and, if ever I should be again in Paris, I promise myself much pleasure from his acquaintance. The Persian ambassador is at present in this metropolis, and M. Kieffer offered to introduce me to his Excellency; an offer of which I regret much that I cannot avail myself, as our only spare day is to be devoted to Versailles.

The forenoon was spent in the Louvre, which of itself would furnish sufficient employment for several days. The pictures occupy the upper galleries; and ancient statues and sculptures

are to be found in the lower apartments. The paintings which pleased us most were the following:—1. The interior of a painter's shop, where several artists are represented as engaged in studying a model. The perspective is admirably observed. The artist was M. Cochereau, a pupil of David, who died in 1817.—2. The interior of a kitchen, by Martin Drolling. In this painting, also, the perspective is remarkably well attended to. One figure, represented as sitting near a window, seems absolutely to start from the canvass.—3. The chase of the wolf, by Jean Baptiste Oudry.—4. The Falerian schoolmaster sent back by Camillus. This painting is by Poussin.—5. The battle of Arbela, by Breughel; a *chef d' œuvre* of this master, and remarkable for the variety of figures that are introduced.—6. Peter denying his Master, by Gerard Honthorst.—7. A country scene in Holland, by Steen. This painting has a greater resemblance to the style of Wilkie, than any which I have seen.—8. The marriage in Cana of Galilee, by Paul Veronese. This is executed on a very large scale, but in some respects seems to be defective; particularly in the expression which the painter has given to the countenance of our Lord.—9. An exquisite portrait of Jeanne d'Arragon; the head painted by Raphael, and the rest of the body by Giulio Romano.—10. The witch of Endor raising up Samuel, by Salvator Rosa.

This is perhaps one of the most striking paintings in the whole collection. The figure of the witch appears to start into life.

From the Louvre we went to Pere la Chaise, situated beyond the barriers, and now the principal burying place about Paris. Few spots can be more interesting than this. The ground is very extensive, and the surface is unequal, rising in many parts to a considerable height. Tufts of the most beautiful evergreens are thickly scattered over the place; and every grave is enclosed by a neat railing, and decked with garlands of flowers, which are carefully renewed by the friends of the deceased. The inscriptions are, in general, simple and affecting. I was particularly pleased with the following:—*Ci gît Honoré Alexandre Tarineau, agé de* 18 *ans* 8 *mois* 8 *jours, décédé le* 4 *Mars* 1814; *chéri de tous ceux qui le connaissaient, adoré de sa famille, il etait les délices de sa mere, tres digne de ses regrets et des nôtres. Priez pour lui.*—The grave of this young man was covered with violets, and like most of the others, was surrounded with beautiful shrubs. We were very much struck with the endless variety which we perceived in the forms of the tombs, and with the simplicity and elegance of the sepulchral devices. It is in this interesting spot, that the remains of my dear departed friend, Mr. James Fraser Ross of Barbadoes, are deposited. I found the place with

some difficulty, and shed many tears over his grave. May I also die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his!

We saw the grave of General Massena. We also contemplated the tomb of Abelard and Heloise; names, with which many associations are connected of an interesting kind. On one of the sides are the following words:—*Les restes d' Heloïse et d' Abelard sont réunis dans ce tombeau.*

On our way to Pere la Chaise, we visited the churches of St. Paul and St. Gervais, in the latter of which we admired the beautiful painted glass of the windows. We also passed by the Fountain of the Elephant, which stands on the ground formerly occupied by the memorable Bastile.

May 10.—The greater part of this forenoon was taken up in procuring our passports; a business here of great plague and vexation. After we had got this matter arranged, we spent some considerable time again in the Louvre. In the evening I called for Mr. Wilkinson, the British consul at Buchorest in Turkey; who is at present living with the Duke of Rovigo in Paris, and for whom I had a letter of introduction. Mr. Wilkinson has kindly promised to provide us with several recommendations to his friends in Greece, which will, I trust, be of great consequence. I also spent some time again with M.

Chevalier; and, as we leave this city on the thirteenth, I fear I shall not be able to pay him another visit. I feel much indebted to him for the many attentions which he has shewn us. To-morrow, if it please God, will be devoted to St. Cloud and Versailles.

May 11.—We set off this morning, about seven o'clock, for Versailles, which is about twelve miles distant from Paris. Although I had already visited this charming town in 1817, yet every thing seemed to have the attraction of novelty. We walked for a considerable time in the pleasure grounds, which are perhaps inferior to none in the world. The day was warm, and the shade afforded us by the large trees was peculiarly grateful. Here and there we found beautiful pieces of water, filled with fishes of various kinds; and, from all of these ponds, spring most magnificent *jets d'eau*. It is only, however, on Sundays, and particular festivals, that these are exhibited. The quantity of water ejected by some of them is astonishing.—What is called the bath of Latona is well worthy of attention. Latona and her two children are in the middle, and they are surrounded by seventy-four large frogs, intended to represent the Lybian peasants, who were changed into these animals by Jupiter, in compliance with the re-

quest of the goddess. All of these may be made to spout the water to a great height.

We first repaired to the palace, called Le Grand Trianon, in the park of Versailles, built by Louis XIV. In the Salle des Nobles are to be seen several valuable paintings. We admired especially a noble full-length portrait of Homer, by Roland. In another apartment, Salle des Nobles du Roi, there is a fine likeness of Louis XV. in tapestry of the Gobelins; and in the Salle du Roi, is a painting of Louis XIV. In the dining room I was much delighted with a winter scene, admirably executed, and far surpassing any thing of the kind I ever saw. We next visited the Orangerie. Many of the trees were covered with fruit, and we observed one which had been sown in 1421. The great palace of Versailles is a magnificent structure. What is called the King's Chapel cannot fail to strike every stranger. It was begun in 1699, and finished in 1710, at the expense of Louis XIV. The architecture of the exterior is rich and elegant, and the decorations of the interior are no less splendid. The whole of the roof is painted by the first artists. From the chapel, we were conducted to the Saloon of Hercules, which is sixty-four feet long, and fifty wide. Here are to be seen two of the masterpieces of the celebrated painter Paul Veronese. The one, which is of a great size, represents our Saviour at the house of Simon the Pharisee; and

the other exhibits Rebecca receiving the gifts of Abraham. We passed through several other saloons equally superb, the roofs of which, like that of the chapel, are beautifully painted. But no part of the palace is more worthy of admiration than the grand gallery, into which we were next conducted. It is two hundred and twenty-five feet long. One of its sides is completely covered with mirrors, and on the other are ranged forty-eight noble marble pillars.

After seeing the wonders of Versailles, we set out for St. Cloud, which is five miles nearer Paris. This was the favourite residence of Bonaparte. In front of the principal entrance, are four large Corinthian columns; and the ascent to the royal apartments is by a noble stair, the pillars and balustrades of which are of the finest marble. The apartments are very splendid. In the Gallery of Apollo are two enormous porcelain vases, manufactured at Sevre. The chapel is neat, but not in any way remarkable, at least when compared with that of Versailles. In the Saloon of Diana there are some beautiful specimens of the tapestry of the Gobelins. We admired particularly one piece representing the carrying off of Helen. I must not omit to mention, that from St. Cloud we enjoyed a delightful view of Paris and its lofty domes, spread out over a great extent of ground underneath us.

May 12.—This day has been occupied with preparations for our journey to Chalons, for which we set out to-morrow. Mr. Anderson has gone to the catacombs; but as I saw them the last time I was in Paris, I have not accompanied him, but have waited at the Hotel, to receive some friends who promised to call for us.

May 15.—MACON.—We arrived here this evening, from Chalons-sur-Saone, after a pleasant voyage down the river. The appearance of the country, for some time after leaving Paris, was by no means interesting, till we reached Montgeron, a beautiful little town, the road to which passes through an avenue of fine trees, and the environs of which are embellished by a number of neat country seats, and pretty gardens. We next passed through Lieursaint, a long ugly village, which presented nothing remarkable; and arrived at Melun, a considerable town, possessing a population of about seven thousand souls. The tower of Melun is seen at a very great distance, owing to the straightness of the road. The appearance of the country, through which we passed, was not such as could attract the attention of a stranger. The ground was indeed highly cultivated, and seemed to be productive; but there was a dull uniformity in the scenery, which rendered it uninteresting. We breakfasted at Melun; and, in order to give an

idea of a French breakfast, I shall put down an accurate list of the dishes which were placed before us. First of all, we had soup; next, boiled beef; and afterwards, mutton chops; radishes, fish, fowls, custards, and salad. We were allowed as much wine as we chose to drink, and the charge for the whole amounted only to three francs, or half-a-crown of our money.

The road from Melun and Chatelet was at first very steep; and we had not proceeded far, when we encountered a most violent thunder storm. The rain fell in such torrents, that we could not see fifty yards before us. Montereau, the next town of consequence that we reached, is memorable as having been the scene of a battle between the allies and the French in 1814. We passed over the ground where the action was fought. The scenery in the neighbourhood is rich, beautiful, and diversified; and there is an excellent view of the town, and its fine old cathedral, from the hill above. At Montereau is the junction of the Seine and the Yonne, the bridges over which were destroyed by the Austrians, and as yet have been very imperfectly repaired with wood. We passed the Yonne at a village called Pont-sur-Yonne, and were much pleased with the fine view which we enjoyed from the bridge. Our next stage was Sens, a fine old town, which is entered by a noble gate. The cathedral is inferior to no building of the

kind that we have seen in France, and contains a monument of white marble, erected to the memory of the grandfather and grandmother of the present king of France, Louis XVIII. Sens was the capital of the Galli Senones, and its walls are of Roman construction. It has a population of about eleven thousand souls.

Leaving Sens, we passed through Joigny, Auxerre, Avalon, and Saulieu; the country in the neighbourhood of which was sufficiently picturesque and diversified. The costume of the people began now to alter considerably. All the old men wore cocked hats; and their manners seemed to be different from those of the inhabitants of the other parts of France, through which we had passed. Mules appeared to be more used for the purposes of husbandry than horses; but it was no uncommon thing to see a horse, an ass, and a mule, all yoked to the same cart. Autun was the next town of any consequence which we visited, and it is well worthy of attention from the traveller. There is a noble Roman gate in excellent preservation, which still continues to form the entrance to the city, and which is the finest structure of the kind that I ever beheld. The streets of Autun are very long, very narrow, and very dirty, as is the case in every French town that we have seen; but they have an air of venerable antiquity, which renders them not uninteresting.

We rested in Chalons-sur-Saone, a pretty large town, containing a population of twelve thousand inhabitants. The Sabbath was distinguished from the other days of the week, only by its being devoted to every species of amusement, frivolity and vice. M. Chevalier advised us to go from Chalons to Lyons by water; and accordingly we embarked in the passage boat this forenoon at twelve o'clock, and reached Macon about seven in the evening. Our boat was dragged along with considerable rapidity by four horses, which we changed at stated intervals; and, as the day was cool and pleasant, we enjoyed our voyage very much. Indeed the gentle motion of the boat was quite a luxury, when compared with the jolting of the French Diligence. Large herds of milk-white cattle were seen on the banks of the river; and we thought ourselves in Scotland when we heard the shepherds playing on an instrument, the sounds of which were exactly similar to those of the bagpipe of our native land. The country, as far as Tournus, was dull and uninteresting, and the banks of the Saone in a great measure intercepted our view; but, after passing this last mentioned town, there was a considerable alteration for the better. Macon is situated on the right side of the river, and possesses a fine old cathedral, and a beautiful bridge over the Saone; but offers nothing else remarkable to the traveller.

May 16.—LYONS.—We again embarked in our *coche d'eau*, or packet boat, this morning about five o'clock, for Lyons. The scenery now began to assume a different aspect. Every inch of ground is highly cultivated; and the number of villages, which presented themselves as we passed along, gave indications of an abundant and industrious population. The dress of many of the women is not a little singular. A small flat bonnet of black velvet rests slightly on the head, and is fastened by two ribbons passing under the chin. Under the bonnet is a cap of fine muslin, and, by way of setting it off to advantage, two pieces of black ribbon hang down on each side of the head. We saw a great number of boats passing up and down the Saone; and at one time we counted upwards of twenty, all fastened together, and dragged along by no fewer than fourteen horses. The nearer that we approached to Lyons, the more did the appearance of the country delight and interest us. Mountains rise abruptly on the right, and are, in general, finely wooded, and covered with vineyards. The scenery varies at every turn of the river, and beautiful little villas appear amongst the trees. The entrance to the town by water is extremely picturesque. Bold craggy rocks rise on each side of the river in wild magnificence, and immediately underneath them are the houses of Lyons.

May 17.—The whole of this forenoon has been spent in visiting the curiosities of the town. We first repaired to the Palais des Arts, where we saw the museum, which contains a considerable number of valuable paintings and antiquities. Among the former, we particularly remarked a painting of Diana and Endymion, by Nicholas Loir. The perspective is excellent. We also admired a moon-light scene on the banks of the Rhone, by Bidault; and Christ driving the money-changers from the temple, by Jean Jouvenet. This was formerly in the Louvre at Paris. In the same room with these paintings are several cases full of antiquities, discovered in the neighbourhood of this town. We observed a great number of Roman Penates, and a very fine collection of ancient lamps and vases, all in complete preservation. We also noticed particularly a considerable variety of Roman locks and keys, many of which are very curious. We saw, likewise, a collection of Egyptian antiquities, and some parts of a mummy. But none of these relics of former times interested us so much as a large bronze tablet, on which is inscribed the harangue of Claudius in the Roman senate, in favour of the inhabitants of Lyons. It consists of two columns, and every word is perfectly legible. The collection of natural curiosities is to be found in another room; but, on the whole, it is not very remarkable. The birds,

however, are, in general, well arranged, and several of them are rare. The minerals are few in number, and do not appear to be valuable. On the ground floor, there is a considerable number of Roman antiquities and inscriptions, and many of them are extremely interesting. From the Palais des Arts we went to the town-house, a large and venerable building in the centre of the city. As we entered, two immense figures of bronze attracted our attention. The one represents the river god of the Rhone, and the other the goddess of the Saone. The Hotel de Ville, or town-house of Lyons, is built in the form of a square; and one part of it is occupied by the Prefecture de Police.

We next paid a visit to the library, which contains about a hundred and twenty thousand volumes, and a considerable number of manuscripts. From one of the windows which overlooked the Rhone, we enjoyed a delightful view of the rich and fertile plains of Dauphiny, and of the mountains of Savoy, and the Alps, in the distance. The cathedral, to which we proceeded after having seen the library, is a noble building. The view of the exterior is very imposing; and there is a sombre magnificence in the interior, which fills the mind with awe and reverence. There are several excellent paintings in the church. The windows consist of the most beautifully coloured glass, and each of them is exe-

cuted in a different style from the others. The richness and delicacy of shade is admirable. In the cathedral is to be seen a singular clock, in the form of a Chinese pagoda. Leaving this edifice, we walked to the Church of Enay, the most ancient in Lyons. It is built on the site of a Roman temple, erected to Augustus. Of this, however, nothing now remains, except four granite columns, which formed part of the altar, and which are employed to support part of the roof of the church. There are two pieces of old mosaic still to be seen. On our way homewards we passed along the Quai du Rhone, and came to the hospital, one of the most celebrated institutions of the kind in Europe. The space occupied by the building is very considerable, and the front is ornamented with four Ionic columns. In the evening we sauntered along the banks of the Rhone, and had a delightful view of the Alps gilded by the setting sun. As we passed we found fruits and vegetables of various kinds exposed to sale; and it surprised us not a little to find cherries perfectly good and ripe at this early season of the year. We have already had pease several times at the inns where we dined, on our way to this city.

May 18.—This day has been spent in visiting the Roman antiquities of the town and neighbourhood. We first ascended a very steep hill,

called Montagne de Fourvieres, from which we had a noble view of Lyons and the adjacent country. There is a church on the very summit, called Notre Dame de Fourvieres, in which we found above two hundred pictures of various miracles performed by saints, and also a considerable number of waxen images. From a printed notice hung up in the church, we understood that divine service had been performed here on the nineteenth of April, 1805, by the present Pope Pius VII.; who, it is said, on that occasion, *bénit solemnellement la ville, et toute la diocèse de Lyon, et les mit de nouveau sous la protection particuliere de la Mere de Dieu. Cette auguste cérémonie fut annoncée par le son de toutes les cloches, et le bruit de toute l'artillerie de la cité.* On the other side of the hill, is the principal burying ground of Lyons. The sepulchral embellishments and devices, though in general neat, are far inferior to those of Pere la Chaise, at Paris. We remarked particularly one grave, enclosed with a neat rail, and covered with blooming roses. The inscription was affectingly simple. It consisted only of these words, *A ma Cecile–Le* 31–1818. We also observed a tomb erected to the memory of a British officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas William Gordon, of the third regiment of guards, who died here while a prisoner of war. Near the burying ground, we passed the remains of a Roman wall and aqueducts; and, after as-

cending another acclivity, we found others still more extensive. A church is also situated here, called L'Eglise des Martyrs. It is under ground, and is esteemed by Catholics a place of considerable sanctity. The bones of the martyrs are placed in large chests made for their reception. Above the chapel of the martyrs, stands the church of St. Irenæus, in which I observed a singular printed notice, the title of which is as follows:—*Brief de N. T. S. P. le Pape Pie VII.: Qui accorde aux fidéles de l'un et l'autre sexe, qui visiteront dévotement le Calvaire de Lyon, les mémes indulgences que gagnoient autrefois ceux qui visitoient les lieux sanctifiés par la presence de notre divin Sauveur.* The Calvary here spoken of is a terrace before the church, with three large crosses, representing the crucifixion of our Lord between the two malefactors.

Our next object was to see the superb Roman aqueducts of Chaponeaux, which are considerably more than a league from those which we had visited. Most strangers pass through Lyons, without being aware of the existence of these noble memorials of Roman greatness; and we certainly should have done the same, had it not been for the attention of M. Chevalier, who directed us to attend to them particularly. As we walked along, we observed a snake about three feet in length, which seemed to have been newly killed. The road was excessively bad; but the

interesting sight which we enjoyed, amply compensated for the labour that the journey cost us. The aqueducts are of enormous size, and in excellent preservation. They line the road for about three hundred yards, and remain a wonderful monument of human labour. We now crossed over in another direction, and visited the Roman aqueducts of Franche Ville, which are about half a mile distant from those of Chaponeaux. These, though not by any means so extensive as the other, are very interesting remains of antiquity. On our return to the town, we saw some Roman baths, as complete as on the day when they were made. They are situated in a garden, not far from one of the barriers. We descended ten or twelve steps in order to reach them, and a guide conducted us through them with a lighted taper. After leaving the baths, we passed the remains of a Roman amphitheatre in pretty good preservation.

May 19.—CHAMBERRI.—We found it necessary to set out from Lyons yesterday evening about seven o'clock; and after travelling all night, we reached the small town of La Tour du Pin early this morning. The country through which we passed is finely wooded, and its surface diversified in the most pleasing manner with hill and dale. The mountains of Savoy were towering before us in majestic grandeur;

and about ten o'clock in the forenoon we reached Pont de Beauvoisin, a town on the frontier, between France and Savoy. The houses are, in general, built of clay; and most of the windows consist of oiled paper instead of glass. The streets are excessively narrow, and every thing which we saw seemed to indicate the greatest poverty. On crossing the river Guiers, which forms the boundary between the two countries, our persons were most rigorously examined by the Sardinian Douaniers, or custom-house officers, who seized our pistols, as these are among the articles which are prohibited by the government. One of the officers, however, seeing that we were strangers, offered to conduct us to the chief of the Bureau, who very kindly permitted us to retain them, but obliged us to empty our powder-flasks of their contents. Our trunks had next to be scrutinized, and our passports to be signed both by the French and Sardinian authorities. After these teasing formalities had been gone through, we were congratulating ourselves that all was over; but in this we were deceived. On again crossing the river, in order to rest some hours at our inn, we were set upon and examined still more rigorously by the French Douaniers. I trembled again for my pistols, but fortunately they were allowed to escape.

On leaving this town we came to two ranges of hills. The first of these was low and covered

with wood; the next was bold, naked, and rugged. Advancing forward, we soon reached what is called the Passage of the Chaille, a narrow defile among the mountains of Savoy. High rocks overhang the road on the left; and on the right, at a considerable depth below, rolls the pure and rapid stream of the Guiers. The road on the side nearest the river is lined with a stone parapet, from which one can contemplate with safety the awful gulph below. The wild box was growing with great luxuriance, and a vast variety of shrubs were springing up in those places, where there was sufficient depth of soil to admit of their taking root. Nothing can be more imposing than the romantic wildness of this mountain scenery; and whoever could behold it without feelings of the sublimest kind, must be dead to every noble emotion of the soul. The descent was now very rapid; and we soon reached the small town called Echelles de Savoie, where the road again became so steep, that we required no fewer than eight horses to drag us up the mountain. We enjoyed from its summit one of the richest and most diversified prospects that we could have conceived. A number of sweet cottages were situated just under the cliffs, and the country, in the neighbourhood of the little town of Echelles, lay like a garden under our feet.

The traveller now enters a passage through the rock, which cannot fail to fill him with won-

der and astonishment. For several hundred yards the road has been cut, at an almost incredible expense, right through the mountain. This hollow way is about twenty-four feet high, and from twenty to thirty feet broad; and it was originally executed, I believe, by the Duke of Savoy, Charles Emanuel II., in 1670. It has since, however, been considerably enlarged and improved by Bonaparte. After emerging from the darkness of this singular passage, the road to Chamberri presented little remarkable, with the exception of a beautiful cascade near St. Thibaud de Coux, which falls down a rock above a hundred feet in height.

May 22.—TURIN.—I have deferred noting down any particulars respecting our journey from Chamberri, until I should be able to give a connected account of the whole. The country, after leaving that city, is rich and fertile, and the road passes through a fine valley covered with vineyards. At Montmelian, an ugly town situated on the banks of the Isere, we observed the greatest part of the peasantry affected with that singular complaint the goitres, which gave them a very repulsive appearance. The ground was, in general, mountainous; and, after leaving Aiguebelle, we were quite charmed with the beauty of the scenery. Aiguebelle is situated at the extremity of a romantic valley, through the

middle of which flows the Isere. The hills on both sides of the road are covered with trees; and here and there you observe a little patch of ground planted with vines, the light hue of which forms a striking contrast to the dark green of the surrounding forests. The scenery continues pretty much of the same nature for thirteen or fourteen miles, when vegetation begins to disappear, and nothing is to be seen but bold and naked rocks rising on both sides to a considerable height. We passed through the villages of St. Jean de Maurienne, St. Michel, and Mondane; all of which presented nothing but appearances of the utmost poverty and wretchedness. Scarcely an individual was seen who had not a goitre; and human industry seemed barely sufficient to raise from the soil a scanty subsistence for the inhabitants. There is, however, some tolerable ground near St. Jean de Maurienne; and the scenery, after leaving St. Michel, is very picturesque. Huge naked rocks inclose the traveller on both sides, and the stream of the Arc flows on his left.

Near Mondane, we had an adventure which disconcerted us not a little. The rains, which had fallen during the night, had brought down such a quantity of earth, clay, and stones, from the heights, that the road, by which we had to pass, was completely blocked up. There was, however, some hope that the old road might be

still passable; but this, on examination, was found not to be the case. There was no alternative but to endeavour to clear away the rubbish from the other as soon as possible, which, with the assistance of about thirty peasants, was effected in about an hour and a half. While these operations were going on, we entered the cottage of an honest Savoyard, and partook of his simple fare. We were received with the same hospitality as we should have experienced in the highlands of Scotland; and it was with difficulty that we could prevail on him to accept of any remuneration. The Savoyards are certainly an interesting people; and in many respects they put us in mind of the happy peasantry of our own country. Like the Scots highlanders, they are enthusiastically attached to their native land; and in both are found the same hospitality, and the same artless simplicity of manners.

Before reaching Lang-le-Bourg, a wretched town at the foot of Mount Cenis, we passed a considerable fortress on a high and commanding situation, which the king of Sardinia is at present erecting, and which gives employment to about three thousand workmen. After dining at Lang-le-Bourg, we began to ascend Mount Cenis, whose snowy cliffs were towering above us. As we approached the Alps, we became sensible of a considerable change not only of

temperature but of the progress of vegetation. The road is admirably planned, and the ascent does not occupy more than four or five hours. The feeling amidst the snows on the summit was that of a day in November in our own country. Our descent was rapid; and we frequently saw the windings of the road many hundred feet below us. Innumerable cataracts were gushing from the hills; and the road was in many places cut from the solid rock. The scenery, on entering Piedmont, though still wild and mountainous, begins evidently to improve. The little town of Susa, the first of any consequence on the Italian side of the Alps, is finely situated between two hills, and is watered by the Dora. After having rested there on Sunday, we proceeded this morning to Rivoli, and thence to Turin; where we are at present comfortably lodged, in the Hotel de l'Univers, Piazza Castello, opposite to the Royal Palace.

May 23.—The greatest part of this day has been spent in paying a visit to the mountain of the Superga, distant about five miles from the city. We set out after breakfasting at our Hotel; and as the day was cool and pleasant, we enjoyed the walk very much. After crossing the Po by a magnificent stone bridge, the road soon begins to wind gradually up the hill, which is completely covered with underwood. Nothing

can be more beautiful than the line of ascent. At every opening of the trees, or rather bushes, (for there are few trees of any size to be found,) you behold the richest and most fertile country imaginable, spread before you like a vast garden; and the view is bounded only by the Alps, covered with their eternal snows, of which it may be truly said, in the words of Silius Italicus,

> Nullum ver usquam, nullique æstatis honores;
> Sola jugis habitat diris, sedesque tuetur
> Perpetuas deformis hiems.

On the very summit of the hill, is situated a noble church, which originated from the following circumstance:—During the siege of Turin, in 1706, by Victor Amadeus and Prince Eugene, these two leaders met on this very spot, and arranged their plans for getting possession of the city, then occupied by the French. The former, who was Duke of Savoy, vowed to build a church on the place where it at present stands, if it should please Heaven to crown his efforts with success. He was victorious; and from the fulfilment of his vow the church of the Superga derives its origin. The edifice is surmounted by a noble dome, and the portico is adorned with eight fine Corinthian columns. The interior of the church itself is very imposing; and, on entering, we observed the following inscription:—

VIRGINI GENITRICI
VICTORIVS AMEDEVS SARDINIAE REX BELLO GALLICO VOVIT ET PVLSIS HOSTIBVS FECIT DEDICAVITQVE.

Above one of the altars is an exquisite bas-relief in white marble, representing the Nativity, executed by Antonio Cornacchini of Pistoia. On each side are five marble columns, the bases of which are ornamented with beautiful yellow marble of Verona. Immediately opposite, in a situation exactly corresponding to that of the other, is also a noble sculpture, representing the Annunciation. The name of the artist is Bernardino Cametti of Rome. Another sculpture, of equal merit with the two already mentioned, embellishes the principal altar of the church, and represents the liberation of Turin, in 1706, by the troops of Victor Amadeus. This is also by Cametti, and was finished at Rome in 1733.

We now descended some flights of stairs, in order to pay a visit to the tombs of the kings of Sardinia. In the centre is the spot where the remains of the father of the present king are deposited. The tomb consists entirely of the finest and most valuable marbles of various kinds. Each corner is occupied by a beautiful alabaster vase, and on the top is a cushion of black marble of Como, surmounted by a royal crown and sceptre. On turning to the left, we came to the

tomb of the founder of the building, on which is the following inscription :—

VICT. AMEDEO II.
REGI SARDINIAE PRIMO
OPT. FEL. AVG.
TRIVMPHATORI INVICTO
OB INSIGNES VIRTVTES
DOMI FORISQVE
GLORIOSISSIMO
A. MDCCLXXIV
VIXIT ANNOS LXVI. MENSES V. OBIIT
PR. CAL. NOV. MDCCXXXII.

Above are two finely sculptured figures of Liberality and Justice. Near him lies the body of his wife, Mary of Orleans. Immediately in front of the tomb of Victor Amadeus, and on the right as you enter the vault, is that of Charles Emanuel III., which is surmounted by figures of Prudence and Valour, and of the Genius of War holding a bust of the deceased king. Underneath is a fine bas-relief of the battle of Guastalla, in 1734. All these are of white marble, and the sculpture is admirable. Besides the church, there are also very extensive accommodations furnished for the officiating clergy.

The view from the summit of the hill is perhaps one of the richest in Europe. Turin is on the left, and before you are the windings of the

Po, and its various tributary streams. The view from behind the church is also singularly diversified. The hills rise in the most irregular and fantastical shapes, and are all of them completely covered with wild oaks. On many of them are situated romantic little villas. When we left the Superga, the guide pointed out to us a shorter cut through the bushes, which certainly saved us not a little fagging. Unfortunately, however, the path was so rough, and my shoes were so thin, that I suffered a good deal in consequence. On reaching Turin about five in the afternoon, my feet were so sore that I was scarcely able to stir.

May 24.—We have this day paid a visit to the Palace, a large building made of brick, which does not present any thing very remarkable. From the Palace we went to the Chapel of the Saint Suaire, unquestionably the finest building of the kind in this city. Here, devout Catholics affirm, is kept the very cloth in which the body of our Saviour was wound after his crucifixion. This, of course, is implicitly believed by the credulous. Before the altar are twenty-nine huge silver candlesticks; and all the embellishments are of the same precious metal, exquisitely embossed. From this chapel we descended to the cathedral, a large and splendid edifice, lined with sixteen fine marble pillars, all covered with the richest

tapestry. We also visited the citadel, which is celebrated for its strength, and the arsenal, an establishment very complete of its kind, where we saw a considerable number of fine brass field-pieces in every stage of progress. In the course of our peregrinations, we did not fail to visit the Royal Hospital della Carità; a noble institution, conducted on a plan similar to that of some of the workhouses in England, but on a much more extensive scale. It is intended to be an asylum for the poor and the destitute, and to serve also for the reception of foundlings. There are at present in the house four hundred and twenty females, and three hundred and twenty-five males. The former were busily employed in weaving cloths of various kinds, carding wool, and winding cotton; and the latter were also occupied pretty much in the same way.

In the afternoon we went to the Royal Museum, which is certainly a valuable collection of specimens in every department of natural history. We remarked particularly a fine cameleopard in excellent preservation, and several beautiful rose-coloured flamingoes. But, in such an assemblage of interesting objects, it is impossible to particularize. From the Museum we proceeded to the University, where there is a considerable collection of ancient inscriptions, sculptures, and Roman and Egyptian antiquities of various kinds. I have not mentioned all the

churches which we visited in passing along the streets, because in few of them did we find any thing particularly worthy of attention. There are no fewer than a hundred and ten of these buildings in Turin; and some of the squares could hardly be surpassed by any object of the kind. The Piazza San Carlo is truly magnificent.

Turin, taken as a whole, is a finer city than Paris: for, though the public edifices are far inferior, yet the streets are much broader, much cleaner, and much better aired, and more wholesome, than those of the metropolis of France. The houses of private individuals are apparently much more comfortable; and they are unquestionably superior in point of external appearance.

May 25.—As we have now seen the most remarkable objects in this city, we propose to set off this forenoon on our way to Ancona, from which we expect to embark for Corfu. We have hired a very comfortable carriage, and a pair of good horses; the owner of which has stipulated to convey us to Ancona in nine days, for five pounds sterling each. As we proceed slowly, we shall have time to see the most remarkable places in our route; and, if it please God, we shall visit some of them at greater leisure, on our return from Greece. The distance from Turin to Ancona is above three hundred miles.

May 26.—ALEXANDRIA.—We left Turin yesterday about two o'clock, and reached a small town called Villa Nova, about eight in the evening, where we passed the night. We were not a little surprised, as we went along, to find the fields entirely desolated for many miles. On enquiring the reason, we were told that the crops of every kind had been altogether destroyed by a storm of hail, which fell about ten days ago. By this terrible visitation of Divine Providence, many industrious families must be reduced to misery. The country from Turin to Villa Nova, though highly cultivated, is not by any means interesting; but after leaving the latter place, the scenery becomes much more diversified and beautiful. Great numbers of neat villas and farms were seen amongst the trees, and much attention seemed to be paid to the culture of the vine.

We started from Villa Nova about four o'clock this morning, and about eight reached the town of Asti, containing ten thousand inhabitants. Asti possesses several fine public buildings, and its wines are considered the best in Italy. The celebrated poet Alfieri was a native of Asti; and we observed one of the streets branching off from the Strada Maestra, which bears the name of Strada Alfieri. The poet certainly well deserved this mark of respect from his fellow-citizens. Nothing worthy of attention occurred

till we reached Alexandria, which is believed to be one of the strongest cities in Europe. It is situated in the centre of an extensive plain; and there is no eminence in the neighbourhood by which it can be commanded. On approaching it, one would be apt to mistake it for a paltry village; and it is not till after having passed some of the works erected for its defence, that you are aware you are about to enter a large and populous city. We crossed the Tanaro, a broad and rapid stream, by a covered bridge of a singular construction, at which our passports were demanded by the sentinels; and in a few minutes we found ourselves landed at the Albergo Reale.

Alexandria is, perhaps, as dull and uninteresting a town as we have seen. The streets are narrow and dirty, and most of the houses have oiled paper instead of glass in their windows, which gives them the most gloomy appearance imaginable. We visited the hospital, which seems to be conducted on an excellent plan, and is clean and well aired. The greatest attention is paid to the patients; and a small chapel is attached to it, for the convenience of those who are convalescent. The cathedral is a large gloomy and ugly building, lined in the interior with columns, which are covered with coarse tapestry. The palace, which is built of brick, occupies one side of the Piazza d'Armi, and the theatre stands in

its vicinity. The square is lined with a double row of fine acacia trees; but the houses themselves are, with few exceptions, very indifferent. We next visited the churches of St. Laurent and St. Alexander; and in the latter I observed the following notice:—*Si prega per l'anima del Carlo Valli, Margaritta Colli, Margaritta Cavanna, della congregazione del Santo Angelo Custode.* While sauntering about in the cool of the evening, we saw considerable numbers of infantry at exercise; and from the windows of the inn, we had an excellent view of two battalions of cavalry, which passed along the street where we were lodged.

Our journey has hitherto been pleasant enough, though our motions have certainly been far from expeditious. Our Italian, whose name is Giovanni Pedroni, seems to be a good humoured obliging sort of fellow; and, to do him justice, he appears most anxious to please. He is always telling me, *I miei cavalli sono molto buoni;* but, notwithstanding all these panegyrics, honest Giovanni creeps along at a rate which would excite very great contempt in England. He seems afraid lest his chargers should lose the character he gives them.

May 27.—BRONI.—We reached this small town about six in the evening, from Alexandria, which we left early in the morning. The coun-

try, after leaving that city, is very flat, and bears a greater resemblance to Dutch scenery than any that we have seen in Italy. At a short distance from Alexandria lies the field of Marengo, a name conspicuous in the military history of Europe at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The plain is one of the finest and most extensive that can be conceived; and no spot could be better suited for the conflict of armies. Behind, is the city of Alexandria, and in front the prospect is bounded by the distant Apennines. We passed over the whole of the position occupied by the French, and saw on the left that of the Austrians. The whole of the field was covered with the most luxuriant crops of wheat and rye; and now no memorials are to be seen of a battle, which not many years ago decided the fate of nations. At one extremity of the plain stands the little inn of Marengo, from which the battle derived its name. Close to it is the village of Spinetta, celebrated for having been the residence of a noted robber named Magno, who some time since, with two hundred associates, infested and desolated the neighbouring country. This notorious brigand was however killed by the French gens d'armes, after a most obstinate resistance. He was known by the title of *Rè di Spinetta*—King of Spinetta.

About mid-day we reached the city of Tortona, and found it crowded with peasants, who

had come to a fair which takes place to-day in the town. The fort of Tortona was believed to be impregnable. It stands on a noble and commanding eminence, and is seen at a great distance, owing to the flatness of the neighbouring country. It was, however, taken by Bonaparte, who caused the fortifications to be totally destroyed. We got a late breakfast at Voghera; between which place and Broni we had an opportunity of witnessing an incident, which illustrates as forcibly the difference between the character of the Italians and that of our own countrymen, as any thing we have seen. A cart, loaded with hay, was overset in a ditch by the road side. In England or Scotland, any one who saw a similar accident would have hastened to afford assistance; but here, although there were about twenty stout fellows just at hand, not one of them took the trouble to give any help: the hay was left to lie in the place where it fell, and nobody seemed to mind it.

The people are all busily employed at present in collecting the leaves of the mulberry, as food for their silk worms. The trees look as if they had been stripped by locusts. The peasants, by constant exposure to the sun, are of as dark a complexion as the Hindoos, and are, in general, excessively ugly. Oxen are almost exclusively employed for the purposes of husbandry. The village where we are to pass the night exhibits

appearances of the utmost wretchedness; and our inn is the most dirty and abominable that we have seen in Italy. Cockroaches, and other insects not of the most agreeable kind, have already been scampering about in our bed-rooms, and I dare say will not fail to pay us a visit during the night.

May 29.—PLACENTIA.—Our quarters at Broni were so uncomfortable, that yesterday, though it was Sunday, we were glad to make the best of our way to this city, which we easily reached to breakfast. At a short distance from the town, we crossed the river Trebbia, celebrated in the annals both of ancient and modern warfare. It was on the banks of the Trebbia that the Roman army was defeated by Hannibal; and here, also, was fought one of the bloodiest and most obstinate battles of modern times—that between the French and Russians, the latter commanded by General Suwarrow. The French were defeated with immense slaughter. The Trebbia is by far the clearest of the Italian streams which we have seen; and, at the point where we crossed it, is divided into no fewer than three branches. We observed on the left some ruins, which seemed to be the remains of an ancient aqueduct: indeed, every now and then we are meeting with something which puts us in mind of ages that are

past. *Hæc est Italia, Diis sacra; hæ gentes ejus, hæc oppida populorum.*

Placentia, like Alexandria, is situated on a flat. It appears to have been at one time strongly fortified, but at present its walls are tumbling to ruin. The cathedral is a fine Gothic building, in front of which is a statue of Abundance. This church is one of the most splendid which we have visited in Italy. It possesses a considerable number of valuable paintings. We admired particularly the Death of the Virgin, by Gasparo Landi, a native of Placentia, who is at present resident in Rome. The roof and dome are magnificent, and are painted in the most beautiful style by the first masters. The interior is lined with noble pillars; and when we saw them, most of them were covered with scarlet tapestry, richly wrought with gold, and ornamented with festoons and hangings of light blue cloth, with fringes of silver lace. The church of St. Augustine is remarkable for its fine granite front and Ionic pillars, four in number. The following short inscription is above the principal entrance:—*Sancto Augustino Patri.* On our return to the inn, we passed the Palazzo Scotini, where Napoleon lodged when in this city, and where Marshal Suwarrow reposed after the battle of Trebbia. We also stept into the church of San Domenico, where there is another fine painting by Landi, of our Lord before his crucifixion.

The only other objects of interest to a stranger are the two enormous equestrian figures made of bronze, representing the two Farnesi, Alexander and Ranuccio, which stand in what is called the Piazza Farnese. The name of the artist is Francesco Mocchi of Bologna; and he certainly has much credit from these specimens of his skill. There is no Protestant church in Placentia, nor indeed in any of the towns of Italy, as far as I can learn; and this want I feel more than any of the other sacrifices I have been obliged to make since arriving in this country.

Same date.—PARMA.—We set off from Placentia this morning, and reached this fine city in the afternoon, having travelled all the way on the ancient Via Æmilia. This road, though made two thousand years ago, is one of the best in Italy. We breakfasted at Fiorenzuola, and crossed the river Taro by a bad ford. A noble bridge is however at present erecting over this stream, consisting of twenty arches, of twenty-six yards span each. We have been for some time in the territories of Maria Louisa, which commence about seven or eight miles from Placentia, where those of the king of Sardinia end.

Parma, where we now are, is by far the finest town we have seen, excepting Paris and Turin. The streets are broad and well aired; and many of the houses of private individuals are large and

elegant. Having procured a *valet de place*, we set out to see the various churches and public buildings which are most worthy of attention. We first repaired to the Church of San Giovanni, the cupola of which is painted by Coreggio, but unfortunately the light is so bad that it cannot be viewed to advantage. The cathedral is a very large edifice, the interior of which is painted by Gambara of Brescia. The organ is large and richly gilded; and the cupola is painted by Coreggio, as well as that of San Giovanni. The subject is the Assumption of the Virgin into Heaven. In the cathedral lies the body of Bodoni, well known as one of the most celebrated printers in Europe. He died in 1813, and a neat inscription commemorates his services.

We next went to the Accademia di Belle Arti, a noble institution well worthy of attention. On ascending a few steps we found some ancient altars and inscriptions, and two mutilated figures dug from the ruins of the Roman town of Velleia, which was overwhelmed by the fall of a neighbouring mountain. It is situated about fifteen miles from Parma. On entering the first room, occupied by antiquities from Velleia, we were much interested by observing a Roman corn-mill in excellent preservation, and a very large plate of bronze, containing a catalogue of all the principal inhabitants, who received a certain sum of money from the Emperor Trajan, in order to

provide nourishment for two hundred and forty-five boys, thirty-four girls, and one illegitimate child, who were appointed to receive the following stated allowance from the Velleians: the boys fifteen *sestertii* each per month, the girls twelve, and the other ten. We saw also another piece of bronze, containing part of the laws of Cisalpine Gaul. The codex originally consisted of four tables, of which this is one. In another room we noticed a fine bronze head of the Emperor Adrian, and a great variety of lamps, penates, and fragments of statues of marble and bronze. There were Roman keys and knives in abundance; and I observed a pair of snuffers exactly of the same kind as we use at present. This very valuable collection has interested me much. Farther excavations at Velleia would probably lead to the discovery of more of these curious remains of antiquity, and it is much to be regretted that they have been discontinued. The gallery of paintings attached to the academy is of considerable value. It possesses several good paintings by Coreggio. The library contains eighty thousand volumes.

I did not neglect to pay a visit to the printing-office of Bodoni. The establishment is now carried on by his widow. The Church of Steccata, which we saw on returning to the inn, is a fine building, and its cupola is beautifully painted. The palace also deserves attention.

May 30.—MODENA.—We left Parma this morning, and reached Reggio to breakfast.—Reggio is a fortified town, containing about sixteen thousand inhabitants, and is at present attached to the duchy of Modena. It possesses little that can interest a stranger, farther than having been the birth-place of the poet Ariosto. The country is rich and well wooded, but owing to its flatness, presents little variety of scenery. We were amused by a number of little boys who followed the carriage, tumbling heels over head with the most astonishing rapidity; and all this for the sake of obtaining a *soldo*, or halfpenny, with which they were abundantly satisfied. The old castle of Rubiera was passed on the right, and we soon arrived at Modena.

We lost no time in seeing what was most worthy of attention. The palace, though it does not appear a fine building, is, however, more extensive than one would at first suppose. There is a fine square in the centre, three sides of which are surrounded by galleries, ornamented with Ionic pillars. The Church of San Domenico is a large imposing building, but the interior presents nothing remarkable. The cathedral is a huge edifice, surmounted by a very lofty tower. The exterior of one of the sides is literally covered with admonitions to pray for the souls of persons deceased. The following is a specimen of these appeals to the living in behalf of the

dead, and all the rest are in the same style:—*Pregate Iddio per l'anima della fù Francesca Poppi.*

We have not visited a town where there is less to be seen than at Modena. It has, however, been distinguished by several men of eminence; and among these, the learned and laborious Muratori, and the Jesuit Tiraboschi, author of the admirable Storia della Letteratura Italiana, hold a conspicuous place.

May 31.—BOLOGNA.—We arrived at this large and populous city early this forenoon from Modena, having entered the Papal territories at Castel Franco, where our trunks were examined by the Douaniers. The approach to Bologna is through an avenue of fine poplars, and its environs are extremely beautiful. The country begins at last to lose that dull uniformity of surface which has so long characterised it, and now becomes pleasingly diversified. On the right is seen the church called La Madonna di S. Luca, which is situated on an eminence some miles from the city, and is regarded by devout Catholics as a place of no ordinary sanctity. As a proof of this, it will be sufficient to mention, that the inhabitants of Bologna have been at the expense of forming a covered way, extending from the city to the very door of the church, in order to render it easily accessible at all times.

Having procured a *valet de place* at the inn where we lodge, we visited first the Church of St. Paul, a lofty building, with a large and imposing front; and next repaired to the Palazzo Zambeccari, where we saw a very noble collection of fine old paintings. The antechamber contains a few Roman statues and inscriptions; and a great many rooms are occupied by the paintings. We noticed particularly an original painting of Charles V., by Titian; Judith and Holophernes, by Michael Angelo; and two noble delineations of sea-storms, by Salvator Rosa. These last are exquisite specimens of art, and exhibit the bold and striking style of this celebrated painter in the greatest perfection. We also admired a portrait of St. Francis, by Guido Reni. In the countenance of the saint devotion is admirably expressed.

The Hotel de Ville, to which we went after leaving the Palazzo Zambeccari, is a large heavy-looking building. Above the principal entrance is a statue of St. Petronius, the patron and guardian of the city, with the words, *Divus Petronius Protector et Pater.* The Church of St. Petronius occupies another side of the same square. It is a building of large dimensions, and contains a singular meridian drawn on the pavement by Domenico Cassini. The gnomon is eighty-three feet high, and two hundred and six long; and we learn from a Latin inscription, that it was

originally constructed in 1656, and afterwards enlarged in 1776. It was in this church that Charles V. was crowned by Pope Clement VII. Our *valet de place* next conducted us to the two enormous towers called Torre degli Asinelli, and Torre dei Garisendi. The height of the former is three hundred and seventy-six feet, and that of the latter one hundred and forty. The Torre dei Garisendi resembles the celebrated tower of Pisa, and inclines nine feet from the perpendicular. Our next object was to see what is called L'Accademia di Belle Arti, or the academy of the fine arts; an excellent collection of paintings, forming part of the Instituto di Bologna. Many of the paintings are valuable, particularly that of St. Cecilia, by Raphael; but after having been at the Palazzo Zambeccari, we were considerably disappointed.

It was unfortunately too late for us to see the Library, Chemical Laboratory, Statues, Astronomical Apparatus, &c., which are here exhibited. No admission to these was to be procured after three o'clock, and it was past that hour before we thought of going. We hope, however, to be again in Bologna, on our way from Florence to Ferrara; and this made us less regret our present disappointment. As to the other towns through which we have passed, we have already seen them so completely, that a second visit would be quite unnecessary. The fact is, that

few of them present any thing particularly worthy of attention.

We were not a little amused to-day by the conduct of our *vetturino*. Giovanni, it seems, has never been at Ancona; and not relishing much the idea of exploring unknown regions, he had, without consulting us, made a bargain with another *vetturino* from Ancona, to whose care he was to consign us, while he himself proposed to return to Turin. Not choosing, however, to be handed over to a fellow of whom we knew nothing, and whose appearance was far from prepossessing, we positively refused to accept of the offer he made us, and insisted on his implementing the bargain into which he had entered at Turin. This resolution disconcerted all his plans, and he discovered no little ingenuity in framing excuses, to induce us to let him off. Among other things, he told us, that he had just been consulting a veterinary surgeon, whom he termed *un professore*, who had given it as his opinion, that his horses would be lamed if he proceeded farther; and that, as we wished to reach Ancona as soon as possible, his friend would be able to travel much faster than he could. At last, finding that all his eloquence was unavailing, he left us in a passion, threatening to drive as slow as possible.

June 2.—CATTOLICA.—We started from Bo-

logna yesterday morning at five o'clock, and were agreeably surprised to find that Giovanni, so far from driving slower than usual, has been going at a much better pace than before. He appears to be not a little apprehensive, lest we should deprive him of the *buona mano*, or gratuity of ten francs, which was promised at the end of our journey, provided we were perfectly satisfied with his conduct.

We breakfasted at Imola, where the landlord had the conscience to charge us no less than fifteen francs, or twelve shillings and sixpence, for a little dirty butter, some muddy coffee, and a scanty allowance of bad bread. When he saw that we were determined to resist this most exorbitant demand, he at last told us that he would accept of five francs; and this, though considerably too much, we agreed to pay, to save farther altercation. We have invariably found the lower orders in this country ready to prey upon us on all occasions; and the inns, with few exceptions, are both expensive and wretchedly bad. We are annoyed every night by bugs, fleas, and cockroaches; and the stench and filth are absolutely intolerable. But one will submit to many things in Italy. We slept all night at Forli, the ancient Forum Livii. The cathedral is a large building, and contains a chapel called Vergine del Fuoco, which, in magnificence, is superior to any thing of the kind we have seen. The cupola

is beautifully painted, and the walls are lined with polished marble finely variegated. All the pillars are also of marble, and the effect of the whole is very grand.

Leaving Forli early this morning, we passed through Cesena, a considerable town situated on the Savio, which we crossed by a noble bridge. About two miles from Cesena we came to the Rubicon, in summer a contemptible little stream, but liable in winter to be swelled to a considerable size, as was the case when it was passed by Cæsar and his army. The following lines of Lucan are exactly descriptive of its appearance at the present season of the year:—

Fonte cadit modico, parvisque impellitur undis
Puniceus Rubicon, cum fervida canduit æstas,
Perque imas serpit valles, et Gallica certus
Limes ab Ausoniis disterminat arva colonis.

Nothing worthy of attention occurred till we reached Rimini, where we saw the *suggestum* from which Cæsar is said to have harangued his army after having crossed the Rubicon. On our way we passed the river Ariminus, now called the Marecchia, by a fine bridge of white marble, erected by Augustus and Tiberius Cæsar. We also noticed at Rimini a statue of Paul V. in one of the squares; and we left the town by a triumphal arch raised to the Emperor Augustus,

which has been unfortunately disfigured by a superstructure of brick erected in the middle ages. After having bid adieu to Rimini, we reached the small town of Cattolica about seven o'clock in the evening, where we are to pass the night. The road has been for some time along the shores of the Adriatic, and the country is more open and diversified.

June 3.—ANCONA.—We have now, thank God, reached this city in perfect safety. On our way from Cattolica, we passed Pesaro and Fano, both of them considerable towns and strongly fortified, but containing little interesting. The situation of Ancona is the finest that can be conceived. It is built on the face of a bold rocky promontory, exposed to the West. The evening was calm and delightful; and as we passed along the shores of the Adriatic, there was scarcely a breath of wind to ruffle its dark-blue surface.

June 4.—*Sunday.*—There has been a great procession here to-day. Paintings have been exhibited from most of the windows; and friars, "white, black, and gray, with all their trumpery," have been parading about the streets from morning to night. By way of a *finale*, there was a grand military review. Such is the state of things in Italy, and such are the descendants of the conquerors of the world!

Tale d'Italia è la primiera gente,
Smembrata tutta, e d' indole diversa,
Sol concordando appieno in far niente,
Nell' ozio e ne' piacer nojosi immersa.
Negletta giace, e sua viltà non sente, &c.

These are the sentiments of Alfieri, and no one was better qualified than he was to judge of his countrymen. How thankful ought I to be to Divine Providence, for having cast my lot in a land where the Sabbath is venerated, and where true religion still flourishes more than in any other country of the world!

June 5.—We have been occupied this day in making enquiries about the practicability of our tour in Greece; and the result has been, that we have been obliged to abandon it altogether. I have had much conversation with an intelligent Greek, who tells me, that he was lately thirty-one days between Corfu and this city, and that at all times the passage is extremely uncertain. This, added to twenty-one days of quarantine, which must be submitted to on our return, would cut up our time so much, that none would be left for the subsequent part of our tour. In fact, I have been informed by an English gentleman, Mr. Gordon, whom we have met here, and who has been lately in Greece, that instead of six weeks which we proposed to devote to it, four months would at least be required. I have been thus

compelled to relinquish a plan which I have long cherished with the fondest hopes, and on which my imagination has ever dwelt with rapture. But, under existing circumstances, it would be madness to persist; and though the sacrifice is great, yet I have made it with readiness; convinced that, by doing so, I have avoided dangers which I could not, in all human probability, have survived. Greece is at this season of the year very unhealthy; and few travellers can escape agues and fevers, which in many instances prove fatal. There are great numbers of Greeks in Ancona; and their dress, which is decidedly oriental, makes me almost fancy that I am in the East. They are literally the καρηκομοωντες Αχαιοι of Homer, for their dark hair waves gracefully over their shoulders.

The only thing worth seeing here is an ancient triumphal arch of Parian marble, erected near the sea-shore, in honour of the Emperor Trajan. The inscription is now becoming rather illegible: it is as follows:—

IMP. CAESARI. DIVI. NERVAE. F. NERVAE.
TRAJANO. OPTIMO. AVG. GERMANIC.
DACICO. PONT. MAX. TR. POT. XVIII. IMP. IX.
COS. VI. P. P. PROVIDENTISSIMO. PRINCIPI.
SENATVS. P. Q. R. QVOD. ACCESSVM. ITALIAE.
HOC. ETIAM. EX. PECVNIA. SVA. PORTV.
TVTIOREM. NAVIGANTIBVS. REDDIDERIT.

The streets of Ancona are narrow, and few of the churches are worth looking at.

We have just returned from dining with a countryman of our own, Captain W——, of the brig H—— of K——, at present lying in the roads. Captain W. is one of the kindest men I ever knew, and appears to be truly religious. Many an hour have we passed together, talking of the valuable privileges of our native land. We were received with genuine Scottish hospitality, and were regaled with broth, roast beef, potatoes and plumb-pudding; and, by way of a treat, our good friend produced a bottle of the finest wine of Cyprus. The Captain dined with us yesterday at our inn; and we were not a little amused at his efforts to render himself intelligible to the Italian waiters. He had been unfortunate enough to get a bottle of wine which was a little sour; and, holding it up in his hand, he began bawling out with great vehemence, *Sour, sour, sour; gie's't aff the caskie, aff the caskie, aff the caskie.* This was Greek and Hebrew to the Italians, who stood gaping around him, exclaiming, *Che dice il Capitano?* to our no small amusement. At last, as soon as I could sufficiently compose myself, I undertook to act as interpreter; and, by procuring him another bottle, put an end to his embarrassment.

June 6.—MACERATA.—We left Ancona early this morning on our way to Rome, glad enough

to escape from the fleas, which persecuted us every night during our residence in that city. Few of the Italian inns are free from these troublesome visitors; but the Albergo della Pace in Ancona, where we took up our quarters, is in this respect by far the worst we have seen. We have generally in the morning been spotted like leopards.

We breakfasted and spent the forenoon at Loreto. The road, after leaving Ancona, traverses a very mountainous, but highly cultivated country. We passed the little town of Osimo, built on the summit of a hill, and had a fine view of the Apennines:—

—— nivali
Vertice se attollens pater Apenninus ad auras.

The situation of Loreto is commanding and romantic; and it is a place of great resort, on account of the Santa Casa, or Holy House, which is to be seen in the cathedral. This holy house is believed by devout Catholics to have been the identical residence of Joseph and Mary at Nazareth; from which it was miraculously transported by angels to Tersato in Dalmatia on the tenth of December, 1291. It was afterwards, they affirm, moved by the same means to Italy, in 1294; where it has continued to be an object of the greatest veneration, and has been visited by

pilgrims from various parts of the world. The cathedral is a large building, in front of which stands a statue of Sixtus V.; and its three bronze gates, with their beautiful bas-reliefs, by Lombardi, are worthy of attention. On entering, we observed on the left an enormous bronze baptistery, consisting of only two pieces. We found numbers of devotees kissing the various images of the Virgin, and confessing themselves to the priests; and on advancing a little, we came to the Santa Casa itself. It is about thirty feet long, and fourteen feet high, and is but dimly lighted by about a dozen of silver lamps. The interior is of brick, and the whole is encrusted with the finest Carrara marble, beautifully sculptured, and embellished with figures of the Jewish prophets: that of Jeremiah is particularly admired. In a sort of sanctuary at the east end, stands an image of the Virgin, made of cedar of Lebanon, and said to have been carved by St. Luke. The floor of the cathedral, near the Santa Casa, is actually formed into two deep grooves, by the vast numbers of persons who have been for ages crawling on their knees round the place. The whole of the floor consists of marble; and it has been calculated, that formerly no fewer than two hundred thousand pilgrims repaired to Loreto in a single year. At present the number is comparatively small. The principal trade of the town consists of crosses, rosaries, and images

of the Virgin; and as we were mistaken for pilgrims, we were pestered by applications to purchase articles of this description.

We next paid a visit to the Pharmacy, which possesses three hundred beautiful vases, designed by Raphael, and executed by other artists. After seeing the apartments of the Pope, and a few tolerable paintings, we enjoyed, from a window, a rich and beautiful prospect. Underneath were trees and vineyards, on the right the Adriatic, and a range of hills in front. We then went to the Treasury, the riches of which were immense previously to its being plundered by the French. It still, however, has several articles of considerable value; and among the rest we were shewn a pearl, said to exhibit a correct representation of the Virgin and Child. There are a great many gifts presented by pilgrims at various times; and we noticed a crucifix, made of rock crystal, which was given by Charles IV. of Spain. In the sacristy of the treasury is shewn a noble painting by Guido. The subject is a school for girls, and the expression of many of the countenances is truly admirable.

Macerata, where we are at present, contains a population of about ten thousand souls; and is situated on the summit of a hill, from which we enjoyed the richest and most diversified prospect that we have had in Italy, with the exception of that from the mountain of the Superga,

near Turin. In the evening we met with an Italian physician, named Signor Cortese, who is very well acquainted with English literature, and has translated an English work on a medical subject into his own language, which was published some time ago. He gave us many advices as to the precautions proper to be used in this country during the summer months.

June 7.—SERAVALLE.—We set out from Macerata early this morning, and having passed through Tolentino, came near the Apennines. The surface of the ground was very unequal: hill succeeded hill; and the wild scenery by which we were surrounded put us much in mind of Savoy. As we advanced, the mountains began to be covered with underwood; and the river Chienti appeared in the valley on the left of the road. The villages through which we passed are beyond description wretched, and so narrow, that two carriages could not pass abreast. Seravalle, where we are to pass the night, is a long straggling town, completely surrounded by mountains. At one extremity stands an old castle built by the Goths. It is now nearly in ruins; but, from its commanding situation, it must have been a place of great strength in the rude ages in which it was constructed. We have this day overtaken hundreds of labourers repairing to Rome to cut down the harvest.

June 8.—SPOLETO.—After having left Seravalle, we soon came to the little village of Colfiorito, where the road winds down the side of a very steep hill. A valley lies many hundred feet below; and here and there you observe beautiful little cottages peeping through the trees, and cascades gushing from the mountains above. Furze and broom were blossoming in great luxuriance; and their bright yellow, blended with the green hues of innumerable wild oaks, gave richness and variety to the scenery. The town of Foligno, with its fertile valley, now burst upon our sight; and formed an agreeable contrast to the rugged hills to which we had been for some time accustomed.

On our way from Foligno to this place, we did not fail to visit the sources of the Clitumnus; Clitumni sacras undas,

Candida quæ Latiis præbent armenta triumphis,
Visere cura fuit.

Close by the road side, on a gentle eminence, stands a beautiful little temple of Jupiter Clitumnus. There are four Corinthian columns and two pilasters, which are still in the most complete preservation. The two middle columns are exquisitely finished, and are ornamented with an elegant sort of sculpture resembling the scales of fish. The other two are fluted in a spiral form.

Underneath the temple is a low cave, the roof of which is covered with large marble flags, on which are to be seen several ancient inscriptions. These are probably some of those which are mentioned by the younger Pliny, and which existed in his time in considerable numbers.—*Leges*, says he, *multa multorum omnibus columnis, omnibus parietibus inscripta, quibus fons ille deusque celebratur.* The pillars of the temple front the Clitumnus. Scarcely a mile farther on are the sources of the river itself, of which Pliny has given so beautiful an account in the eighth book of his Epistles. About ten yards below the fountains, the different streamlets form a large basin of great depth, which reflects like a mirror the bushes that line its banks. I read the description given by Pliny on the spot to which it relates, and found it wonderfully exact. After speaking of the hill above, he proceeds: *Hunc subter fons exit, et exprimitur pluribus venis, sed imparibus; eluctatusque facit gurgitem, qui lato gremio patescit purus et vitreus, ut numerare jactas stipes, et relucentes calculos possis.* In illustration of this I may mention, that the large springs are five in number, besides which there are some others of less consequence, and that the water is the clearest and purest I ever saw. There is a pleasure in examining scenes that have been described by the classical writers of antiquity, which those only who have experi-

enced similar sensations can duly appreciate. You place yourself, as it were, under their guidance, participate in all their feelings, and pass from the present time to the ages that are gone.

Nothing remarkable was seen after leaving the Clitumnus till we reached Spoleto. We spent some hours in walking about, and visited the celebrated Gothic aqueducts, which are situated behind the castle. There are nine narrow pointed arches of astonishing height; and, connected with the aqueducts on one side, is a singular bridge, which joins the town to the lofty mountain behind. On our way to these remarkable relics of former days, we noticed a hill at some distance, along the face of which are scattered numbers of little cottages, once inhabited by hermits; and on the summit of another hill, contiguous to that which I have mentioned, stands the Church of San Giuliano, once a temple of Mars. We did not fail to see the ancient arch, erected by the inhabitants of the town, to commemorate their defeat of Annibal. The inscription is as follows:—

ANNIBAL.
CAESIS. AD. THRASIMENVM. ROMANIS.
VRBEM. ROMAM. INFESTO. AGMINE. PETENS.
SPOLETO.
MAGNA. SVORVM. CLADE. REPVLSVS.
INSIGNI. FVGA. PORTAE. NOMEN. FECIT.

The cathedral is a fine building, and possesses some good paintings. Many of the chapels are beautiful, and ornamented with marble pillars. We noticed the tombs of several of the hermits who lived on the adjacent hill.

June 9.—CIVITA CASTELLANA.—We arrived at Terni about nine o'clock in the morning from Spoleto; and after breakfast, procured post-horses to take us to the falls of the Velino, about five miles distant, one of the most interesting sights in Italy. Our road lay for some time through a forest of olive trees, after which commenced a very steep and difficult ascent, along the sides of a rugged mountain, through which a passage has been opened in many places at a considerable expense. An immense gulph is seen on the left; and the least false step or restiveness of his horses would prove fatal to the traveller. We viewed the fall first from above. The river Velino precipitates itself into the Nar from a height of about eight hundred feet, through a passage in the rock; and at the time when we visited it, a superb rainbow was formed over the abyss, by the effect of the sun's rays on the clouds of spray, which are continually ascending from the foaming and boiling gulph below. After having contemplated at leisure this magnificent spectacle from above, we descended by a winding path to enjoy it from a

lower point of view; and, from a little terrace which has been prepared for the convenience of travellers, we saw the whole volume of water gushing at once from the bold and naked rock, which towers in awful majesty above, and, by its threatening aspect, adds to the grandeur and wildness of the scenery. We observed the Nar, *sulphurea Nar albus aqua,* rolling its milky streams below, and winding through a romantic valley previously to its junction with the Velino. Its colour exactly corresponds with the epithets which the Latin poets have given it. Its water is the whitest I ever saw.

Leaving Terni, we passed the town of Narni, which is romantically situated on the summit of a hill, and arrived at Civita Castellana in the evening. The road runs for some sime after leaving Otricoli, which is a miserable village, through a more level country than we had seen since leaving Ancona; and it was in its neighbourhood that we got our first glimpse of the Tiber,

Cæruleus Tiberis cœlo gratissimus amnis.

We crossed it soon after by a fine Roman bridge, now called Ponte Felice. The greatness of Rome is gone for ever, but the Tiber still continues as before to roll silently along; or, to use the words of the Spanish poet Quevedo:—

O Roma! en tu grandeza, en tu hermosura,
Huyó lo que era firme, y solamente
Lo fugitivo permanece y dura.

Rome! of thy ancient grandeur all is past,
That seemed for years eternal framed to last;
Nought but the wave, a fugitive, remains.

We were not a little surprised to find the crops not only in a state of maturity, but in many places considerable fields of oats and barley cut down, and in some instances safely built up in the barn-yards. Civita Castellana, supposed to occupy the site of the ancient city of Veii, offers nothing interesting to the traveller.

June 10.—ROME.—We arrived here, thank God, in perfect safety this afternoon from Civita Castellana, which we left early in the morning. We saw Mount Soracte towering on our left, and soon entered the dreary and desolate Campagna di Roma. From a height above the post-house of La Storta, we beheld for the first time the dome of St. Peter's; and we passed the tomb of Nero before coming to the Pons Milvius, where we again crossed the Tiber. The Monte Mario was on our right; and we entered the Eternal City by the Porta del Popolo, a noble gate originally built by Aurelian. In the Piazza del Popolo, we obtained a cursory view of the celebrated obelisk,

which was brought from Hierapolis in Egypt by the Emperor Augustus. The column is seventy-five feet high, exclusive of the pedestal. It is completely covered with hieroglyphics. We have taken excellent furnished lodgings in the Via delle Carozze, near the Piazza di Spagna, in a very healthy situation, where we have every prospect of being comfortable. For two good bed-rooms, and the use of two elegant parlours, we pay only four pauls a-day. The Roman paul is equal to five pence and three farthings of our money.

June 12.—Yesterday, being Sabbath, was spent at home, in order to prepare us for the fatigues which we shall have to encounter during the week. It was our intention to go to the English Chapel; but we were much disappointed to find, that at this season of the year, owing to the small number of English at present in Rome, there would be no service for some months.

Accompanied by our *valet de place*, we set out on our perambulations this morning at five o'clock. We began by visiting the remains of ancient Rome. In the Piazza Colonna stands the pillar of Antoninus. There is a considerable number of fine bas-reliefs, in commemoration of the victories of Marcus Aurelius. The height of the column is a hundred and forty-eight feet. In passing along the Corso we noticed the Doria

Palace, and that of Lucien Bonaparte; and in a few minutes found ourselves standing underneath the Capitol, to which we ascended by a noble flight of steps. At the top of these stairs are statues of Castor and Pollux holding their horses by the bridles. They are made of white marble, and are of gigantic size. Near these are seen what are called the Trophies of Marius, which are also of marble, but in a less perfect state of preservation than the others. But none of these memorials of the better days of Rome can be compared with the admirable equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius; one of the most valuable remains of antiquity hitherto discovered. It stands in the centre of the square of the Capitol, and is made entirely of bronze. The proportions are exquisite; and the horse seems just in the act of rushing forward with his rider. Behind this statue is a fountain, surmounted by a figure of Rome triumphant; and on each side are the river gods of the Nile and the Tiber. We next visited the Tarpeian Rock, which, *proh pudor!* we were obliged to contemplate from the window of a stable, that is now built on its summit. What would an old Roman have said, if he had seen the *Tarpeia sedes* thus polluted! Its height at present does not exceed forty or fifty feet, owing to the accumulation of rubbish underneath; but in ancient times it must have been considerably greater.

We descended from the Capitol by the other side; and saw immediately fronting us the triumphal arch of Septimius Severus, erected to commemorate his victories over the Parthians and other barbarians. On our right were the remains of the temple of Concord and of Jupiter Tonans. Of the former, eight beautiful Ionic columns still remain. They are forty feet in height and twelve in circumference; and they formed the portico of the ancient temple. Of the latter, only three fluted columns now exist. They are of the Corinthian order, and the entablature is remarkable for its richness. We next passed the three Corinthian columns which mark the site of the temple of Jupiter Stator; and visited that of Romulus and Remus, at the foot of the Palatine hill. We now advanced to the temple of Antoninus, of which eleven Corinthian columns, with a beautiful entablature, are still to be seen. A church, dedicated to St. Cosmo and St. Damian, is erected on the spot where the ancient temple of Remus once stood. The bronze gates of the latter, however, still remain; and its two porphyry pillars stand on each side of the door. On a line with this building is the temple of Peace, erected by Vespasian. It consists of three very large arches, and it was formerly one of the most magnificent structures of Rome. It was about five hundred and two feet long, and two hundred and two wide; but was

destroyed by fire in the reign of Commodus. A great number of its beautiful marble friezes and architraves are scattered around, and present a sad scene of desolation.

Our *valet de place* next conducted us to the arch of Titus, which was erected to commemorate his victories over the Jews, and conquest of Jerusalem. It is in a perfect state of preservation. The interior of the arch is ornamented on one side with a fine bas-relief, representing the emperor entering Rome in a triumphal car, and on the other, with figures of Roman soldiers bearing on their shoulders the holy vessels of the temple. The arch of Constantine next claimed our attention. It was erected by the senate and Roman people, to commemorate the victory of Constantine over Maxentius, at the Pons Milvius. By far the most beautiful parts of the sculpture were taken from a triumphal arch of Trajan, which was demolished in order to embellish the other. By this means, a singular incongruity has been introduced among the different bas-reliefs; some of them referring to the exploits of Constantine, and others to the conquests of Trajan, and his defeat of the Dacians. The latter are by far the most beautiful; and are interesting when contrasted with the others, as they exhibit, in a striking manner, the decline of the fine arts in the latter ages of the Roman empire. We saw the ruins of the Temples of the Sun and

Moon, on our way to the Coliseum, which is a little farther on.

No description can give the smallest idea of this stupendous and magnificent structure. It is built in an oval form, and the circumference of the arena is seven hundred and forty-eight feet. The side towards the North is still in some places quite complete. The exterior is embellished with four rows of columns. The lowest is of the Doric order, the second Ionic, and the two highest rows are Corinthian. There are no fewer than eighty arcades by which the people could enter; and we saw distinctly the private passage for the gladiators. Some idea may be formed of the size of the Coliseum, when we are told that it was sufficiently large to contain eighty thousand people sitting, and twenty thousand standing. Many of the modern palaces of Rome have been built of materials barbarously taken from the Coliseum; but Benedict XIV. saved it from destruction, by declaring it sacred on account of the number of Christians who were torn in pieces by wild beasts in the arena. There is a cross in the centre; and fourteen little shrines have been erected at regular distances from each other, to commemorate their sufferings.

From the Coliseum we returned to the Capitol, and ascended its lofty tower, in order to have a complete view of ancient and modern Rome. On our right was mount Aventine; immediately

in front were mount Palatine and mount Cœlius; and farther to the left were the Esquiline, the Viminal, and the Quirinal hills. The magnificent ruins which we had just been contemplating lay spread underneath us; and spoke more powerfully than ten thousand volumes of the vicissitudes and uncertainty of all human things. Such are the ruins of Rome. What must she have been in the days of her glory! To use the words of Guidiccioni:

> Se dentro al mio cor sona il tuo nome,
> Che i tuoi sparsi vestigi inchino e adoro;
> Che fù a vederti in tanti onor superbi
> Seder Reina, e incoronata d' oro
> Le gloriose e venerabil chiome?

In the afternoon of this day we paid a visit to the Fountain of Trevi, the most magnificent in the city; and spent some time in the Pantheon, the most wonderful and complete of all the monuments of ancient Rome. It was built by M. Agrippa, son-in-law of Augustus, about twenty-seven years before the Christian era; and has been converted into a Catholic church. The portico consists of sixteen Corinthian columns, made each of a single block of granite: they are thirty-eight feet high, and fourteen in circumference. The dome is the most regular and beautiful that can be conceived; and, when beheld for

the first time, fills the mind with sensations which are utterly indescribable. On our way home, we visited the baths of Nero, of which only one chamber now remains, and that has been metamorphosed into a dismal and gloomy church. We also passed the mausoleum of Augustus, the walls of which form part of a modern amphitheatre, for bull-fights, and spectacles of a similar kind.

June 13.—We again set out early this morning, and commenced our operations by visiting the theatre of Marcellus, built by the Emperor Augustus. Eleven Ionic columns still exist, with part of the old wall, of a semicircular shape. Close by the ruins of the theatre of Marcellus, are those of the portico of Octavia, which led to that building, and served to protect the people when it rained: they consist of two brick arches, and two fluted Corinthian columns. After having crossed the Tiber, which here forms an island, by the bridges of Cestius and Fabricius, we came to the Church of St. Nicholas in Carcere, built on the remains of an ancient temple, of which a few columns still remain; and reached that dedicated to Fortuna Virilis, now converted into a church. Seven fluted Ionic pillars, half buried in the wall, are still to be seen. Our *valet de place* next conducted us to the Church of Santa Maria, which now occupies the site of the Ro-

man temple of Pudicitia, of which eight columns have been preserved. We were shewn a large circular piece of marble, called Bocca della Verità, shaped somewhat like a human head, with eyes, nose, and mouth; and underneath the mouth is an opening, into which, as the tradition goes, the hand was placed while swearing, and it was believed that whoever swore falsely would be unable to withdraw it. A little farther on are the arches of Janus, and of Septimius Severus: the former a huge structure, supposed to have been erected by Domitian; and the latter raised by the bankers, jewellers, and tradesmen, of the Forum Boarium, in honour of the emperor whose name it bears.

Before ascending the Palatine mount, we visited the Cloaca Maxima, made by the orders of Tarquinius Superbus, which is now considerably choked up by rubbish of every kind. We did not forget the exquisite little temple of Vesta, built by Numa Pompilius: it is of a circular form, and surrounded by nineteen beautifully fluted Corinthian columns. The whole of the Palatine mount is covered by the stupendous ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars; in the midst of which vines and fig trees are growing, with the greatest luxuriance, presenting a sad contrast to its former splendour. Passing through the Porta San Paolo, or Porta Ostiensis, we saw, on our right, the large sepulchral monument called

the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, which is still as complete as on the day that it was built: its height is one hundred and thirteen feet. It is situated without the walls of ancient Rome, which are still of large dimensions, notwithstanding the ravages of time.

About a mile from the gate through which we had just passed stands the celebrated church of St. Paul, erected by Constantine. The floor is composed of blocks of marble, friezes, &c. taken from other buildings; and on many of them I noticed incomplete Greek and Latin inscriptions. The interior of the church is lined with stupendous fluted columns, of the Corinthian order, and the gates are of bronze. I observed the following singular piece of information, neatly cut, in distinct and legible characters, on a square marble slab, near one of the doors—*Hìc inventum fuit caput S. Pauli Apostoli.* There is a good deal of mosaic above the altar. The cloister attached to the church is in the form of a square; and is lined with beautiful little columns of white marble, some of which are fluted in a spiral form, and covered with mosaic. Under the piazzas is a considerable number of ancient inscriptions.

We spent the remainder of this day in the Museum of the Capitol. The large building on the left is devoted to sculptures, busts, ancient sarcophagi, and other antiquities.* The collection is valuable, and arranged in the most judicious

manner. We noticed particularly the magnificent sarcophagus of Alexander Severus, and his mother Mammæa. It is ornamented with exquisite bas-reliefs, representing the restitution of Briseis to Achilles, by Agamemnon. One room is occupied by marble busts of the Roman emperors, and another by those of the philosophers of Greece and Rome. The celebrated Dying Gladiator is to be seen in another chamber, and is well known as one of the most valuable specimens of ancient art. On the right hand, as you ascend the stairs leading to the Capitol, is the Palazzo de' Conservatori, where we saw some valuable paintings, by Guido, Titian, Paul Veronese, and other eminent artists, and a few beautiful frescos, and ancient statues. I forgot to mention, that, in the morning, we paid a visit to the bridge of Horatius Cocles, of which only a few slight traces are now to be seen in the river.

June 14.—We left our lodgings early this morning, and went to the Pillar of Trajan. The whole of this magnificent structure is covered with bas-reliefs, representing the victories of the emperor over the Dacians. Its height is a hundred and thirty-two feet. We next repaired to the temples of Nerva and Pallas. Of the former, part of the wall, and three fluted Corinthian columns, with one pilaster, now remain; and of the latter, two columns, nine feet and a half in

circumference, supporting an entablature. From these we went to the Baptistery of Constantine, where that prince is said to have been baptized by St. Silvester; and next to the Cathedral of San Giovanni Laterano, the principal religious edifice in Rome. Its front is truly magnificent; and on the top are ten colossal figures of different saints, with our Lord in the middle. The interior is finished in the same style of magnificence. The roof is richly gilded, and the floor consists of mosaic. There are twelve marble statues of the apostles, executed by the best sculptors, arranged in niches, at regular distances; and on the walls are many fine fresco paintings. In the Corsini Chapel is seen the beautiful sarcophagus of porphyry, believed to have contained the ashes of Agrippa.

After visiting another church, in which, *mirabile dictu*, we were shewn the steps of Pilate's house at Jerusalem, and the identical door which belonged to it, we passed between the remains of the aqueducts of Nero and the old walls of Rome; and came to the ruins of the temple of Venus and Cupid, which we found to be very inconsiderable. A little farther on are those of the temple of Minerva Medica, which seems to have been a building of considerable size. Its form is circular, and it is built entirely of brick. On our way home, we saw the triumphal arch of Claudius, which now forms one of the gates of

the city, called Porta Maggiore, and that of Gallienus, of which two Corinthian columns and an entablature remain. In the church called St. Peter in Vinculis, we admired the fine statue of Moses, by Michael Angelo. The building derives its name from its having been erected in 442, in order to preserve the chain with which the apostle Peter was bound in the prison of Jerusalem.

We rested during the heat of the day, and set out again in the cool of the evening. We paid a visit to the work-shop of the celebrated sculptor Canova, where we saw a variety of beautiful marble statues, in different stages of forwardness. From this place we proceeded to the Pontifical Palace, built on the Quirinal hill, where we saw the Pope going out to take an airing in his carriage. He passed within two yards of us, and we had an excellent view of him: he is a feeble old man, and stoops very much in walking. A considerable crowd was collected at the door of the palace; and not a little anxiety was discovered by the people to have the honour of kissing the toe of his Holiness, which he very condescendingly granted to several of them, before entering his carriage.

In the square adjoining, called Piazza di Monte Cavallo, are two exquisite statues, the one of Castor, and the other of Pollux. The former is the workmanship of Phidias, and the latter was

made by Praxiteles. An Egyptian obelisk, found near the mausoleum of Augustus, is placed between them, and a beautiful fountain plays underneath. We were next conducted to the baths of Diocletian, of which the ruins are still considerable. The most complete apartment is now converted into a church, called Santa Maria degli Angeli. On our way home, we saw the church and convent of the Capuchins. Underneath the church, in several little chapels, are collected the bones of the whole fraternity, for many generations. They are arranged in the most fanciful shapes imaginable; and here and there you find the skeleton of a friar stuck up in a corner, with the same dress which he was in the habit of wearing when alive.

June 15.—We spent the whole of this morning in St. Peter's, and the library of the Vatican. On our way, we passed the mausoleum of Adrian, which was built in order to rival that of Augustus. It is now changed into a castle, and has been rendered a place of very considerable strength. Immediately in front of St. Peter's are two beautiful fountains; and in the centre of the square stands an Egyptian obelisk, brought from Heliopolis, by the Emperor Caligula. The grand elliptical colonnade, which embraces the square, forms an approach of the most magnificent description to this celebrated building. The

porch is four hundred and thirty-nine feet long; and in the vestibules, at the extremities, are the equestrian statues of Constantine the Great and Charlemagne; the first by Bernini, and the second by Cornacchini. Of the interior of the church it is impossible to give any idea. It is not at one's first entrance into this magnificent structure, that the mind feels most intensely the sensations which a longer examination never fails to produce. The architecture is so chaste, and the proportions are so admirable, that we are disposed to consider it less lofty and extensive than it really is. But a short time will be sufficient to dispel this illusion; and the more minutely that one inspects this inimitable building, the more keenly will he be alive to its beauties. We descended to the vaults below, called Le Sacre Grotte; and saw the tombs of kings, popes, and cardinals, without number. I noticed particularly those of the late Cardinal York, and of the ill-fated Charles Stuart.

On entering the library of the Vatican, we passed along an extensive gallery, completely lined with Greek and Roman inscriptions, systematically arranged, according to their respective ages; and we entered the principal room of the library, which is two hundred and sixteen feet long, and forty-eight feet broad. The books are enclosed in forty-six closets. Then follow other two galleries, also filled with books, and or-

namented with valuable Etruscan vases. Passages branch off in every direction; and months would be necessary, to examine, even in a superficial manner, the immense treasures of this superb collection.

After breakfast, we repaired to the Borghese Palace, and spent the greater part of the forenoon in admiring its fine paintings, which are arranged in twelve rooms: they are chiefly by Italian artists. We took an early dinner, and set off to see the Museum of the Vatican, where we remained till dusk. This collection has far surpassed my most sanguine expectations, and is unquestionably the finest in the world. In one of the vestibules is the celebrated fragment of a statue of Hercules, called the Torso di Belvedere, which is much admired by connoisseurs. On the pedestal are the words, Απολλωνιος Νεστορος Αθηναιος εποιει. Immediately behind this mutilated figure is a large sarcophagus, the inscription on which proves it to have been the tomb of Lucius Scipio Barbatus, great grand father of Scipio Africanus. Advancing through several apartments, filled with the most valuable specimens of ancient art, we at last came to the exquisite group of Laocoon, with his sons, which has been justly esteemed one of the most precious remains of antiquity now existing. Nothing can be finer than the manner in which pain and despair, combined with anxiety for the fate

of his children, are expressed in the countenance of the father; and by the violent contortions of his body, arising from the acuteness of his sufferings, the muscles seem as it were ready to start from their places. We passed from the Laocoon to the Belvedere Apollo, a statue equally celebrated, but of a very different description. I must not omit to mention a very noble statue, by the Marquis Canova, representing Perseus holding in his hand the head of Medusa. This fine specimen of modern art is well worthy of a place among the *chefs d' œuvre* of antiquity; and will stand a comparison even with the works of Phidias and Praxiteles.

After having examined all the statues and paintings in a cursory manner, (and it was out of the question to think of any thing else, for the number of apartments is almost incredible), we returned to our lodgings, completely worn out with the fatigues of the day.

June 16.—The whole of this day has been spent in making an excursion to Tivoli, which is about eighteen miles distant. We left Rome by the Porta San Lorenzo; and after having crossed the river Anio, by a bridge, built by Mammæa, the mother of Alexander Severus, we saw the charming little town of Frascati, the ancient Tusculum, at some distance, on our right. It is finely situated on the side of a hill.

We left the carriage, in order to visit the Lago dei Tartari, where we found a vast variety of the most beautiful petrifactions. The water of the lake is of a whitish colour, and strongly impregnated with sulphur. Another stream, of the same description as this lake, is passed soon after, the smell of which is most offensive. It is called Acqua della Solfatara. Some miles farther on, stands the tomb of the Plautian family, erected during the reign of the Emperor Vespasian. This building was converted into a fort, during the middle ages. It is situated close by a bridge of the Anio, and some ancient inscriptions are still to be seen on its walls.

Before reaching Tivoli, we came to a road branching off to Adrian's Villa, to which we next proceeded. You approach through vineyards and cypress trees, and soon see the ruins rising before you. On the left is a theatre, in tolerably good preservation; and farther on are to be seen the walls of the portico, the temple of the Stoics, with seven niches for statues, and the Naumachia, where naval combats were exhibited. The ruins of the temples of Venus and Diana are in a less perfect state than any of the others; and the palace itself and its various passages are so choked up by rubbish of every kind, that it is impossible to stand upright. Next are seen the quarters of the Pretorian guards: many of the chambers are still entire. The excavations which

have been already made among these extensive and interesting ruins have been eminently successful; and if they should be again renewed, the most important results might be expected. No spot indeed in the neighbourhood of Rome could be more promising; for it is well known that it was the ambition of Adrian to collect in this villa the most valuable monuments of art which he had seen in various parts of the world.

Having returned to the public road, we entered an extensive wood of olive trees, from the tops of which the Cicada, Θερεος γλυκυς προφητης, was heard chirping, and soon reached the town of Tivoli. After breakfast we set out to visit the falls of the Anio, now called the Teverone. The principal cascade is seen to best advantage from a bridge which has been erected a little below it. The body of water is considerable; and the river, dividing itself into two branches, is again precipitated by two different apertures, into what is called Neptune's Grotto. The scenery within this cavern is the most picturesque that can be conceived. Huge rocks, here and there covered with verdure, surround it on every side; and the Anio, foaming and dashing in its narrow channel, again passes through a natural arch, and falling a third time, forms the grotto of the Siren, which is situated about fifty yards farther down the river. Few spots on earth can present such a combination of the beautiful and terrible, the

grand and the sublime. After having ascended, we paid a visit to the Temples of Vesta and of the Sibyl. The former is in excellent preservation; and ten beautiful fluted Corinthian columns, with their entablature, still remain. The ruins of the Temple of the Sibyl are quite contiguous; and its four pillars form part of a Catholic church, dedicated to St. George.

We now left the town of Tivoli, in order to enjoy the view of the lesser cascades of the Anio, called Cascatelle di Tivoli, from the opposite side of the river. The road, which is very steep and precipitous, runs along the foot of Monte Catillo; and after having walked about a mile, we came to some ruins, which tradition has assigned as the remains of the villa of Horace. No spot could have formed a more delightful retreat for a poet and a courtier. On the opposite heights stand the town of Tivoli, and the Temples of Vesta and the Sibyl, which form prominent features of this interesting landscape. The *præceps Anio* again appearing, is precipitated into the vale below; and on the right is seen the Campagna di Roma, and the lofty turrets of the Eternal City. It is no wonder then that the poet exclaimed,

Tibur, Argeo positum colono,
Sit meæ sedes utinam senectæ;
Sit modus lasso maris, et viarum,
Militiæque.

We again returned to Tivoli, and passing through the town, visited the villa of Mæcenas. The ruins are still extensive, and the stables are pretty entire. We noticed also a square tower made of brick, and surmounted by the remains of ancient columns of a singular construction. About a hundred yards distant is seen a circular building, called the Temple of the Cough, supposed to have been that of Minerva Medica. On our way to the inn we visited the Villa d'Este, where the poet Ariosto is said to have written his Orlando Furioso; and having quitted Tivoli about four in the afternoon, we reached Rome about seven in the evening in perfect safety.

June 17.—We visited this morning the Temple of Antoninus. The eleven majestic Corinthian columns, with their entablature, which now remain, serve only to ornament the front of the custom-house. We next proceeded to the Baths of Caracalla. They are enormous brick structures, and were capable of containing three thousand persons. The largest hall remaining is called the Cella Soleare, the length of which is one hundred and eighty-eight feet, and the width one hundred and thirty-four. From these baths we went to the Church of San Stefano Rotondo, once the Temple of Claudius. It is of a circular form; and we counted fifty-eight columns in

the interior, some of them of the Doric and others of the Ionic order.

Our next object was to visit the Baths of Titus, which are situated at some little distance from those of Caracalla, and which, next to the Coliseum, have interested me more than any thing I have seen in Rome. Our guide, furnished with a flambeau, first conducted us to a long passage discovered about seven years ago; the roof of which is covered with paintings as fresh and beautiful as on the day when they were finished. The following inscription is rudely put upon the wall:—*Duodecim Deos, et Dianam, et Jovem optimum maximum abeat iratus, quisquis hic minxerit aut cacárit.* The figures which I have mentioned consist chiefly of birds, animals, and representations of the heathen gods. We saw the chambers appropriated for the use of the patricians, and those allotted for persons of inferior rank; and in the apartment where the celebrated group of Laocoon and his sons was found, we observed some remains of the original gilding on the roof. The rest of the day was spent in visiting some of the most remarkable churches in the city.

June 18.—This day, being Sabbath, was devoted to repose. The want of religious ordinances is the greatest of all privations. May I henceforth duly estimate the privileges which I enjoy in my native land!

June 19.—We have to-day visited the tomb of the Scipios, which was discovered only in 1780. We were conducted through a great number of subterranean chambers and passages, in which we noticed a good many inscriptions, containing the names of different members of the family who were here interred. In one of the apartments was found the beautiful sarcophagus of Lucius Scipio Barbatus, which is now removed to the Museum of the Vatican. We next passed under the triumphal arch of Nero Claudius Drusus, and left the city by the Porta San Sebastiano. We visited the Church of St. Sebastian, where, devout Catholics affirm, were found the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul; but how they came there they do not inform us. A little farther on are seen the stables of the Circus of Caracalla, and, in the immediate neighbourhood, the Circus itself. It is in the completest state of preservation, and serves to give an accurate idea of this sort of structure. Its length is one thousand six hundred and two feet, and its breadth two hundred and sixty. The towers, where the judges were seated, still remain, and the gate through which the conqueror passed is almost entire. Near the Circus of Caracalla stands the tomb of Cæcilia Metella, the wife of Crassus the Triumvir, and daughter of Quintus Metellus Creticus. This is unquestionably the most interesting and best preserved of all the

sepulchral monuments of ancient Rome. It is of a circular form; and in the conical chamber in the interior, was found the sarcophagus which is now to be seen in the Farnese Palace, to which it was removed in the time of Paul III. The walls are at least thirty feet in thickness.

We now returned towards the Circus of Caracalla; and passed on the right some ruins believed to be the remains of the Temples of Virtue and Honour, built by Marcus Marcellus. On the brow of a solitary hill not far distant, stands the Temple of the Muses, now the Church of St. Urban; and the delightful meadow underneath is the vale of the nymph Egeria, one of the most classical and interesting spots in the neighbourhood of Rome. The temple is square; and the ancient walls, with four fluted Corinthian columns which served as a portico, still remain. We descended to visit the vale and the grotto, to which it is well known that Numa Pompilius frequently repaired in order to consult the nymph, and receive her oracles for the government of the people. The water of the fountain is cool and refreshing; and the mutilated figure of Egeria, with the niches once occupied by statues, fill the mind with melancholy reflections, and recal the ages that are past. One may address Italy in the beautiful words of an elegant poet:—

Thy glens are peopled with inspiring dreams,
Thy winds, the voice of oracles gone by;
And midst thy laurel shades the wanderer hears
The sound of mighty names, the hymns of vanish'd years.

At an inconsiderable distance down the valley, are seen the ruins of a temple, which some have supposed to be that of the god Ridicule; and others, with more probability, to have been dedicated to Fortuna Muliebris.

I was much interested in the evening, by meeting with a man, born deaf and dumb, who had been one of the pupils of the Abbé Sicard, at Paris. He entered the coffee-house where I was sitting; and easily perceiving me to be a foreigner, he wrote on a piece of paper the following appeal, which he presented to me, and which is not a little curious:—*Raphael Carucci, sourd et muet, un des premiers écoliers, et sous-maître des sourds et muets, vient à souhaiter à votre Excellence une parfaite santé, et en même tems vous prier de lui accorder quelque chose. Il ne manquera prier pour la conservation de votre Excellence. Il espère cette grace.* Such a request, from a person in such circumstances, could not be resisted; and I was much astonished to find that this extraordinary man had made himself completely master of the English, French, and

German languages, all of which, as well as Italian, he wrote with accuracy and elegance.

(The following are specimens:—*Geboren Taubstumm, einer der ersten Schüler, und Untermeister der unglücklichen Taubstummen, kommt mit den innigsten und wärmsten Herzens Wünschen sich Euer Excellenz ganz unterthänig zu Füssen zu legen, und um väterliche Gnaden zu bitten.—Born deaf and dumb, and under-master in the school established for the instruction of those who are in this unfortunate condition, of the feeling and well-disposed.—Io sono un dei primi scolari, e sotto-maestro nella scuola de' sordi e muti di Roma.)*

We afterwards carried on a long correspondence; and when at last light began to fail us, parted, mutually satisfied with each other.

June 20.—We have this day been employed in revisiting some of the many interesting memorials of Roman greatness, which we had already seen with so much delight and satisfaction. The afternoon and evening were spent in the gardens and pleasure grounds of the Villa Borghese, which are situated beyond the Porta del Popolo. On our return, we found the Corso crowded with carriages of every description; and had an opportunity of seeing not a few of the Roman belles and beaux, in their best attire. To-morrow, if it please God, we propose to set out for Naples.

June 21.—VELLETRI.—We left Rome this morning, pretty early, by the Porta Capena; and saw on our left extensive ranges of ancient aqueducts, and on both sides of the road considerable numbers of tombs. We passed the spot where the contest took place between the Horatii and Curiatii; and, at a short distance from the gate of Albano, a tomb was pointed out to us, which is said to be that of Ascanius, the founder of Albano, or Alba Longa, though many think that it is the sepulchre of Clodius. After breakfast, we paid a visit to the Alban lake, which is about seven miles in circumference, and, in some places, four hundred and eighty feet deep.—Leaving this lake, we walked for some time through a forest; and came to Aricia, now called La Riccia, which Horace has mentioned in his journey to Brundusium. The houses seem to be very miserable; and I suspect that any one who chose to pass a night in this village would have reason to complain that he was received *hospitio modico*. From a church, called Madonna di Galloro, we had a fine view of the Mediterranean, and saw before us the scene of the last six books of Virgil's Æneid. A little farther on, stands the town of Gensano, in the neighbourhood of which is the beautiful lake of Nemi. It is situated in a deep glen, and is surrounded on all sides by mountains covered with wood.

Nothing remarkable occurred till we reached this place, where we are to pass the night.

June 22.—TERRACINA.—We started from Velletri this morning about four o'clock; and, after a most tiresome and fatiguing journey through the Pontine marshes, arrived here about six in the evening. We saw large herds of buffaloes grazing in the marshes, which are covered with the richest crops of grass. They are extremely unhealthy; and our travelling companion from Rome, who is a cavalry officer, informed us, that of a hundred soldiers sent to occupy the different military posts, perhaps fifty die in the course of a twelvemonth. The road runs on a dead level for about thirty miles, and is lined with a double row of trees. Terracina, where we now are, is situated close by the shore of the Mediterranean, and is built on a rocky eminence. Its ancient name was Anxur; and, from its natural advantages, it was much resorted to by the old Romans, during the heats of summer. On the summit of a rock, which overlooks the sea, are seen the remains of a Temple of Jupiter. Our journey this day has been extremely disagreeable; and the road by which we have to pass to-morrow is much infested by banditti.

June 23.—ST. AGATA.—Thank God, we have

reached this village in perfect safety. We left Terracina about three o'clock this morning, and soon came to the Neapolitan frontiers, which are not far from the little town of Fondi. We now began to enter the mountain passes, where the danger of banditti is the greatest; and we found military posts every two or three miles. The appearance of the country is the wildest that can be conceived; and many a traveller has been murdered by the assassins, who lurk in the underwood which extends along the side of the road. We had an escort of soldiers, for which, as our travelling companion was an officer, we had to pay nothing; and this made us feel much more comfortable than we could have otherwise been. Our friend the captain seemed to be not a little alarmed, and kept looking every now and then to the bushes, apprehensive of an attack. Our pistols were in readiness; and, in case of danger, we were to join the soldiers. It was fortunate, however, that this was not necessary; and, in fact, I believe that, in general, the banditti make their onset in such numbers as to render resistance out of the question.

Before reaching the town of Mola di Gaeta, we passed on the road side some ancient ruins, which are said to be those of the Formian Villa of Cicero; and a circular edifice on the right is pointed out as his tomb. No one could behold these interesting remains without emotion; and

the feelings which such a sight cannot fail to kindle in a mind capable of rendering due homage to the genius of Cicero, must be still more intense, when we recollect, that in this very spot that great man was cut off, by the proscription of the triumvirate.

Mola di Gaeta is the scene of the adventures of Ulysses with the Læstrygons, which are detailed by Homer in the tenth book of the Odyssey; and it is impossible to see its fine bay, without being struck with the accuracy of the description which the poet has given of it.

Within a long recess a bay there lies,
Edg'd round with cliffs, high pointing to the skies.
The jutting shores that swell on either side
Contract its mouth, and break the rushing tide.

There is a fountain to be seen at one extremity of the town, which is that of Artacia, where the daughter of Antiphates, the king, was met by the Greeks, before their misfortunes. It is still a considerable stream, and the water is clear and pellucid.

Before reaching St. Agata, we crossed the Liris, now called the Garigliano,

qui fonte quieto
Dissimulat cursum, et nullo mutabilis imbre
Perstringit tacitas gemmanti gurgite ripas.

Nothing remarkable was seen during the rest of our journey.

June 24.—NAPLES.—We breakfasted this day at Capua, and spent some time in visiting the town. The river Vulturnus flows past its walls; and, in case of danger from an enemy, it may be turned into the ditches. The whole of the neighbouring country swarms with inhabitants, and not an inch of land is left uncultivated. The people indeed seem to be miserably poor; but appear notwithstanding to be contented and happy. We reached this great city about five o'clock this evening; and we have procured comfortable lodgings in the Caravita Palace, which is situated in the square called Fontana Medina. From the windows we have a delightful view of the bay of Naples, and of Mount Vesuvius. We can see distinctly the streams of burning lava rolling down its sides.

June 26.—Yesterday being Sabbath, we scarcely stirred from home. To-day, we have made a most delightful excursion to Pompeii. We passed through Resina, Portici, Torre del Greco, and Torre dell' Annunziata, and met thousands of the country people carrying fruits and vegetables of every kind, to Naples. In many places, the whole surface of the ground is covered with lava, to the depth of many feet; and vines

are springing up, with the greatest luxuriance, in those spots where there is a sufficient quantity of vegetable mould to admit of their taking root.

Having left the carriage that brought us from Naples, we entered Pompeii, and found ourselves standing in the market place. It is in the form of a square, and is surrounded on all sides by a range of fluted Doric columns of volcanic lava, coloured with red or yellow paint, which on many of them still remains. Behind these pillars are shops for every sort of merchandize. We noticed that of a statuary, with several figures, in different stages of forwardness; and in others we saw ancient amphoræ, set up in the corners, in considerable numbers.

From the market place we passed to the Comic and Tragic Theatres. The former is the smaller of the two, but is in excellent preservation. The seats for the spectators are still entire; and the stairs appear to have been very much worn by the people passing up and down. The other, though larger, is not by any means so complete. We now ascended, and, passing through the corridors of the Tragic Theatre, reached the Temple of Isis. This is a very small building, ornamented with forty-eight pillars, which are built of brick, and covered with stucco. The floor consists of mosaic; and in front of the *cella* stands the altar, made of white marble, and perfectly entire. The Amphitheatre, to which we next proceeded,

is at some distance. It is of an elliptical form, and the wall which encloses the arena is covered with the remains of ancient paintings. The dens for the wild beasts, and the private passages for the prisoners who were brought to contend with them, are in the completest state of preservation. Its diametrical length is two hundred and fifty-three feet in the area, and its breadth one hundred and thirty-three. It is unquestionably the most complete and interesting remain of the kind that now exists. The names of many families are marked on the seats which they had a right to occupy. We next found ourselves in a school. The desk of the master still stands in the centre; and we could scarcely avoid thinking that he had just quitted it after having dismissed his pupils.

Proceeding along the Appian way, we found a row of houses on each side; and a street branching off from it is entirely occupied by shops. We next entered the house of Claudius. The bed-rooms, the kitchen, the mosaic floorings, the paintings on the walls, the baths and the wells, seem almost as if they had been only abandoned yesterday. Excavations are at present making in this neighbourhood; and we were shewn a fine female statue discovered a few weeks ago, which still stands in the place where it was found. The Civil Forum is not far distant. It is in the form of an oblong square, and extends about three hundred paces at its greatest length. At

the extremities of the Forum are the Temples of Jupiter and of Venus, and the Basilica. At one end of the Basilica stands a chair, surrounded by six small fluted columns, which is supposed to have been occupied by the magistrates; and near it is seen a large pedestal of white marble, which appears to have been intended for the reception of a statue. We next paid a visit to the house of a milk-seller, which is easily known by the figure of a cow neatly cut on one side of the door. The measures and vessels for the milk are still entire.

It would be out of the question to describe all the buildings which we visited at Pompeii. I cannot, however, help mentioning an Academy of Music. There are many paintings on the walls, and a great variety of musical instruments was found in the different apartments. Perhaps the house of C. Sallustius is the most extensive and complete of those occupied by private individuals. The paintings are wonderfully fresh, and many of them are even beautiful. One of them in particular deserves attention. The subject is Acteon torn by his dogs, and Diana coming from the bath. The colours seem as if they had been laid on but yesterday. The floors of some of the apartments consist of mosaic, and are ornamented with the finest marbles. After having examined every thing remarkable in this singularly interesting city, we entered its sub-

urbs, and passed through the ancient gate, which, together with the walls, is still pretty entire. The road on both sides is lined with tombs, many of which exhibit inscriptions remarkable for neatness and simplicity.

It was with no ordinary regret that I bade adieu to Pompeii. It is unquestionably the most interesting spot that we have visited in Italy. In Rome I felt delight in contemplating a column, an arch, or even the most imperfect memorial of the better days of the mistress of the world. These were of themselves sufficient to give birth to associations which it was impossible not to cherish with fondness. But in Pompeii the interest is much more vivid and intense. You pass at a single step to the ages that are gone, and see before you the whole economy of a Roman city. One might almost fancy one's self to be the visitor of some of its ancient inhabitants; and were the silence and solitude which now pervade these once busy haunts of men rendered less perceptible, the illusion would be complete.

From Pompeii we returned to pay a visit to Herculaneum, which may be discussed in as many minutes as the other would require hours. Having procured tapers, we descended by a long stair cut out of the lava, and heard the carriages rattling over our heads. The only thing worth seeing is the Theatre, and even of it we could

form no very accurate idea. Excavations at Herculaneum must be much more expensive than at Pompeii, because the former has been entirely overwhelmed with lava, while the latter is in most places merely covered with *scoriæ* and ashes, which are not many feet in depth. From Herculaneum we returned in the afternoon to Naples.

June 27.—We set out this morning about four o'clock, on an excursion to Mount Vesuvius. Having procured a guide and a couple of asses at the village of Resina, we commenced the ascent. The road passed for several miles through the most beautiful vineyards; and the soil formed by the lava appeared to be remarkable for its fertility and richness. We left our beasts at the bottom of the mountain, and began to scramble up its rugged sides on foot; an operation of no ordinary fatigue and difficulty. The *scoriæ* and ashes yielded at every step; and by this means we often lost as much at one exertion as we had gained by the former. I never felt more exhausted; and, though our guide kept cheering me with cries of *Animo, coraggio, Signor mio,* I must confess that I was once or twice nearly giving it up in despair. At last, however, we gained the craters of the mountain, which are two in number; and had the satisfaction of contemplating one of the grandest and most terrific scenes in nature. The mountain was in a con-

siderable state of agitation, and showers of red-hot ashes and *scoriæ* were falling around us. The interior of the craters was lined with a thick incrustation of burning sulphur, and volumes of smoke were ascending from the orifices. Previously to stones and ashes being tossed into the air, we heard under our feet a sound resembling that of distant thunder; and this sound was always followed by the phenomenon I have mentioned.

After having continued as long on the brink of the burning abyss as the smoke and sulphureous smell would permit us, we began to descend in another direction; and when we were without the reach of danger, we sat down to enjoy the magnificent prospect which lay underneath us. The city of Naples—its bay studded with the most beautiful islands—the whole of the Campagna Felice—and on the left the promontory of Surrentum, present a *tout ensemble* when beheld from the summit of Mount Vesuvius, which it is utterly impossible to describe. I could not help exclaiming, in the words of Alfieri,

Gran pittrice è natura; oh amabil vaga
Armonia di color si varj e vivi,
Che il cor, la vista, e l' intelletto appaga;
Qual fia pennel che a tua bellezza arrivi!

We now bent our steps to the lava, two new

streams of which have burst forth about a week ago. We found them rolling down the sides of the mountain; and the heat on approaching them was as great as that from a furnace. On throwing a piece of wood or any other inflammable substance into the burning mass, it was instantly kindled. During the darkness of the night they appear to be streams of liquid fire.

We breakfasted at Portici, and spent the forenoon in visiting the Palace and Museum. The latter contains a number of ancient pictures from Pompeii and Herculaneum. They consist of landscapes and figures of men and animals. The colours are remarkably fresh and beautiful; and there is a good deal of force in an observation made by the person who shewed them to us, who remarked, *Gli antichi avevano pochi colori, ma buoni; noi abbiamo molti, ma cattivi:* The ancients had only few colours, but they were excellent; we have a great many, but they are bad. One painting represented the Trojans dragging the wooden horse into their city; another, the death of Sophonisba; a third, Dido when abandoned by Æneas; a fourth, Pylades, Orestes, and Iphigenia. I noticed particularly a fine head of Sappho, who is represented in the attitude of thought, with a stylus in one hand, and a tablet of wax in the other. I was much amused by a painting of a schoolmaster whipping

one of his pupils, who is held up by another of the boys while the discipline is inflicting. The rest of his school-fellows are seen in the back ground busy with their books, and apparently very apprehensive of a similar castigation.

We returned in the afternoon to Naples.

June 28.—We set out early this morning to visit the tomb of Virgil. The entrance is through a vineyard, which is situated at one extremity of the town, near the grotto of Pausilippo. The tomb itself is a rude building, the interior of which is of a square form; and there are ten little niches, which appear to have been destined for the reception of statues. The roof is vaulted. On a block of marble which fronts the door are inscribed the following words:—

QVI CINERES? TVMVLI HAEC VESTIGIA: CONDITVR OLIM
ILLE HIC QVI CECINIT PASCVA, RVRA, DVCES.

On again returning through the garden, we rested on a terrace which commands a rich and extensive prospect. It was prepared for the accommodation of travellers by the French General Lostange. The following verses have been cut on one of the seats, as a sort of invitation to visitors to rest at this delightful spot:—

Près du Chantre divin, dont la lyre immortelle
Répéta des pasteurs les doux et tendres vœux,
Sur ce banc consacré par l'amitié fidèle,
Amis, reposez-vous, et resserrez vos nœuds.

After having left the tomb of Virgil, we repaired to that of Sannazzaro; a poet no less celebrated for the elegance of his Latin than for that of his Italian poetry. It is made of beautiful white marble, and is surmounted by a fine bust of Sannazzaro himself. On each side stands a marble statue of exquisite workmanship. One of these represents Apollo, and the other Minerva. The inscription is chaste and classical:—

DA SACRO CINERI FLORES: HIC ILLE MARONI
SINCERVS MVSA PROXIMVS VT TVMVLO.
VIX. AN. LXXII. OBIIT MDXXX.

In order to visit the tomb you pass through a church which is situated on a rising ground; and immediately behind the altar is seen the spot where the ashes of the poet repose.

We spent the forenoon in the Studio, which contains a valuable collection of statues, paintings, and antiquities, from Pompeii and Herculaneum. I noticed a great variety of culinary vessels, lamps, seals, ancient armour, medical instruments, ancient bells, tickets of admission to the theatre, Etruscan vases, some of them ex-

quisitely beautiful, instruments of music, and all the apparatus necessary for the toilet of some of the ladies of Pompeii, not forgetting rouge for heightening their charms. But all these are not to be compared in point of interest with the *papyri* from Herculaneum. Their number is considerable: yet, in general, they have suffered so much from the action of fire, that it is to be feared most of them will be lost to literature. They are, in fact, like pieces of charcoal; and no one who has not seen the process of unrolling them, can form any idea of the delicacy and tediousness of the operation. One of the manuscripts which has been lately unrolled, is a treatise on Rhetoric by Philodemus, consisting of forty pages. We saw also another work on Music by the same author, which was published at Naples in 1793; and a third treatise, also by Philodemus, entitled Περι κακιων και αρετων, which will soon be printed.

June 29.—We left Naples very early this morning, with the view of making an excursion to Baiæ, and the many interesting antiquities that lie in its neighbourhood. The road passes through the grotto of Pausilippo—a singular opening cut through the solid rock for about three quarters of a mile. The middle part of this passage is extremely dark; and a few dimly burning lamps are scarcely sufficient to prevent

those accidents which might arise from carriages driving against each other.

We struck off from the main road, in order to pay a visit to the Grotta del Cane, and the Lake of Agnano. The lake is a considerable body of water, and is plentifully stocked with wild fowl. On its brink is the Grotta del Cane, a small aperture in the side of the mountain. The proprietor brought with him a poor unfortunate dog, on whom the usual experiment was performed. The animal seemed to know the fate which awaited him; for he struggled hard to escape. A very short time rendered him to all appearance completely lifeless; and it required some time to restore him, even after being exposed to the open air. A light, on being dipped into the vapour, was instantaneously extinguished, and gunpowder would not take fire. The vapour does not rise above five inches from the surface of the ground; and, on stooping, it may be distinctly seen, [redacted] remarkably dense and unctuous nature. [redacted] next conducted by the guide into wha[redacted]ed the Baths of St. Germania, which are much resorted to by persons distressed with rheumatic disorders. The heat is very great, and soon produces a violent perspiration over the whole body.

Again returning to the main road, we soon found ourselves at Pozzuolo, where we breakfasted. The most remarkable of the antiquities

of Pozzuolo is the Temple of Jupiter Serapis. Three of the columns of the portico still remain; and a large circular space in the centre seems to have been formerly appropriated for the altar. It was surrounded by sixteen columns, the bases of which are still to be seen. Fragments of pillars, broken architraves, and friezes, strew the ground in every direction. The whole of the building is surrounded by a range of apartments, some of which have been converted into warm baths. The ancient name of this town was Puteoli; and it was here that the apostle Paul landed, after his dangerous voyage from Judea.

Leaving Pozzuolo, we passed on the left the ruins of the ancient mole, and on the right the remains of what is called the Villa of Cicero; though it is extremely doubtful whether they be entitled to this appellation. Monte Barbaro, anciently Mount Gaurus, was before us; and at the distance of about a mile and a half from Pozzuolo, we had our first sight of Lake Avernus, which lay under us. It is surrounded by hills, except on the [illegible]h is nearest the sea. The road then passes [illegible] a stupendous arch, which is believed to have been one of the ancient gates of the city of Cumæ. This arch is now called Arco Felice. Few vestiges of the ancient magnificence of Cumæ now remain. We saw the ruins of its Amphitheatre; and here and there passed fragments of mouldering buildings.

An extensive forest now covers the site of the town; and its only inhabitants are stags and wild boars, which are found in considerable numbers.

After a delightful ride through the most luxuriant vineyards, we came to the ancient Acheron, which now seems to have lost its deadly qualities, and is plentifully stocked with the finest mullets. The water is extremely salt. A few peasants were labouring on its banks; and as they were all of them dressed in white, it required only a little stretch of imagination to transform them into some of those shades of departed heroes, who were fabled by the poets to wander along its shores. We struck off to the castle of Baiæ, and reached the tomb of Agrippina. It consists of a number of long and dark passages, which are covered with stucco finely ornamented. It is situated close by the sea; and is a good deal choked up by rubbish, which renders precaution very necessary on the part of those who explore it.

We now passed through the Elysian fields, which are covered with the most productive vineyards; and sat down to rest at a farm-house, which commanded a fine view of the delicious scenery that surrounded us. On the left was the Mare Mortuum, or Dead Sea, and before us the harbour of Misenus; while the verdure of the Elysian fields was spread in rich luxuriance

around us. The effect of this scenery, which is of itself highly picturesque and beautiful, is incalculably heightened by the many classical associations which crowd upon the mind, while we rest on a spot that has been celebrated and consecrated by the greatest poets of antiquity. To it the beautiful lines of Lucretius are strictly applicable:—

> It ver, et Venus, et Veneris prænuntius antè
> Pinnatus graditur Zephyrus vestigia propter;
> Flora quibus mater præspargens antè viaï
> Cuncta coloribus egregiis, et odoribus opplet.

We next visited the Piscina Mirabile, and the Cento Camerelle. Of the history of the former, little or nothing is known. There are no fewer than forty-eight subterraneous arcades, which are, in general, in excellent preservation. The pillars and roof are covered with stucco. The latter consist of a great number of dark chambers, into which we descended by the aid of flambeaux. They are lofty; and, like those of the Piscina Mirabile, are vaulted and covered with stucco.

We again came down to the sea-coast, and paid a visit to the Temple of Venus; a large brick building of a circular form. Behind the temple are the structures called the Chambers of Venus. Two of these chambers are still complete, and the roof of one of them is covered with bas-

reliefs. Near the Temple of Venus stands that of Mercury, which is also of a circular form, and in a pretty tolerable state of preservation. It is lighted from above, and its roof is of a conical shape. It is remarkable for one of the most distinct echoes I ever heard. The Temple of Diana, which is also quite contiguous, is in a much less perfect state than the other two, and only a section of it now remains.

After having gone through a long passage cut in the solid rock, which bears the name of Grotta di Baia, we reached the Baths of Nero. These are long and dark subterraneous galleries, at one end of which is a fountain of boiling water. The heat is insupportable; and, after having descended a short distance, I was compelled to return, after having been thrown into a state of very profuse perspiration. The Italian who was with me, having more resolution, succeeded in bringing up some of the water, which boiled an egg in a few minutes. He was, however, very much exhausted; and we heard him roaring and bellowing long before he made his appearance. The sand on the sea-shore, immediately underneath these baths, is so remarkably hot, that it could scarcely be touched.

Having passed the Lucrine Lake, we again turned our faces to Lake Avernus, in order to visit the Temple of Apollo, and the Grotto of the Sibyl. The former exhibits nothing very

remarkable; and the entrance to the latter is close by the bank of the lake. After having proceeded for some distance through a dark subterraneous passage, which runs directly through the grotto, I struck off to the right; and, aided by the light of a couple of torches, was carried on a man's shoulders through some of the most dismal passages that can be conceived. They were covered with water knee deep; and it required no small dexterity to avoid either having my head knocked against the roof of the caverns, or getting my feet and legs immersed in the water. Mounted in this style, I visited the Baths of the Sibyl, and saw the two roads which conducted to Baiæ and Cumæ.

After having emerged from this cavern, *vasto immanis hiatu*, we took the road to Pozzuolo; and paid a visit to the Temple of Neptune, and the Amphitheatre. The former must, when complete, have been a building of considerable magnitude; and its walls, like those of most Roman temples, are built of brick. The arena of the amphitheatre is spacious, and many of the corridors are well preserved.

About a mile farther on is the Solfatara, a level space surrounded by a large border of sulphuric matter. The whole of this singular place seems to be completely undermined; and a hollow sound is heard when a stone or any heavy body is thrown down with violence. The surface of

the ground is extremely hot, and exhalations are continually rising from innumerable apertures. On our return to Pozzuolo, we visited some ancient marble sarcophagi, ornamented with bas-reliefs of exquisite workmanship, which have been lately discovered in a garden; and leaving that little town about four o'clock in the afternoon, we reached Naples about five, much fatigued by the labours of the day.

June 30.—This day has been spent in walking about the town. Naples is of all the places I have ever seen by far the most singular. Its crowded streets form a remarkable contrast to the stillness and silence which you find in the Roman metropolis; and Rome, when compared with Naples, appears a complete desert. Every thing here is carried on in the open air; and at every corner may be seen cobblers and tailors, blacksmiths and shoemakers, busily engaged in their respective employments. All the conveniences and luxuries of life may be procured at a very easy rate; and a more delightful residence than Naples can scarcely be conceived. It is the abode of mirth and jovialness; and the Neapolitans, notwithstanding the bad character which they have received from many travellers, seem as obliging and good-natured as any people we have met with.

July 1.—We have been entirely occupied this day with preparations for our departure. We have secured our passage to Leghorn in the Betsey Millar, Captain Sangster, of Greenock, and expect to sail this evening. We shall thus avoid the dangers of a journey back to Rome, and have an opportunity of seeing a part of Tuscany, which we should not otherwise have visited.

July 8.—LEGHORN.—We have reached this city in safety, after a tedious passage of seven days. During the whole of the second, we lay off the island of Ischia; and, on the third, we were becalmed near the promontory of Circe, a spot which has been ennobled by the genius both of Homer and Virgil. In the course of our voyage, we had an excellent view of the islands of Corsica and Elba. The side of Elba which is nearest to Corsica is extremely rugged, and only a few cultivated spots are to be seen; but the situation of its principal city, Porto Ferrajo, is sufficiently romantic. We encountered yesterday a very severe gale of wind. About six o'clock in the evening, a dense cloud seemed to rise from the sea, near the island of Corsica; and in about ten minutes after, it blew a smart gale. The wind continued during the greater part of the night; and, as our vessel was not sufficiently laden, we were under some apprehensions.

Thanks, however, to the protecting care of the Almighty, we reached Leghorn in safety, about eleven o'clock this forenoon.

July 9.—This day, being Sabbath, we attended divine service in the English chapel; and had afterwards the pleasure of meeting with the clergyman, Mr. Hall, who has been attached to the British factory here for thirty-five years. Mr. Hall is a great antiquarian; and we promised to see him at more leisure on our return from Florence. We dined with Mr. M'Bean, from whom we have experienced the greatest attention since our arrival here. In the evening, we visited the English burying ground, the most interesting spot of the kind that I have seen, next to the cemetery of Pere La Chaise, at Paris. All the tomb-stones are of white marble: they are overshadowed with waving cypresses, and, in many instances, surrounded with beautiful flowers. The number of graves is very considerable; and no one can behold without interest the neatness and elegant simplicity of these memorials of so many of our countrymen, who have breathed their last on a foreign shore. Smollet is buried at Leghorn, and his epitaph is short and unaffected. Nothing can be more absurd than the long and laboured panegyrics which we find sometimes inscribed on the tomb-stones of our men of genius. Posterity alone

must decide on the rank which they are to hold in the national literature; and the fame of an illustrious writer is not to be founded upon such encomiums as these, but must rest on the character of the works which he has left behind him. I noticed also the grave of the well known Mr. Horner, member of parliament, who died in 1817.

July 10.—FLORENCE.—We arrived here this evening from Leghorn. We breakfasted at Pisa, and passed through the delightful vale of the Arno:

> Valli beate, per cui d' onda in onda
> L' Arno con passo signoril cammina.

The beauty of the scenery is superior to any thing we have hitherto seen in Italy; and neat little cottages line the road, on both sides. The Arno, so celebrated in Italian poetry, is by no means a large river; and, at this season, it almost dwindles to nothing.

July 11.—We have spent the whole of this forenoon in the Museum. On our way, we saw the archducal residence, called Palazzo Pitti, which is a large and imposing edifice; though, owing to the nature of the materials with which it is built, it has perhaps something of a heavy

appearance. The principal attraction of the Museum is its admirable collection of wax models of anatomical preparations, which is unrivalled in Europe, and which, to students of medicine, must be invaluable. No idea can be formed of the beautiful manner in which these imitations of every part of the human body have been executed. They are arranged in sixteen rooms and two galleries, and were mostly prepared under the direction of the Chevalier Fontana. The institution also possesses a valuable collection of birds, fishes, reptiles, and insects. The birds are not in general in good preservation: there is, however, a fine pelican, *Pelecanus Onocrotalus Orientalis*, and I noticed many beautiful specimens of the order *Passeres*. The collection of insects is the finest I have seen; some of the butterflies are of exquisite beauty. The minerals are well arranged, and we saw some valuable corals. But what most of all attracted our attention was a great variety of plants made of wax, which are so admirably executed, that it was some time before we began to suspect that they were only imitations.

The afternoon was spent in visiting some of the churches. Of these, the Chiesa di Santa Croce is unquestionably the most interesting; not, indeed, on account either of its external magnificence, or the embellishments of its interior, but because it contains the ashes of many of

those illustrious authors, who have procured for Florence the title of the Athens of Italy. The first tomb which we visited was that of the celebrated Galileo. On the opposite side is seen the monument of Macchiavelli. The sarcophagus is of white marble; and is surmounted by a figure of Justice, holding in her hand a bust of the deceased. The inscription is extremely simple, and consists of the following words:—

TANTO NOMINI NVLLVM PAR ELOGIVM.
NICOLAVS MACCHIAVELLI
OBIIT AN. A.P.V. CIↃIↃXXVII.

The tomb of Alfieri next presented itself. The sculpture is exquisite, and is, I believe, by Canova. A little farther on is that of Michael Angelo: the sarcophagus is surmounted by his bust, sculptured by himself: underneath are three figures, representing Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, bewailing his death. The church itself is a very heavy building, and is mostly constructed of brick.

We next visited the Church of San Marco, which contains the tomb of Politian, the friend of Lorenzo de' Medici, and one of the greatest restorers of literature at the period when he flourished; and that of the wonderful Pico di Mirandola, on which the following verses have been inscribed:—

JOANNES JACET HIC MIRANDVLA CAETERA
NORVNT
ET TAGVS ET GANGES FORSAN ET ANTIPODES.
OB. AN. SAL. MCCCCLXXXXIII.
VIX. AN. XXXII.

Leaving San Marco, we proceeded to the Duomo, or Cathedral; a huge structure, erected in the thirteenth century. Its exterior is encrusted with black and white marble, which gives it a singularly piebald appearance. Its length is four hundred and twenty-six feet, and its breadth three hundred and three. Its dome is said to have furnished the model of that of St. Peter's, at Rome. Unfortunately it is very ill lighted, and in this respect it forms a remarkable contrast to the light and airy appearance of St. Peter's. Near the Cathedral, stand the Campanile, or belfry, and the Baptistery. The former is about two hundred and eighty feet high, and is much admired by connoisseurs. After having seen the Church of San Lorenzo, we returned to our lodgings.

July 12.—We have spent this day in visiting the Accademia di Belle Arti, and the Gallery. The former possesses a considerable number of paintings and intaglios; and the latter is, next to the Vatican at Rome, the finest collection of paintings and statues in Europe. We began by

examining the paintings, which are arranged according to the different schools to which the artists belonged. I was particularly delighted with an exquisite head, by Balthasar Denner, of Hamburg. There is a delicacy in the execution which far surpasses every thing of the kind that I have hitherto seen. It is one of those paintings that must be studied for hours, and even days, before one can duly appreciate their merit. In one of the apartments are to be seen the celebrated Venus de' Medici, the Faun by Praxiteles, and the Wrestlers. In the same room is the well known Venus of Titian; a painting, of which copies are to be found in every collection of any consequence throughout Europe. There is a considerable number of ancient busts and inscriptions; and I remarked particularly a fine head of Aristophanes, with the words,

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ
ΦΙΛΙΠΠΙΔΟΥ
ΑΘΗΝΑΙΟΣ.

After having seen the vases, many of which are very beautiful, we returned, much delighted with the interesting objects that we had been contemplating.

In the evening, we employed ourselves in walking along the banks of the Arno, where we were so fortunate as to see the Grand Duke,

with his whole family. Florence is certainly a fine city: its streets are in general well paved, and the hills by which it is surrounded give it a picturesque appearance. But, at this season of the year, owing to its inland situation, the heat is almost insupportable, and forbids us to loiter longer than is necessary. We have already suffered much from this cause; and, as we have now seen every thing that is interesting, we propose setting off to-morrow for Lucca.

July 13.—Lucca.—We left Florence early this morning; and, after having passed through Prato, a fortified town on the banks of the Bisenzio, containing about ten thousand inhabitants, reached Pistoia to breakfast. This city is surrounded by hills, and the whole of its environs are in the highest state of cultivation. In the Cathedral, we saw the tomb of Cardinal Forteguerra: it is of white marble, and the sculpture is excellent. Near the Church of St. Philip is a tolerable collection of ecclesiastical works; and the Church of St. Andrew is remarkable for a singular marble pulpit, which was pointed out to us as one of the rarities of the town. It is of a hexagonal form, and each compartment is filled with groups of figures: the subjects are of course all of them scriptural. I have never seen any place more overrun with

beggars than Pistoia; and we were literally persecuted wherever we went.

The scenery between Pistoia and Lucca is quite enchanting. You pass through a perfect paradise, and the most luxuriant vineyards line both sides of the road. The hills are wooded to the summit; and not an inch of ground is left uncultivated. The town of Lucca presents nothing interesting or remarkable to a stranger; but the country in its neighbourhood is the garden of Italy. The people are distinguished for their industry, and the population may amount to about twenty thousand souls. The Cathedral is a large Gothic building, embellished with some good paintings; and the exterior of the Church of St. Michael is encrusted with white marble, and ornamented with columns of the Corinthian order—of which, in the front of the building, there are no fewer than five rows, one above another, gradually diminishing in size, and supporting semicircular arches. The walk round the ramparts is delightful. Many of the streets of Lucca are spacious, and the Palace is an elegant and airy building.

July 14.—LEGHORN.—We arrived here this morning from Lucca, in time to breakfast. We passed a second time through Pisa, and visited its celebrated sloping tower, the most remarkable structure of the kind in Europe. It in-

clines upwards of fourteen feet from the perpendicular. The Cathedral and the Baptistery are both situated in the immediate neighbourhood of the tower. The Cathedral is an immense structure, ornamented with marble columns, and built in the form of a Latin cross. The interior is embellished by a considerable number of beautiful paintings, and the appearance of the whole is grand and imposing. The Baptistery is built in a circular form; and, like the Cathedral, is encrusted with black and white marble. Pisa, though a charming residence in winter, is, at this season of the year, almost deserted by the wealthier part of its inhabitants, on account of the *malaria*, which prevails during the summer months. The country from Lucca is rich and beautiful; and exhibits the most complete specimen that we have hitherto seen of the perfection to which the system of irrigation may be brought. Every little field is intersected by canals, and the crops seem to be such as amply repay the labour of the husbandman. The road between Pisa and Leghorn passes through a dull and uninteresting plain, and presents none of that delightful variety of scenery which had charmed us so much since leaving Florence.

We dined this day with our kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. M'Bean, and met a very pleasant party of our own countrymen. In the evening, we visited the Jewish synagogue, and the Arme-

nian church. There is a great number of Jews settled in this city; and I never before saw so many oriental dresses as present themselves in the streets of Leghorn. I was agreeably surprised to meet with Mr. John Skinner, grandson of the late Bishop Skinner, who was a contemporary of mine at Marischal College. We have spent many pleasant hours together, in talking of our mutual friends in Aberdeen.—Mr. S. is settled in a respectable mercantile house in this city.

July 15.—We have taken our passage in an Italian felucca, bound for Genoa, and expect to sail this forenoon. I bid adieu to Leghorn with sincere regret; for, short as our stay has been, we have felt ourselves more comfortable than we have been since leaving the endearments of our native land.

July 17.—GENOA.—We arrived here early this morning, after an uncomfortable voyage of two days and two nights. Of all the modes of conveyance which we have tried, an Italian felucca is the worst; yet we judged it, bad as it certainly is, to be preferable to a long land journey, forty miles of which must have been made on mules through the defiles of the Apennines. We had to sleep exposed to the open air, and, to add to our torments, were literally overrun with

fleas. Nor was this all. We were pursued for some time by a large vessel, which the sailors affirmed to be one of an Algerine squadron at present cruising in the Mediterranean against the Tuscan states. The fellows seemed to be terribly afraid; and rowed as hard as they could towards the shore, until at last the pirate altered her course and left us, to the great relief of the Italians—who were most eloquent in their abuse of the Algerines, but particularly when the danger was over. *Questi Algerini sono bestie,* exclaimed the helmsman to me; *sono ladri cattivissimi; sono una gente bruttissima; tutti assassini:* These Algerines are beasts; they are detestable robbers; they are a most brutal race; all of them are assassins, &c.

The appearance of Genoa from the sea is very striking. The harbour is in the form of an amphitheatre, and the town is built on the sides of the hills which surround it. The streets are, in general, extremely steep and narrow; but the Via Balbi, the Via Nuova, and the Via Novissima, present a succession of palaces perhaps not to be surpassed in Italy. Most of the houses are painted of different colours, such as red, green, blue and yellow; and this gives them a singularly grotesque appearance. The Cathedral is a large building, the exterior of which consists of black and white marble, and the interior is ornamented with rows of columns. The Church of

the Nunziata is remarkable for its magnificence. Two rows of white marble columns, beautifully inlaid with red, extend from the one end to the other; and the roof is finely painted, and covered in many places with a profusion of gilding.

July 18.—We paid a visit this day to the Palazzo Serra, which is celebrated for its splendid saloon, deservedly considered the finest in Genoa. The centre of the roof is beautifully painted, and the whole of the apartment is literally covered with gilding. Enormous mirrors extend from the ceiling to the floor, and sixteen gilded pillars of the Corinthian order line the sides. There is a gaudy magnificence in the whole that produces a considerable effect. The Doria Palace is in the immediate neighbourhood of the Palazzo Serra; and its front is extensive and beautiful, but, owing to the narrowness of the street, is not seen to advantage. We next went to the University. The library is pretty extensive, and possesses some manuscripts of the classics; but none of them appear to be of any great antiquity or value. The public hall where the examinations are conducted, is decorated with bronze statues of Science, Force, Charity, Justice, Faith, and Love. These statues are the workmanship of Giovanni di Bologna. The institution also possesses a Museum, and a collection of philosophical apparatus. The Durazzo Palace is

nearly opposite, and its collection of paintings is at present I believe exposed to sale.

In the evening we took a walk to the Chiesa di Carignano, one of the finest in Genoa. The road that conducts to it passes along a bridge of three arches thrown over a deep dell, which renders the approach extremely easy. The church itself is erected on one of the highest situations in the city. The centre of the building is a dome, and a square turret rises on each side of it. The whole of the exterior is painted red, and the interior is embellished with large statues of different saints, made of white marble. We ascended to the top; and enjoyed a most delicious view of Genoa, its bay, and its amphitheatre of hills, covered with beautiful country seats. It is indeed one of those prospects which the traveller must regret that he can enjoy only for a season, and which, alas! is too soon effaced from his mind by the rapid succession of other objects. On our return we saw many of the Genoese ladies enjoying the coolness of the evening. Their head-dress consists of a large piece of white muslin, the ends of which hang gracefully down their shoulders. The bridge of Carignano forms at this season of the year one of the fashionable promenades. Genoa possesses few or no relics of antiquity; but she will be visited with interest by every traveller. It is impossible to

think of her former glory and her present degradation, without commiserating her fate.

Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great has passed away.

July 19.—NOVI.—We left Genoa this morning very early; and spent seven or eight hours in passing the Bocchetta, one of the ridges of the Apennines. The road is wretchedly bad, and was formerly much infested by banditti. The scenery is wild, and in many places romantic; and the mountains, which tower majestically on each side, are, in general, covered with wood. We breakfasted at a miserable town named Voltaggio; and, after travelling through a very rugged and mountainous country, reached Novi about seven o'clock in the evening. We passed the fortress of Gavi, built in a commanding situation on the summit of a hill. It appears to be a place of considerable strength. Novi contains a population of about six thousand inhabitants; and many of the houses are handsome. They are, in general, painted in the same fantastical style as those of Genoa.

July 20.—PAVIA.—The country through which we have travelled to-day is extremely fertile and beautiful. We crossed the river Po by a bridge of boats; and on reaching the Austrian frontiers,

we were detained some time by the examination of our passports and baggage. The douaniers have it in their power to give one a great deal of trouble; but as a small gratuity is generally expected, it is their interest to be civil.

Χρυσος δε κρεισσων μυριων λογων βροτοις,

and there is perhaps no country to which these words of the poet are more applicable than to Italy. The *amor sceleratus habendi* seems to pervade all ranks of society, and the greatest vigilance is necessary to guard against imposition.

We entered Pavia by a fine bridge over the Ticinus, and spent some time in walking about the streets. The University is a fine and extensive building, and some of the churches merit attention; but there is nothing to be seen that can detain the traveller.

July 21.—MILAN.—We arrived here to breakfast from Pavia, after a pleasant drive through one of the richest and most extensive plains in Italy. The soil is wonderfully productive, and yields with little labour the most abundant returns. The principal crops appear to be oats, rye, wheat, barley, rice, and Indian corn; and great pains are taken to have the ground properly watered. A fine canal is carried from Pavia to

Milan; and the boats which are continually passing, give life and variety to the scenery.

Milan is one of the sprightliest and pleasantest towns that we have visited; and there is a much greater trade and bustle in it than one would have expected from its inland situation. As it is cooled by refreshing breezes from the neighbouring Alps, it is a much more desirable summer residence than Rome, Florence, or Naples, where we were continually panting under the heat of a burning sun. The Cathedral is, next to St. Peter's, the largest in Italy. It is four hundred and forty-nine feet in length, two hundred and seventy-five in breadth, and two hundred and thirty-eight in height under the cupola. The whole of the outside is of white marble, and there are one hundred and sixty large marble columns in the interior. This building was begun in 1386; but the whole of the beautiful marble façades which adorn the roof were added by Bonaparte. Nothing can be more light and elegant than the appearance of the whole structure. There is, however, a gloominess and severe majesty in the interior, which forms a remarkable contrast to the other parts of the building.

We ascended to the top, and had a charming view of the delightful territory of the Milanese; which on the one hand extends as far as the eye can reach, and on the other is bounded by the

Alps, which mingle their snowy summits with the clouds. The evening was fine: not a cloud obscured the horizon; and there was a beautiful clearness and serenity in the sky, which is seldom if ever seen in a more northern climate. The sun was just setting, and gave a mellowness and richness to the scenery which surrounded us. It was with difficulty that I could tear myself from a prospect so enchanting, which combines the grand with the softer features of nature in so remarkable a manner. We walked for about an hour on the ramparts which were crowded with carriages, and presented one of the gayest scenes imaginable. About ten we returned to the inn.

July 22.—We repaired this day to the Palace of the Arts and Sciences, which contains a good collection of paintings by Guercini, Caravaggio, Domenichino, Albano, and other Italian artists. I noticed particularly the Marriage of Cana, by Paul Veronese; Abraham dismissing Hagar; a portrait of Raphael Mengs, painted by himself; and one of Rembrandt, also by himself. We next went to the Amphitheatre, a large building of an oval form erected by Bonaparte for boat and horse races. The whole can be completely covered with water in an hour and a half. In a hall through which we passed in order to see the Amphitheatre to advantage, I was much struck with the admirable style in which the cornice is

painted. It might be mistaken for the finest bas-reliefs even by an experienced connoisseur. Above one of the doors is a likeness of the Empress Josephine, whom the Austrians have metamorphosed into Minerva, by giving her a helmet. On the opposite side is a head of Bonaparte, and he has not fared better than his consort; for in order to destroy the likeness that would otherwise be good, they have given him an enormous beard, which makes him look as reverend as any of the seven sages.

At no great distance from the Amphitheatre is a gate of beautiful white marble, which was begun by Bonaparte, and was intended to form a magnificent entrance into Milan from the Simplon. It is much to be regretted that it has never been finished. Vast quantities of friezes and architectural ornaments of every kind still lie on the ground exactly in the same state as left by the French; and the Austrian government, though all the materials are prepared and on the spot, has never given orders to complete the structure. The entrance for carriages is in the centre, and on each side there is a passage for pedestrians. On the side next the Alps are four beautiful bas-reliefs of the genius of Italy, of Fame, of History, and of France; and on that next to Milan are Hercules, Mars, Minerva, and Apollo. There are several other bas-reliefs placed under a wooden shed, which were intend-

ed to embellish different parts of the building. I noticed one in which Bonaparte is represented as entering the city in triumph, when about to be crowned king of Italy. He is mounted on horseback, and is met by the genius of Milan, who presents him with the keys, while Fame with her trumpet follows in his train.

After having seen the Church of St. Victor, one of the most elegant in Milan, we lost no time in going to visit the Ambrosian Library, which possesses fifteen thousand manuscripts, and about seventy thousand printed books. Among the various interesting objects which the librarian was so kind as to point out to us, was the celebrated Virgil of Petrarch, with notes in his own hand-writing, which, though small, is still very distinct and legible. On a blank leaf are seen the words which are, I believe, quoted by all his biographers: *Laura propriis virtutibus illustris, meisque celebrata versibus,* &c. We saw an ancient Latin version of Josephus, written on Egyptian papyrus in the third century. But the most curious of all the treasures of the Ambrosian Library, is a number of leaves of an old manuscript of Homer, of as early a date as four centuries before the Christian era. These leaves amount to fifty-eight; and one side of each is occupied by the text, while the other is covered with paintings of the different scenes described by the poet. The colours are still astonishingly

fresh, and the figures are well executed. This singular relic of antiquity was discovered by Professor Angelo Mai, who had formerly the charge of the library, but who has been lately appointed principal librarian of the Vatican at Rome. An exact fac-simile both of the paintings and text has been lately published here, in a large folio volume. Professor Mai has rendered very great services to the cause of literature. He has discovered and printed the last nine books of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and parts of six inedited orations of Cicero: Pro Scauro; Pro Tullio; Pro Flacco; In Clodium et Curionem; De ære alieno Milonis; and De Rege Alexandrino. Nor are these all the fruits of his learned researches. He has also published the following works:—

Marci Cornelii Frontonis Opera inedita Latina et Græca, cum Epistolis item ineditis Antonini Pii, M. Aurelii, L. Veri, et Appiani, nec non aliorum Veterum Fragmentis.

Q. Aurelii Symmachi octo Orationum ineditarum partes.

M. Accii Plauti Fragmenta inedita.

Isæi Oratio de Hæreditate Cleonymi nunc primum duplo auctior, Græce, cum Latina editoris interpretatione, dissertatione, et aliquot notis.

Themistii Philosophi Oratio hactenus inedita, Græce et Latine, cum annotationibus.

Besides fragments of Porphyry, Eusebius, Didymus of Alexandria, Isocrates, &c. All of these were discovered in the Ambrosian Library of this city; and it is said that M. Mai has already, since his appointment in Rome, succeeded in finding the lost work of Cicero De Republica.

In the presses which contain the manuscripts, I found a considerable number of the best Arabic and Persian authors; and I noticed particularly a manuscript volume, which might perhaps be of some use to the British and Foreign Bible Society, if it could be procured. It exhibits versions of some of St. Paul's Epistles, in the Armenian, Coptic, Arabic, Syriac, and Ethiopic languages.

In the evening we went again to the Cathedral, and saw the magnificent tomb of St. Charles Borromeo; and the celebrated statue of St. Bartholomew, with his skin hanging over his shoulders. On the pedestal are inscribed the words,

Non me Praxiteles sed Marcus finxit Agrati.

It is highly prized by the Milanese.

July 23.—This day has been extremely hot. The thermometer at noon stood at 85° in the shade. In the evening we had a great deal of thunder and lightning. To-morrow, if it please God, we shall set out for Geneva. This is the

last Sabbath I shall spend in Italy; and I am not a little delighted at the prospect of being soon in a Protestant country.

July 24.—ARONA.—We left Milan early this morning; and, after a pleasant drive through a fertile country, crossed the river Ticinus by a ferry, near the Lago Maggiore, from which it derives its origin. The little town of Arona is delightfully situated on the banks of the lake, of which it commands an extensive prospect. We walked in the cool of the evening about a mile to see a colossal statue of St. Charles Borromeo, which has been placed on a rising ground at no great distance from the public road. The size is enormous; and the whole figure is, I think, extremely well proportioned.

July 25.—DOMO D' OSSOLA.—The country through which we have passed to-day is very mountainous, and in many places picturesque. In the forenoon, we made an excursion to the Isola Bella, the most beautiful of all the islands in the Lago Maggiore. It belongs to the Borromean family, who have erected a palace in this enchanting spot. Many of the apartments are furnished in an elegant manner, and covered with a great profusion of gilding; and the collection of paintings is valuable and extensive. The gardens are laid out with much taste, and

fruits of every kind are produced in the greatest perfection and abundance. The Lago Maggiore presents more variety of rich and beautiful scenery than any other part of Italy that we have visited. It is surrounded by mountains, and its surface is studded with islands covered with the richest verdure. Were I ever to fix my residence in Italy, I should not hesitate to give the preference to the charming banks of the Lago Maggiore.

Our journey to this place presented nothing else worthy of attention. To-morrow we intend to cross the Simplon.

July 26.—BRIEG.—We started this morning at four o'clock from Domo d' Ossola. The road for some distance from the town presented the richest and most varied scenery. On the one side were bold and naked rocks; and on the other, at a considerable depth below, lay a beautiful valley covered with verdure, and watered by a fine river, the windings of which, when seen from above, rendered the prospect still more delightful. The rocks as we advanced became more rugged and precipitous; and almost every turn of the road offered some variety in their forms, which were frequently singular and fantastic. We noticed a huge pillar of white marble lying on the ground, which, it seems, was intended by Bonaparte to form part of the en-

trance to Milan by the Simplon road. The other pillar has not yet been removed from the quarry in the mountains. The road passed through several tunnels cut in the rock; and magnificent waterfalls were gushing from above, and tumbling with a tremendous noise into the vale below. The whole road, indeed, as far as the village of the Simplon, presented the most superb mountain scenery.

The ascent was extremely tedious. We passed the last post of the Italian douaniers about eight o'clock in the morning; and about midday found ourselves at the little inn of the Simplon, where we breakfasted. I was much delighted with the cleanliness and civility of the people; and every thing that we saw tended to give us a favourable opinion of our new friends. There was an appearance of health and good nature among the Swiss peasants, which put us much in mind of those of our own country; and their rosy cheeks formed a remarkable contrast to the sallow complexion of the Italians whom we had left in the morning. The German begins at the village of the Simplon to be the prevailing language, and the lower orders do not understand a word of Italian; at least, when I addressed any of them in that language, the invariable reply was, *Sprechen sie Deutsch?* The dress of the women is not a little singular. They wear a small black bonnet ornamented with gold

embroidery; and the shape of their gowns is exactly similar to that which was fashionable in England in the sixteenth century.

Mr. Anderson and myself set off with the intention of crossing the mountain on foot, leaving the carriage to follow. We saw some glaciers at no great distance on the left; and the summits of almost all the neighbouring Alps were covered with snow. The wind was extremely cold; and I found my great coat not only comfortable but necessary. On the other side of the Simplon the descent is very rapid, and the scenery is in many places picturesque. At one of the turns of the road I counted no fewer than ten cascades, some of which fell from a perpendicular height of several hundred feet. After having walked about twelve miles, we sat down on a rising ground to wait for the carriage; and amused ourselves with gathering bilberries and wild strawberries, which were growing in considerable quantities around us. We were the innocent cause of frightening two Swiss peasants not a little. Hearing the noise of the carriage, I was anxious to let Mr. Anderson know that it was coming; and with this view made the best of my way towards him, driving down stones and rubbish on the road below, and bawling as loud as I could. Two honest Swiss were passing at the time; and hearing the noise, and seeing two odd-looking figures making towards them, they of course concluded that our

object was to attack them, and without a moment's delay they ran off, and in a few minutes were fairly out of sight. The inn at Brieg forms a wonderful contrast to those of Italy. Every thing is so neat and clean, that we can almost fancy ourselves at home; and we feel that we can place implicit confidence in the people with whom we have to deal.

We have been most fortunate in having had an Italian nobleman, named Count Spalatin, as our travelling companion all the way from Milan. I have not in the whole course of our journey met with any one who delighted me more. His literary attainments are of the highest order, and there is a suavity in his manners which cannot fail to please. He gave me much information about the present state of literature in Italy; and told me that he was engaged himself in preparing a work on Dante, which, from the outline that he gave me of it, must, I think, be very valuable and interesting. I am certain that the Father of Italian poetry could not have fallen into the hands of one who more passionately admired his excellences. His eyes sparkled at the very name of Dante. Count Spalatin is a member of the Legion of Honour; and he enjoyed in no ordinary degree the confidence of Napoleon, by whom he was appointed president of the court of appeals at Laybach. He is, of course, much attached to him; and he told me many

anecdotes of him, which served not a little to illustrate his character. Among others he mentioned, that when Bonaparte, after the battle of Wagram, was surrounded by his generals, who were congratulating him on the success which had attended his arms, the only answer that he gave was the following remarkable observation: *La vie n'est qu' une crippe noire, parsemée par quelque rare étoile d'or.* Of the truth of this remark his own fortune affords a singular confirmation.

July 28.—CHAMOUNY.—We slept last night at Sion, the capital of the Vallais; which we left this morning at three o'clock, and arrived at Martigny at an early hour. My fellow-travellers continued their route directly to Geneva; and I procured a guide and a couple of mules to conduct me across the Alps, in order that I might have an opportunity of seeing the Glaciers, which are the most magnificent in Switzerland. On examining the *album* at the inn where we rested at Martigny, I was not a little surprised to find the names of Dr. Mearns and Dr. Bryce, who, to my great mortification, had departed on their way to St. Bernard only a few hours before our arrival. What a treat it would have been, had I been fortunate enough to meet them!

About a quarter of a mile from Martigny, we began to ascend by a steep and rugged path,

which no horse could travel with safety to his rider. The peasants were busily employed in the labours of the field; and I observed a great many little wooden cottages peeping through the trees. I was much amused with the conduct of my guide, who, in order to attract attention, made as great a noise with his whip when passing any of the houses, as half a dozen of French postilions; and when any of the fair sex did him the honour to look from the windows, he was most punctual in rendering them a profound obeisance. After having ascended for about three leagues by the same dangerous road, where the least restiveness or false step of the mule would have proved fatal, we descended into a valley, through the midst of which ran a purling brook, and again began to climb another mountain, more steep and precipitous than the former. From a point on the summit called Col de Balme, there is a noble view of Mont Blanc and of the vale of Chamouny, with the windings of the Arve. The cold was extreme, and we passed many wreaths of snow. When we had descended about a mile we came to a cottage, where we found ten or twelve peasants, whose sole employment during the summer months consists in making cheese. They informed me that they had ninety cows. I observed many of these browsing on the mountains; and to the neck of each is fastened a bell, which tinkles as they move.

The rhododendron and other mountain plants were growing in great luxuriance.

We now approached the Glacier du Tour. Enormous masses of ice lay piled one above another, in the most irregular and fantastic shapes imaginable. A little farther on is the Glacier d'Argentiere, which is grander and more extensive than the other. The clefts of the ice were of a deep blue; and when the sun shone upon them, presented all the varieties of the prismatic colours. A torrent gushes down the vale, and by its noise increases the effect of the scene. I was fortunate enough to see a fine avalanche. A large mass of ice having been detached from the mountain, came thundering down with a tremendous noise, and was broken into ten thousand pieces. I next visited the Glacier des Bois, and the Mer de Glace du Montanvert. It is impossible to give any idea of this immense tract of ice. You traverse it furnished with a long pointed pole, and considerable care is necessary to avoid falling. I again entered the valley, and reached the inn of Chamouny, completely worn out by the fatigues of the day. I found a great many English; and the landlord told me that about twenty had left him the day before. We were regaled at supper with the flesh of the chamois goat, which is as tender and delicate as the finest venison.

July 29.—GENEVA.—I left Chamouny early this morning, and passed the Glacier des Boissons, which is situated at the foot of Mont Blanc. The crops were quite green, and the people were employed in taking in their hay. There had been frost during the night, and the air was extremely chill. The road for four leagues is wretchedly bad, and in many places dangerous. After having left the mountains we descended into a fertile plain, and reached the little village of St. Martin, where I breakfasted; and passing through Bonneville, I arrived at Geneva about eight o'clock in the evening. The scenery between Bonneville and Geneva put me much in mind of the most beautiful parts of Strathearn.

July 30.—I attended divine service this day in the English Church. The congregation was very numerous and respectable; but the sermon, though very learned, was, I am afraid, not very useful to the hearers. It consisted almost entirely of a long disquisition on the philosophy of the Greeks.

July 31.—I have been employed to-day in seeing the town, which, I own, has disappointed me. The houses have a gloomy appearance, and many of the streets are narrow. I paid a visit to the Academy of Arts, where there are some good paintings; and to the Cabinet of Natural

History. The number of birds is considerable, and they are extremely well preserved and arranged. The collection of minerals is as yet very incomplete; but as the establishment has existed only about a twelvemonth, it could scarcely have been otherwise. In another room I saw a few medals and some Etruscan vases. The Cathedral is a large building, ornamented with six Corinthian columns.

The *valet de place* next conducted me to the place where Calvin preached his first sermon to the people of Geneva. It is somewhat similar to that in the High Street of Edinburgh, where John Knox addressed his countrymen. Both of the reformers spoke from a window, and the people were assembled underneath. I was next led to a place of a very different description; the house where the notorious Rousseau was born. Calvin announced to the people of Geneva the glad tidings of salvation. He stood boldly forth as the advocate of truth, and was destined by Divine Providence to be the means of turning many thousands from darkness to light. Rousseau, on the other hand, laboured by his writings to undermine the principles of his fellow men, and it is to be regretted that he was too successful. The house where he was born is a mean and dirty looking building. On a square stone, which has been placed in the wall above the door, are the following words:—

ICI EST NE
JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU
LE XXVIII. JUIN MDCCXII.

In the afternoon I had a delightful walk in the neighbourhood of the lake, and I scarcely ever beheld more beautiful scenery. The country is richly cultivated, and covered with innumerable summer residences; and the surrounding scenery combines, in a remarkable degree, the grand and majestic with the soft and delicate features of nature. I saw the junction of the Arve with the Rhone. The muddy stream of the former presents a singular contrast to the dark-blue waters of the latter. They flow separately for a great distance; the Rhone being on one side, and the Arve on the other. I was next conducted to the beautiful country seat called Les Delices, where Voltaire first took up his residence on arriving at Geneva.

Our friend the Count has this day set out for Paris. We parted with sincere regret; and have promised to commence a correspondence, from which I hope to derive considerable advantage.

August 1.—We have walked a great deal today, in the charming environs of the town, and have been highly gratified with what we have seen. My fellow traveller, Mr. Anderson, is under the necessity of setting out to-morrow

morning for Paris, on his way to London. I shall be very sorry to part; but, as the weather is temperate, and the country beautiful, I intend to continue my journey, and visit the most interesting parts of Switzerland and Germany. May that gracious Being, who has hitherto extended over me his protecting arm, still continue to preserve me from the dangers to which I may be exposed; prevent me from being seduced by the corrupting influence of foreign manners; and grant me a happy meeting with those friends whom absence has rendered doubly dear to me! Blessed be his name, that I have the privilege of drawing near to him in prayer; and that I have the delightful assurance that he will never forsake those who trust in him.

August 2.—LAUSANNE.—Mr. Anderson set out this morning in the Diligence for Paris, and I left Geneva for Lausanne about two hours after. We passed through the village of Versoix, and entered the Pays de Vaud, one of the most healthy and beautiful districts in Switzerland. I did not fail to pay a visit to Coppet, the former residence of M. Necker and of Madame de Staël. The Chateau where they lived is situated close by the road side, and commands an extensive view of the lake. We breakfasted at Nyon, and rested a couple of hours at Rolle, a charming little town, in which there are many excellent

houses. There is, indeed, a neatness and cleanliness in all the Swiss towns that has delighted me, after having been annoyed by the dirtiness and disagreeableness of those of Italy. The inns are most comfortable, and you know exactly what you have to pay. In Italy, on the contrary, unless you make a bargain before-hand, you will be cheated to a certainty. The innkeeper makes it a rule to demand about double the sum for an article that he expects you will give him; and even when you have got it at half the price originally charged, you may be imposed on after all. The floors are so dirty, that slippers are indispensable to travellers in Italy; for if an ill-fated pair of stockings be once allowed to touch the contaminated floor, they must, without delay, be consigned to the washer-woman.

Lausanne is situated on a rising ground, and many of the streets are remarkably steep. The neighbouring country is most delightful. The whole road from Geneva is lined with hedges and fruit trees; and the view which is enjoyed of the scenery on the other side of the lake is highly beautiful. The corn is now ripe, and the yellow tint of the fields forms a fine contrast to the green hue of the surrounding vineyards.

August 3.—I have this day seen all the wonders of Lausanne, which may be easily discussed

in the course of a few hours. The Cathedral is a large Gothic building, erected on the most elevated ground in the town; and the prospect from the terrace is very extensive. Near the Cathedral is the Academy, which was founded in 1537, and which numbers among its former Professors several illustrious men. Of these the most distinguished are Henry Stephens and Theodore Beza. The number of students at present is, I believe, nearly as follows:—Sixty in Theology, seventy in Philosophy, forty in Belles Lettres, and fifteen in Law. A pretty extensive library is attached to the institution.

There is not in general much to be seen in the Swiss towns. In Switzerland we must devote ourselves to the contemplation of nature; and in this enchanting country she may be seen in all her magnificence, and in all her loveliness. There is a calmness, a serenity, and a repose, in every thing that surrounds us, which disposes the mind to thought, and leads it to hold fellowship with itself. It is not then surprising, that Switzerland has been the favourite of poets and philosophers—of those who described in glowing language the beauties of nature; and of those who loved to trace, among a simple and happy people, the workings of the human mind. The interest that we feel in visiting Italy is derived from another source. Though the scenery is beautiful, yet man, and his works, and his

history, almost engross our attention. Italy is the country of those great poets, warriors, and statesmen, whose names have been familiar to us from our earliest years. Scarcely a spot is to be found that has not been the theatre of some great exploit; and scarcely a town that has not to boast of having given birth to some one famous in history. The stupendous ruins by which we are surrounded bring to our recollection the ages that are past; and, while they impress us with lofty ideas of the power and perseverance of man, they also teach us the perishableness and vanity of all his works.

I took a very long walk in the evening along the banks of the lake; and, as the air was cool and refreshing, I enjoyed it much.

August 4.—PAYERNE.—I left Lausanne this morning, after breakfast, and arrived here about five o'clock in the afternoon. The country, though rich and highly cultivated, has not presented any thing picturesque or romantic. The principal crops appear to be oats, barley, potatoes, and wheat: I noticed also a good deal of tobacco. Payerne is a pretty considerable town, and, in the principal street, there are many good houses. The manners of the people seem to be remarkably simple and polite; and every little fellow that you meet pulls off his hat and makes a profound bow, when he recognises you

to be a stranger. The children appear to be stout and healthy, and one rarely sees those sickly and deformed infants that are every where to be met with in Italy. The Italian women are certainly bad mothers; at least, the manner in which they treat their children is extremely injudicious. They bind them up, soon after birth, in such a way that it is not surprising that many of them are deformed. A sort of loop is left, for the purpose of hanging them on a peg in the wall; and, when the mother is engaged, the poor child is left to swing and cry, till she find it convenient to take it down. I used to mistake these Italian children for bundles of dirty clothes, which they resemble more than any thing else.

August 5.—BERNE.—I reached this large town about two o'clock, from Payerne. I breakfasted at Morat, where there is an excellent inn; and passed for some distance along the banks of the lake of the same name. The dresses of the women of the canton of Berne are very singular, but I cannot help thinking them graceful. The town of Berne is built in an elevated situation. The river Aar flows under its walls, and contributes much to beautify and fertilize the neighbouring country. There are many enchanting walks in the environs, and the view from the rising grounds is rich and diversified. The Cathedral is a large Gothic building; and from its

terrace is a noble prospect of the Alps, covered with their eternal snows. The Aar is seen a hundred and eight feet below; and a sort of artificial cascade has been formed, which has a fine effect. This terrace is a place of great resort. No town in Switzerland is more healthy than Berne. Of every four children, one is computed to live to the age of seventy; and twenty or twenty-five out of every hundred attain the age of from seventy to a hundred.

August 6.—I attended divine service to-day in the French Church, which is occupied, first by the Catholics, and next by the Protestants. The preacher was most animated, and his discourses were calculated to be useful to his hearers. The Sabbath is, I think, upon the whole, better observed in Berne than we found it at Geneva, where it was as grossly profaned as in any town we have visited.

August 7.—This forenoon has been employed in making an interesting excursion to Hofwyl, the admirable establishment of M. de Fellenberg; which is situated about two leagues from this town, and which has of late become well known in Britain, through the medium of the Edinburgh Review.

On giving in my name at the Bureau, a young man was appointed to conduct me through the

premises, which are very extensive. It was unfortunately the time of the vacation, and few of the masters or pupils were at home. I was first of all led to a hall, which contained the implements made use of in the agricultural department of the establishment, many of which are very ingenious. I next visited the Dairy and the Riding-School, and afterwards saw the school-rooms and apartments occupied by the professors and students. It is the glory of this institution, that the religious improvement of the young men forms a primary object of consideration. Divine service is performed once a week; and the least irregularity of conduct is invariably treated with the utmost severity. There are at present thirty professors, and one hundred scholars, who belong to the establishment.

When I was just on the eve of departing, I was addressed by a mild looking gentleman, who said that he would be most happy to give me any additional information that I might be desirous of obtaining, as to the plan of education adopted at Hofwyl. This gentleman proved to be M. Fellenberg himself. On my mentioning that I came from Aberdeen, "Ah," said he, "I have heard of Aberdeen: Beattie and Campbell were professors in the University of Aberdeen, were they not? You Scotch," he continued, "have done wonders in literature, particularly in Moral Science. You are much more rational

than our mad German enthusiasts, who think they do nothing right, unless they differ from all the world."

In a conversation which continued for upwards of two hours, he gave me a complete account of his system, of which I have noted down the following particulars :—

The young men are first of all instructed in the Greek language, to the study of which three years are exclusively devoted. The first book put into their hands is the Odyssey of Homer; and the prose writers are not even looked at till this can be read with tolerable facility. At the end of three years, those who discover no turn at all for languages abandon the study entirely; those who display tolerable abilities still continue it, in addition to other branches; and those who have made distinguished progress, devote their principal attention to Greek literature, and read the best authors both in prose and verse. The whole course is completed in nine years; and at the end of the third, the pupils commence the study of Latin, which they carry on during the whole time that they remain in the institution, more or less attention being paid to it according to the turn which the pupil discovers. The German language is generally spoken; but as French is now the medium of intercourse throughout Europe, that language is cultivated with the greatest care. While the young men are en-

gaged in the study of Greek, they are also made acquainted with the History and Geography of the Greeks; and while they are occupied with the study of Latin, they are in like manner made acquainted with the Geography and History of the Romans. The last three years are particularly devoted to the languages and literature of modern Europe; but a stated portion of time is still allotted to Greek and Latin. The literature of France, England, Germany, and Italy, is studied in a systematic manner; and the way of thinking and peculiar character of each nation, are carefully pointed out. Music forms a prominent feature of the system of M. Fellenberg; and he told me that he had five masters for that branch alone.

I was indeed rather surprised at the disproportionate number of masters when compared with that of the scholars; and on mentioning the circumstance to M. Fellenberg, he explained it in the following way:—"Suppose," said he, "that a class is composed of twelve boys, and that in the course of a few months the master discovers that four of these are so dull, that in order to bring them forward he must retard the progress of the other eight. This would be very unjust; and I immediately appoint another master to the four dunces, whose sole employment is to take charge of their education. Let us suppose again," he continued, "that even of

the four there may be one more stupid than the others. If the master complain that he impedes the progress of the other three, I appoint a teacher who devotes his time and attention to him alone. It is thus that the number of masters is necessarily so great in this establishment; and I feel that I could not do justice to those committed to my charge in any other way."

Besides the literary department of the Institution of Hofwyl, there is also a separate establishment for instructing the children of poor parents in agriculture. They pay nothing, and are taken in at the age of five years, and dismissed at twenty-one. The number of these at present is thirty; and they are constantly employed in the labours of the field. Two hours every day are devoted to their instruction; and the greatest care is taken to implant correct religious principles in their minds. I could not but admire the feeling manner in which M. Fellenberg expressed himself in reference to this important subject:—*Les ames des pauvres,* said he, *sont aussi précieuses que les nôtres; et leur instruction religieuse est donnée avec le méme soin qu'aux enfans des riches.* These young men are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and the elements of geometry. They are also instructed in veterinary surgery, and in those branches of natural history that have a reference to agriculture.

On my return to Berne I visited the arsenal, and saw whatever else is remarkable in the town. The library is pretty extensive; and there is a museum connected with it which contains some ancient medals, and a complete collection of the birds of Switzerland. I now find my little knowledge of German very useful, as nothing else is spoken throughout this canton.

August 8.—SUMMISWALD.—I left Berne to-day about half past twelve o'clock, and arrived at this village about seven in the evening. The country between Berne and Summiswald has put me much in mind of the highlands of Scotland. The peasants are in general wealthy, and their cottages are the neatest I have seen in Switzerland. To each is attached a little garden, which is plentifully stocked with excellent vegetables, and embellished with flowers of various kinds. The houses are for the most part white-washed, and the window shutters are painted green. The harvest here is only beginning, and in many places the oats are quite green. This will shew how different the climate is from that of Italy, where, in the neighbourhood of Rome, we found the grain cut down in the beginning of June. In fact, I have not been in the least incommoded by heat since crossing the Alps.

I took a long and delightful walk in the evening; and met crowds of the country people

returning from their labours; all of whom greeted me with the salutation of *Gute Nacht mein Herr*—Good night, sir—and made me one of their best bows, which, of course, I returned in the most graceful way I could.

August 9.—LUCERNE.—I left Summiswald this morning about six, and arrived at Zell, the first village in the canton of Lucerne, where I was detained about four hours. I noticed a printed paper hung up in the inn, entitled, *Schwarze Tafel*, or the Black List; which contained the names of seven outlaws, whom the innkeepers are forbidden to harbour under the severest penalties. Lucerne is the principal of the Catholic cantons; and if I had not been aware that I was again among Roman Catholics, I should have soon discovered it by the number of chapels, and images of saints that are placed at intervals by the road side. I rested for about an hour at Sursee, a considerable town; and I was highly amused by the titles of two prints, which occupied a prominent situation on the wall of the Salle à manger, and which the landlord pointed out to me with evident complacency. One of them was, *A vieu taking upon Keus Bridge*, for Kew bridge; and the other, *A vieu of the baack of Charleton House.* These will serve as specimens of English manufactured in Switzerland.

Leaving Sursee, the country began to open, and a superb prospect burst at once upon the sight. The foreground was occupied by the fine lake of Sempach, and Mount Righi and Mount Pilate were seen towering in the distance. The road passes for some way along the banks of the lake, on the opposite side of which stands the town of Sempach. The dress of the women here is different from that in use in the canton of Berne; but I do not think it nearly so graceful. Their bonnets are so flat, and have so little hold of their heads, that in a gale of wind these good ladies must find them very inconvenient. Their waists are finely embroidered; and their hair is nicely plaited, and hangs in two divisions down almost to their heels. In Turkey they would be mistaken for Pashas of two tails. It was past nine o'clock when I arrived here.

August 10.—Top of Mount Righi.—I rose early this morning, in order to have an opportunity of seeing the town of Lucerne. It is built on the side of the lake of the same name, and is surrounded on every hand by mountains. Its situation is more picturesque than that of any Swiss town I have hitherto seen. The streets are not, however, so regular as those of Berne, though many of the houses are excellent. The river Reuss divides Lucerne into two parts; and the covered bridges, made of wood, which have

been thrown over that river, form the most remarkable objects in the city. One of them is a thousand feet long; and another, called Hofbrücke, or the Bridge of the Court, is no less than one thousand three hundred and eighty. The Hotel de Ville, or Stadthaus, is a mean looking building; and though there is a good deal of finery in the interior of the Cathedral, yet it sinks into insignificance when compared with the noble structures of the same kind in Italy. The burying ground is quite contiguous. Each grave is surmounted by a crucifix, which is generally gilded; and on a little tablet are marked the name and age of the deceased.

I next visited the convent of the Capuchin Friars; and before I was aware found myself in their kitchen, where about a dozen fat fellows were busily engaged in preparing breakfast for the whole fraternity. The food was of the most substantial kind, and would have been sufficient for as many hard-working ploughmen. The convent is situated on a rising ground, about a quarter of an hour's walk from the town. After I descended, I was shewn a huge figure of a lion, which the workmen are at present cutting from the rock, and which, when finished, will certainly be a curiosity.

I hired a boat at Lucerne to take me to Kussnacht, and embarked about half past eleven in the forenoon. Nothing could be more beautiful

than the scenery on both sides of the lake. Autumn is unquestionably the time to enjoy Switzerland; for at this season there is a richness and variety in the colours of the fields which they do not possess in spring or summer. The lake of Lucerne is also called the Lake of the Four Cantons, from part of Lucerne, Schweitz, Uri, and Underwalden, being situated on its banks. After sailing about an hour, the scenery began to assume a bolder character, and on the right rose the mountains of Underwalden. I reached the village of Kussnacht, which is in the canton of Schweitz, in three hours. All the houses are of wood, and very few of the inhabitants appear to be opulent. It is built on the side of the lake. The dress of the women is not a little singular. Their gowns are of the same old-fashioned make as those worn by the females in the canton of Lucerne; but it was their head-dress that amused me most of all. It consists of two very stiff pieces of cambric trimmed with lace, which are cut exactly in the form of a cock's comb, and are set upright on the crown of the head. The intervening space between the two divisions of this comb, or whatever it may be called, is filled up with a profusion of gum-flowers.

I dined at Kussnacht, and set out along with a guide whom I had brought with me from Lucerne, to pay a visit to the Chapel of William Tell, in the immediate neighbourhood; which

has been erected on the very spot where that hero slew with his cross-bow the tyrant Geissler, and established the liberty of his country. The situation of this interesting little chapel is highly romantic. It is embosomed in wood; and a few simple German verses which have been put on the walls, pay a tribute of respect to the memory of Tell. After having left the chapel we struck off to the right, and began to ascend Mount Righi, the view from which is considered the richest and most beautiful in Switzerland. I sat down every now and then to enjoy the prospect, which became more extensive the farther I advanced; and at last, after four hours of hard climbing, I reached the summit of the mountain, about seven o'clock in the evening. The view was glorious. I beheld underneath me

Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

The sun was gradually sinking in the horizon, and gave an inconceivable softness and loveliness to the landscape. The prospect is far more extensive on the West than on the East, where it is bounded by the Alps. It embraces the cantons of Lucerne, Schweitz, Zurich, and Argovia, with their innumerable lakes, towns, and villages, which were gilded by the rays of the setting sun. On the North I saw distinctly the towns of

Schweitz and Underwalden; but I confess that I was more delighted by the view I enjoyed of the little town of Art, which lay underneath me on the East, than with any part of the more extensive prospect towards the West. There was something so enchanting and so complete in every respect in this little landscape, that it came nearer to the splendid fictions of poetry than to a scene really to be found in nature. Towards the West the eye wanders through immensity, and searches in vain for a resting place; but here it reposes with delight on the lake, the fields, the trees, and the rich verdure of this lovely valley. I sat for some time on a sort of platform on the summit of the mountain, lost in admiration, until at last I beheld the sun set in all his glory. There were some clouds hovering in the East, but in the West all was clear and serene; and the colours of the sky were the richest and most delicate that the imagination can conceive. The features of the landscape became less and less distinct, and gradually melted into darkness.

Mount Righi is four thousand three hundred and fifty-six feet high; and the inn where I am to pass the night is situated within a few yards of the very summit. A number of cattle are sent to graze on the mountain during the summer months; and the *chalets* or cottages of the cow-herds are the only habitations that are seen on its sides.

August 11.—ZURICH.—I got up this morning at a very early hour, in order to see the sun rise from the top of Mount Righi. All at first was darkness; but, at last, a feeble glimmering appeared in the East, that enabled me to trace, though indistinctly, the bold outline of the mountains. The different objects became, however, more and more visible; and I could see the shining surface of the lakes, that lay underneath. After having waited about an hour, I enjoyed one of the most interesting and magnificent spectacles in nature. The sun, red as blood, rose in the East; and as he ascended I beheld again each feature of that rich and varied landscape, which I had contemplated with such pleasure the preceding evening. The sky was of the colour of crimson, edged with gold; and here and there appeared streaks of the loveliest blue. The morning was calm, and not a sound was heard but the tinkling of those little bells, which the peasants attach to the necks of their cows and goats, to prevent them from being lost during the thick mists that frequently envelope the summit of the mountain. In such a situation, the mind naturally rises above the world; and from the contemplation of nature is directed to that Great Being, who made and who continually preserves the universe, and without whom even a sparrow cannot fall to the ground.

About half past five I began the descent; and

in about two hours and a half reached the village of Immensee; where I hired a boat to take me across the lake to Zug, which is some leagues distant. The boat was *manned* by two *women*, who rowed most nobly. The scenery on the lake of Zug is of a very different description from that of the lake of Lucerne. Hills covered with wood come down to the water's edge, and few traces of cultivation are to be seen. The canton of Zug is the smallest in Switzerland. Its population consists only of twelve thousand five hundred inhabitants, and it does not extend more than about five geographical miles. The town, though neat, contains nothing remarkable. I visited the Church, which is abundantly stocked with images of saints and martyrs; and in a chapel in the church-yard, I saw a large pile of sculls and bones, arranged in a sort of framework: on many of these sculls are marked the name and age of the deceased.

After resting some time at Zug, I walked about three leagues to Horgen, a considerable place, situated on the banks of the lake of Zurich, where I procured another boat to bring me here. I was, as on the former occasion, escorted by two females, who, though they rowed for four successive hours, never once rested from the labour of the oar. The tongues of these fair ones never ceased, as far as I recollect, for a single minute during the whole voyage. The banks

of the lake are delightful. Every inch of ground is highly cultivated; and innumerable villages, with their neat churches and spires, are seen in every direction. I reached Zurich about seven o'clock in the evening, very much exhausted by the fatigues of the day.

August 12.—I have seen to-day all that is interesting in Zurich. I went immediately after breakfast to the Institution for the Blind, which interested me exceedingly. The hour from ten to eleven every forenoon is exclusively devoted to music; and they were just on the eve of commencing at the time when I entered. Two young men played delightfully on the violin, and the rest of the pupils accompanied them with their voices. All the various operations of arithmetic were gone through with wonderful readiness and accuracy; and many of them could spell and write tolerably well. The institution appears to be admirably regulated. One hour every morning is spent in prayer and religious duties. The greater part of the afternoon is employed in labours of various kinds, such as making baskets, watch-chains, purses, &c.; and the forenoon is devoted to writing, spelling, and arithmetic.

From this interesting establishment I went to the Hotel de Ville, which is unquestionably the finest I have seen in Switzerland. I next spent some hours in the Library, which is extensive

and valuable. I was shewn some original letters of Henry IV., and a very old Greek manuscript of the Psalms of David. But there was another manuscript which it was impossible to behold without the liveliest interest. This was the identical copy of Quintilian discovered by Poggio in the Monastery of St. Gall, from which the existing text of that author was originally taken. I had also an opportunity of examining for the first time a work on oriental literature, entitled, *Fundgruben des Orients,* or Mines of the East. It is published periodically, and is edited by Hammer of Vienna. Almost all the distinguished orientalists of the continent are contributors. I hope to procure a set of the volumes already published, amounting I believe to six or seven, either at Berlin or Leipsic. The library is ornamented with a considerable number of good old paintings; and in one of the upper rooms I saw a huge plan, in relief, of part of eleven of the Swiss cantons, executed by an engineer of the name of Muller. Every mountain has exactly its relative height; the lakes are represented by pieces of looking-glass; and not a pathway, not a village, not even a cottage, has been omitted.

I next made the circuit of the ramparts, and enjoyed many delightful peeps of the lake, which was covered with little barks bound to different places situated on its banks. No town in Switz-

erland that I have seen possesses so many fine walks as Zurich, and in the evening they are generally crowded. Near the confluence of the rivers Sil and Limmat stands a monument, sacred to the memory of Gessner, the elegant author of the Death of Abel. On one of the sides are the following words :—

SALOMON GESSNER
GEB. DEN I. APRIL MDCCXXX
STARB DEN II. MARZ MDCCLXXXVIII.

On the other side :—

DEM ANDENKEN
SALOMON GESSNERS
VON SEINEN
MITBURGERN.

"Erected to the memory of Solomon Gessner, by his fellow-citizens."

The *valet de place*, Jean Guyer, whom I have employed here, was formerly servant to the celebrated Lavater, and accompanied him during a long journey from Zurich to Copenhagen. He also attended the lamented Tweddell for fifteen days during his rambles among the mountains. Jean spoke in the most affectionate manner of his late master, and did not fail to conduct me to

his grave. The fate of Lavater is well known: he was mortally wounded in 1799 by a French soldier, during the occupation of Zurich by the army of General Massena.

August 13.—*Sunday.*—I attended divine service to-day both in the French and German Churches. The German clergyman read his prayers and repeated his sermon; and the French one read his prayers, his sermon, and even the blessing.

I was glad to learn from Professor Gessner that the cause of the Bible Society prospers in Zurich; and he has been so kind as to give me a copy of all the reports of the proceedings hitherto published. M. Gessner is a relative of the celebrated Solomon Gessner; and, besides being one of the professors, is highly esteemed as a preacher in the church in which he statedly officiates. His whole soul seems to be devoted to the good work in which he is engaged. Madame Gessner, his wife, is the daughter of Lavater; and she appears to be no less interested than her husband in the success of every plan calculated to promote the glory of God, and the salvation of immortal souls.

August 14.—I have taken my seat in the Diligence, which sets out this forenoon for St. Gall. I bid adieu to Zurich with regret; and from

what I have seen of it, I certainly prefer it to all the Swiss towns I have visited. There is a bustle and activity here that forms a contrast to the silence that one generally finds in the other towns of Switzerland, where there is little trade, and often less industry. The environs of Zurich are delightful.

August 15.—ST. GALL.—I left Zurich yesterday about mid-day, and after travelling all night, arrived here about four o'clock this morning. I went immediately to bed; and about ten in the forenoon set out to see the town. St. Gall is at present the most thriving and mercantile place in Switzerland; and the fields, in the neighbourhood of the town, are covered with linens and cottons spread out to bleach. The town is finely situated in a hollow between two rising grounds, and the scenery in the neighbourhood is very romantic. The houses are, in general, well built and comfortable. The inhabitants of St. Gall are chiefly Protestants; but in the villages in the vicinity many of the people are Catholics. The Abbey of St. Gall was formerly in possession of considerable lands; but these now belong to the town, and its buildings, which are very extensive, are converted into public offices. The Catholic Church is, however, very large; and as this was the festival of the Assumption of the Virgin, a vast crowd of country people was

collected from the neighbouring cantons. I had thus an opportunity of seeing all their different costumes, which are certainly the drollest that can be conceived. Some of the girls had a sort of *tiaras* or crowns on their heads, made of gold and silver lace, and looked like so many Indian queens; while others were arrayed in a style so very antique and extraordinary, that they put me in mind of those odd Chinese figures which are stuck up in the windows of tea-shops in England and Scotland.

In the evening I made a pleasant excursion into the canton of Appenzell, and visited several neat little villages. A Swiss gentleman, to whom I had a letter of introduction, was so kind as to accompany me. The canton of Appenzell is one of the most democratical in Switzerland. All men above the age of sixteen have a right to vote in the assembly; and they watch over their privileges with the most jealous care. The manners of the people differ considerably from those of their neighbours, and their dress is also peculiar. The men wear cocked hats of an enormous size. The surface of the ground is very diversified and beautiful, and the scenery is in many places wild and romantic. In no part of Switzerland are finer cattle reared than in Appenzell. Pasturage seems to constitute the chief employment of the inhabitants, and their flocks are their principal riches.

August 16.—CONSTANCE.—I set out this morning from St. Gall for Roschach, a considerable place situated on the banks of the lake of Constance. It was my intention to hire a boat for this city; but the demands of the boatmen were so extravagant, that, after having rested four or five hours at Roschach, I was obliged to take post-horses to a village called Huob, where I joined the Diligence at seven o'clock in the evening. The country between Roschach and Huob is the worst cultivated and most uninteresting I have seen in Switzerland. The houses are miserable, and the inhabitants seem to be extremely poor. Crowds of young beggars followed the carriage. I reached Constance about half past ten at night.

August 17.—I have spent this day in seeing whatever is worthy of attention in Constance. In the Cathedral is seen the square stone on which John Huss stood while sentence of death was pronounced against him; and the pulpit is supported by a statue of the reformer. The Catholics, however, not satisfied with burning him alive, seem to have been determined also to torment him in effigy; for the face of this statue, which is of wood, has been terribly battered by some zealous Papists, and has by this means been deprived of the nose. In a convent, which has now very properly been converted into a manu-

factory, I saw the dungeon where he was confined. It is a miserable hole about eight feet square; and near the door stands a wooden block which served for his seat, and to which the iron ring, to which he was chained, is still attached.

I next went to the Hall where the celebrated Council of Constance was held in 1414. It is a large but mean looking room, and is at present occupied by a few flags and rusty muskets. The hurdle in which John Huss was dragged to execution is shewn here; and two old dirty chairs, which may perhaps have been fine in their day, are pointed out to strangers as having been occupied by the Pope and the Emperor, during the sitting of the Council. On my return to the inn, I passed the house in which Huss was apprehended. An excellent head of the reformer, cut in stone, has been placed in the wall.

The afternoon and evening were spent in walking about the town and its environs. No two places can be more different than Constance and St. Gall. Every thing here bears symptoms of decay. There seems to be little or no trade, and many of the houses are at this moment uninhabited. The lake is the largest in Switzerland, being about sixteen leagues long, and about six leagues broad. The town of Constance does not at present form part of the Swiss republics, but is subject to the Duke of Baden, and is garrisoned by German troops.

I witnessed this afternoon the strange manner in which burials are conducted here. Just as I turned the corner of one of the principal streets, my ears were saluted by the most doleful and horrid sounds I ever heard; and on looking in the direction from which they came, I saw four men bearing a coffin, beside which six priests were carrying lighted torches. Behind these came about fifty men walking two and two, dressed in long black robes, and repeating, in the hoarsest and most discordant tones imaginable, the prayers for the dead, counting their beads all the while with the greatest regularity. These were followed by nearly two hundred women, also arrayed in black, who marched in the same order as the men, and were equally zealous in repeating their prayers. But instead of the deep toned sounds of their fellow mourners, they grated my ears with all the variations of a Scottish bagpipe; and their notes were so long and so loud, that I was glad to make my escape from themselves and their melody.

August 18.—SCHAFFHAUSEN.—I procured a boat at Constance to bring me to this place. I embarked about mid-day, and reached this city at seven o'clock in the evening, after a delightful sail down the Rhine. I landed at many neat little towns and villages in the canton of Thurgovia. The scenery on both sides of the river

is beautiful and romantic. The ground is in general pretty elevated, and is diversified with trees, green fields, and vineyards.

About five o'clock we reached Stein, the first place of any consequence in the canton of Schaffhausen. The castle of Klingen is situated on a hill above the town, and appears to be a place of considerable strength. The Rhine is in many parts between this city and Constance as broad as the Thames at Gravesend; but at Stein it begins to be more contracted, and to flow with much greater rapidity.

August 19.—I have this day paid a visit to the celebrated fall of the Rhine, which is rather more than half a league distant from the town. The cataract is not so remarkable for its height as for the astonishing body of water which is precipitated from above. I first viewed this sublime spectacle from a sort of pavilion which completely overlooks it, and afterwards descended to a little gallery erected below, where the fall is seen to the greatest advantage. The river tumbles foaming and raging from a height of about fifty feet, and is broken in its course by four singular rocks, which rise at certain distances in the very middle of the river. These rocks are covered with verdure, and, when seen through the clouds of spray that are continually ascending from the agitated gulph below, produce the

finest effect imaginable. After having remained about an hour, I returned to Schaffhausen. The town itself presents nothing at all interesting, and is without exception the ugliest I have seen in Switzerland. The streets are narrow and ill paved, and few of the houses are good. The environs are not by any means beautiful; and if it were not for the magnificent fall in its neighbourhood, Schaffhausen would rarely be visited by the traveller.

I spent this afternoon and evening with M. Peyer, a gentleman who takes an active part in the promotion of every thing that is good, and who is a zealous friend to Bible and Missionary Societies. He introduced me to several of his acquaintances, in whom I was glad to observe the same spirit, and the same devotedness to the cause of God. They spoke in terms of the highest admiration of the noble efforts of Britain in the great work. I shall remain here to-morrow; and on Monday, if it please God, I propose to set out for Basle.

August 21.—BASLE.—I am just arrived here, after a very long journey from Schaffhausen. The distance is eighteen leagues; and, as there is no Diligence, the only alternative is to hire a carriage for the whole way. To-morrow I shall see this town; and next day, Wednesday, I shall set out direct for Frankfort on the Mayne, by the

Diligence. The tour which I am anxious to make is still very extensive; and as the season is approaching when I must return home, it will be necessary for me to make the best use of my time, and not to loiter where there is nothing to be seen.

August 22.—I repaired this forenoon to the library of the University, which contains a very good collection of old books, and some curious manuscripts of Erasmus, and several of the Reformers. In the halls below I saw some paintings by the celebrated Holbein. Those which represent the Passion and Crucifixion of our Lord, and the Last Supper, are particularly admired. I also noticed portraits of John and James Bernouilli, and of Euler, all of whom were natives of Basle. There is a pretty tolerable collection of shells and minerals. I next went to the Cathedral, a large Gothic edifice erected in 1019, which is interesting as containing the tombs of several great men; among others, those of Erasmus and Œcolampadius.

My friends in Schaffhausen were so kind as to give me letters of introduction to several of their acquaintances here, who have shewed me the greatest attention. I spent some hours with the president of the Missionary Society of this city, M. Von Brunn, who gave me an interesting account of their proceedings. The cause of mis-

sions is gaining ground rapidly in Switzerland. Societies have been formed at Berne, St. Gall, Thurgovia, Schaffhausen, Basle, Geneva, and Argovia; and there is not a Protestant town of any size that is not the seat of a Bible Society.

I did not fail to visit the Missionary Institution that exists in this city, under the superintendence of the Reverend M. Blumhart; a man of distinguished literary attainments, and of unaffected piety. The premises are very extensive, and capable of containing fifty students. The number at present amounts to about twenty. The young men lodge in the establishment, and are instructed in Theology and classical literature, previously to their being sent abroad. The town of Basle is not remarkable for the magnificence of any of its public buildings; and the streets are in general both narrow and ill paved.

I have been fortunate enough to fall in with a most agreeable travelling companion. He is a German gentleman of respectability, who goes to-morrow by the Diligence to Frankfort; and as our plans exactly coincide, we are to travel together as far as Gottingen, from which he proceeds to Hamburg.

August 25.—HEIDELBERG.—I set out from Basle on the morning of the twenty-third, and arrived at Friburg about seven o'clock in the evening, where we remained three or four hours.

Friburg is a considerable town, in the Duchy of Baden: it is the seat of a University, and its Cathedral is one of the finest Gothic buildings I have seen. Between Appenweyer and Buhl, we passed through the village of Salsbach, where Marshal Turenne was killed, in 1675. The tree under which this great general received his death-wound still remains, and cannot fail to interest the traveller. We arrived at Rastadt in the evening of the twenty-fourth, and spent two hours in walking about the town, and its environs. The only remarkable building is the Chateau, which was erected in imitation of that of Versailles, but which is far from rivalling it, either in external appearance or internal embellishment.

It was about four this morning when we reached Carlsruhe; and as the Diligence did not set out till ten o'clock in the forenoon, we had abundant time, both to rest for a few hours, and to see every thing remarkable in the town.—Carlsruhe is the capital of the territories of the Duke of Baden. Its streets are broad, and well paved, and have excellent foot pavements—conveniences unheard of in most continental cities; where it requires no small agility to make one's escape from being run down by carriages; and where, in rainy weather, it is impossible to stir, without being bespattered up to the eyes with dirt. Carlsruhe presents a striking contrast to

the towns of Switzerland, which are in general very irregularly built, and in which the houses are huddled one upon another. The Ducal residence is not in any respect remarkable; but there is a noble square in front of it, which is planted with trees, and which forms a delightful and finely shaded walk to the inhabitants. The new Lutheran Church is one of the finest buildings in the city. Its front is ornamented by a portico, consisting of six Corinthian columns; and there is a chaste magnificence in the interior which delighted me much.

We reached Heidelberg about four o'clock in the afternoon. The environs of this fine city are charming. Hills covered with vineyards surround it on every side; and the banks of the river Neckar, which flows under its walls, are extremely beautiful. The ruins of the castle are situated on an adjoining hill. Heidelberg is the seat of a University; and I was much amused with the ridiculous and fantastical dresses of many of the students. Some of them looked like as many wild goats. They had enormous mustaches, and their hair was allowed to hang in bushy ringlets over their shoulders. I noticed one of these gentry, who, in order to be singular, and to differ totally from the vulgar, had a shirt of pink satin, the breast of which was embroidered with gold, and carefully exposed to view. A long pipe is a never-failing accompani-

ment, and it must be no inconsiderable sacrifice to lay it aside during the time they are in their class-rooms; for I saw about a dozen of them in one of the rooms of the inn, playing at billiards, and smoking all the time. We leave this about ten o'clock at night, for Frankfort.

August 26.—FRANKFORT.—We arrived here, in perfect safety, about eleven o'clock this forenoon. We passed through Darmstadt, which appears to be a well built town; at least the houses in general have a showy appearance. The country between Basle and this city is generally flat; and, though extremely well cultivated, is by no means romantic. I propose being again in Frankfort, on my return from Berlin; and I shall defer the wonders, if any such there be, till my second visit. To-morrow I shall remain here, and attend divine service; and on Monday we take our departure for Cassel.

August 29.—CASSEL.—We left Frankfort yesterday, about six o'clock in the morning, and arrived here at half past seven this evening. We passed through Giessen and Marburg, both of them seats of Universities. At Giessen, we were joined by two very pleasant companions, Dr. Schrickel of Gottingen, and a young Englishman, who is to prosecute his studies under his direction. We saw, on our right, between

Wabern and Cassel, the castle of Wilhelmshöhe, which is situated on a rising ground, and, when seen from a distance, has a fine effect. We leave this to-morrow, about one o'clock, for Gottingen.

August 30.—GOTTINGEN.—Cassel is the finest German town I have seen. Many of the streets and private houses are magnificent; and the Musæum Fredericianum is remarkable for the elegance of its architecture. The length of the façade is two hundred and ninety feet, and the Ionic pillars in front are thirty-six feet high. Before the Museum, in the centre of a fine square, is seen an equestrian statue of the late Elector of Hesse-Cassel, which was, I believe, erected in 1783. The gallery of paintings exhibited in the Museum is considered one of the best in Germany.

After having seen the most remarkable things in the city, we set out in the Hanoverian Diligence for Gottingen. This conveyance was, in every respect, as neat as an English mail coach, and indeed more comfortable than most of them. The *conducteur* was dressed in the same way as the guards of our coaches at home; and when he discovered that I was *ein Engländer*, he took special care to shew me the letters G.R. on his buttons; and, as a proof of his loyalty, bawled out Long live King George the Fourth.

The first Hanoverian town of any consequence which we reached was Munden, a place of considerable commerce, situated at the confluence of the Weser and the Fulda, and remarkable for the astonishing number of gardens which are seen in its environs. We arrived at Gottingen about nine in the evening.

August 31.—Immediately after breakfast this morning, I repaired to Professor Bouterwek, who received me with open arms, and kindly offered to render me all the services in his power, during my stay in Gottingen. Bouterwek is at present unfortunately very deaf; and his sight, owing to his intense application to study, is beginning to fail him. He was born in 1766. In 1797, he was appointed extraordinary Professor of Philosophy, and ordinary Professor in 1802. He is thoroughly acquainted with English literature, and speaks the English language extremely well. Few German scholars rank higher than Bouterwek, as a poet, a philosopher, and a man of letters. His principal work is his *Geschichte der Poesie und Beredsamkeit*, History of Poetry and Eloquence, in twelve octavo volumes; which contain the history of Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French, English, and German literature. His different works amount to about forty, exclusive of his juvenile

productions. The following are those most deserving of notice:—

1. A parallel between the genius of the Greeks and that of modern nations.
2. An Abridgement of Academical Lectures, for the use of Students, 1798.
3. Substance of Academical Lectures, on the Theory of the Beautiful, 1787.
4. Abridgement of Lectures on the Philosophy of Law, 1798.
5. The Elements of Speculative Philosophy, 1800.
6. An Introduction to the Philosophy of the Natural Sciences, 1803.
7. On the Possibility of a Philosophical Classification of Mineral Bodies, 1808.
8. A Theory of the Beautiful, 1806.
9. Manual of the Philosophical Sciences, 1813.
10. The Philosophy of Life, ten volumes, 1803—1808.

After having spent three or four hours with Professor Bouterwek, he conducted me to the Library, and introduced me to Professors Beneke and Reuss. The former not only speaks English with accuracy and elegance, but has even the English accent, which very few foreigners are ever able to attain. His studies have been

principally directed to the early literature of his country, and he has published, with glossaries, several of the old German poems, such as the Edel Stein of Bonnerius; and Wigalois, by Wirnt of Gravenberch. I returned to the Library, after dinner, along with Professor Beneke. The number of books is about two hundred and thirty-six thousand, and the arrangement is admirable. All the works that have a reference to the same subject are placed in the same shelves; and any one who wishes to devote his attention to any particular branch of literature or science has thus before him the accumulated labours of many generations. There are a good many Persian, Arabic, and Turkish manuscripts; among which I noticed the following:—

A fine copy of the *Shah nameh* of the Persian poet Ferdusi.

The *Rūzat ul Safā*, or Garden of Purity, a Universal History, by Mirkhond; a well written manuscript, in two folio volumes.

The Loves of Joseph and Zuleikha, by the poet Jami; a beautiful Persian manuscript, ornamented with paintings.

The *Tazkarat ul Shuarā*, or Lives of the Poets, by Doulet Shah.

A Turkish Commentary on the *Gulistan*, or Rose-garden, of the Persian poet Sady.

The History of Timur, in Persian poetry.

The Library also possesses three or four Chinese volumes; among which are the *Lunyee* of Confucius, and the *Ta-hioh*, or Great Science, of the same philosopher—both of which have been translated by Dr. Marshman of Serampore, and published both in Chinese and English.

After leaving the Library, I went to Professor Blumenbach, to whom M. Beneke was so kind as to introduce me. M. Blumenbach speaks English very well; and has published a paper in the Transactions of the Royal Society of London, entitled, Observations on some Egyptian Mummies, opened in London. He gives lectures on Anatomy and Natural History in the University, and is a member of most of the learned societies in Europe. His Museum is well worth seeing; and, among other curiosities, he shewed me a collection of a hundred and seventy sculls of individuals, belonging to almost every part of the globe. The most remarkable was the scull of an ancient Greek, which was presented to the professor by one of his former pupils, the Prince of Bavaria, who procured it from the Bishop of Nola. In another part of the room was the scull of a Brazilian savage, which formed the most remarkable contrast to the other that can be conceived. This was also presented to him by another of his pu-

pils, Prince Maximilian, the first volume of whose Travels in the Brazils has just been published at Frankfort on the Mayne.

Professor Blumenbach visited England in 1791, and he seemed to be highly delighted with the attention which he received. Sir Joseph Banks, in particular, received him cordially, and Blumenbach spoke of him with tears in his eyes. He is the author of sixty-one works or dissertations on various subjects, but chiefly relating to Natural History and Anatomy, which are his favourite studies. I shall only mention the following :—

1. An Essay on the Natural History of the Antediluvian World.
2. Manual of Comparative Anatomy.
3. Manual of Natural History, which has now reached the tenth edition.

In the evening I paid a visit to the Botanic Garden, which exhibits a very excellent collection of plants, many of them remarkable for their rarity.

September 1.—I spent this morning at the Observatory, which is at some little distance from the town; and after breakfast went to Professor Bouterwek, with whom I spent the forenoon.

I was much interested by meeting with some young Greeks, who are studying at this University. One of these is to be Professor of ancient Greek in the University of the Ionian Islands; and another, a very interesting young man, is destined to be Professor of Philosophy. He is at present engaged in a translation of Bouterwek's Manual of the Philosophical Sciences, into modern Greek, which he intends to use as his text-book. There are at present thirteen Greeks resident at Gottingen; and they are distinguished for the ardour with which they prosecute their studies.

I met Professor Beneke at the library, and accompanied him to the house of Professor Eichhorn, to whom he had the kindness to introduce me. I am quite charmed with Eichhorn. There is something so kind and affable in his manner, that he put me more in mind of M. Chevalier of Paris, than of any other person I have met with. I sat with him for about four hours; and was obliged to do my best in carrying on the conversation in German, as he does not speak English, though he can read it with facility. John Godfred Eichhorn was born in 1752, and was elected ordinary Professor of Oriental Languages in this University, in the year 1775. His writings are very numerous. I shall only mention a few of them.

1. A History of the Trade of the East Indies before the time of Mohammed, 1775.
2. Historical Researches on the Canon of the Old Testament, 1779.
3. Introduction to the Old Testament. This is the most learned work of the kind ever published.
4. The History of Hai Ebn Yoktan, an Oriental Romance, by Ebn Tofail. Translated from the Arabic, 1783.
5. General Repertory for Biblical Literature, ten volumes, 1787—1801.
6. An Introduction to the Apocryphal Books of the Old Testament, 1795.
7. The French Revolution considered in a Historical point of view, 1797.
8. General History of the Literature of Modern Europe.
9. A Metrical Version of the Book of Job, 1800.
10. A History of the last Three Centuries, six volumes. The third edition was printed at Hanover in 1818.
11. An Introduction to the New Testament, three volumes, 1804—1814.

The number of students in the University at present amounts to about one thousand. In November 1819, there were nine hundred and thirty-seven; viz. two hundred and two students in Theology, three hundred and seventy-

eight in Law, one hundred and sixty-five in Medicine, and one hundred and ninety-two in Philosophy. Each professor has a class-room in his own house; and in the summer months several of the lectures are given as early as six o'clock in the morning. I have been agreeably surprised to meet with a countryman of my own at Gottingen, Dr. Irving of Edinburgh, author of Lives of the Scottish Poets, and of a Life of Buchanan. He has been here some weeks, and proposes to return home in the month of October. I shall leave this to night at ten o'clock, in the Diligence, for Hanover.

Sept. 2.—HANOVER.—I arrived here about six in the evening, after an uninteresting journey from Gottingen. The country through which we passed, though very fertile, is deficient in point of variety, and forms a remarkable contrast to the rich and varied scenery of Switzerland. Our postilions were the smartest fellows I have seen on the continent. Their dress consisted of a scarlet jacket with blue facings, and all of them wore cockades in their hats. Over the door of every station where we changed horses, were seen the words, *Königlich-Gross-Brittanisch-Hannoversches Post-Amt;* or, The Royal-Great-British-Hanoverian Post-House. In fact, that most enormous of all manufactured words, *Königlich-Gross-Brittanisch-Hannoversche*, stares

one in the face in every direction. The soldiers here are dressed exactly in the same way as in England; and many of them wear their Waterloo medals, of which they seem to be not a little vain.

Sept. 3.—*Sunday.*—I am sorry to say, that, from what I have seen, this day seems to be as much profaned in Hanover as in the other towns of the continent. All the shops are open, and there has been a grand review of the military.

Sept. 4.—I went this morning to see the monument of the philosopher Leibnitz, which is situated at the end of the parade. An excellent bust of marble stands under a canopy, which is supported by twelve Ionic pillars. The inscription is extremely simple. It consists solely of the words *Genio Leibnitii.* I then visited the residence of the Duke of Cambridge, the governor of Hanover. There is nothing very striking in the exterior of the building; but the apartments are in general splendidly furnished, and covered with a profusion of the richest and most beautiful tapestry. The royal stables in this city are perhaps the most remarkable in Germany. In one of them I counted a hundred and thirty-four fine horses. Nine of these are of a beautiful cream colour, and are intended for the royal

carriage. In another stable were sixty-five saddle horses, and in another about thirty fine mules.

I next walked to the chateau and gardens which formerly belonged to Count Walmoden, but which have been purchased by government. The road passes through a fine avenue of trees. The number of paintings is very considerable; but they are arranged in so confused and irregular a manner, that they are not seen to advantage. There are many of the works of Rubens, Van Dyck, Van Thulden, and other Dutch and German masters. I noticed a considerable number of excellent specimens of sculpture, both ancient and modern. In particular, a fine ancient bust of Plato, and another of Socrates; others of Faustina, of Agrippina, of Marcus Aurelius, of Septimius Severus, Nero, Clodius Albinus, and Titus Vespasianus. But none of these specimens of ancient art appeared to me so admirable as an exquisite bust of Marius, which expresses the character of that restless chief in the most striking manner that can be conceived. There is something dark and designing in the countenance, that exactly corresponds with the accounts that have been given of him by the writers of antiquity. On my return, I visited Montbrillant, the summer residence of the Duke of Cambridge, which is situated at some little distance without the gates of the city.

There is not any thing remarkable about the public buildings in Hanover. The streets, however, have excellent foot pavements, and are extremely well lighted. I have felt myself more at home during the few days I have been here, than I have done since I crossed the channel. Every thing is English in Hanover. Our language is very extensively cultivated; and the people appear to live happily under the British government. I cannot leave Hanover, without mentioning the excellent Public Library, which possesses several of the manuscripts of the celebrated Leibnitz.

Sept. 5.—BRUNSWICK.—I arrived here this evening, about half past seven, from Hanover, which I left in the Diligence at five o'clock in the morning. The roads were very bad; and our vehicle, which was not of the most elegant description, broke down twice in the course of the journey. Two of my fellow travellers spoke very good English; but they sometimes committed blunders that were irresistibly ludicrous.—One of them, for instance, after scolding the chambermaid at one of the inns where we stopped, because she did not bring him quickly something that he wanted, gravely remarked to me, that he never saw such a stupid *fellow* all his life.

Sept. 6.—The Ducal residence in Brunswick is rather a mean looking building; at least, owing to the irregularity of the plan on which it is built, it does not make any great appearance. In the vaults, underneath the principal church, I saw the coffins of forty-eight members of the house of Brunswick. The most interesting was that of the late Duke, Frederick William, who was killed on the sixteenth of June, 1815, at Quatre Bras, while bravely fighting for his country. His memory will be long cherished by the people of Brunswick. On the wall, on the right hand side of the entrance to the vault, hangs a horn, brought from Palestine in 1172, by Henry the Lion. In the immediate vicinity of the church stands the bronze figure of a lion, supported on a lofty pedestal, which was made as early as the end of the twelfth century. The old Stadthouse is a rude Gothic building, and the Caroline College is not by any means remarkable for its external appearance. I propose to set out this forenoon, in the Diligence, for Magdeburg.

Sept. 7.—MAGDEBURG.—I arrived here this morning, about nine o'clock. I had for my travelling companion a rich Turkish merchant of Constantinople. He spoke Italian very well, and I found him a most entertaining and con-

versable man. He was dressed in the costume of his country: his *caftan*, or cloak, was of the richest and most beautiful silk, and his turban and girdle were of a bright green. Hussein, for that was his name, had travelled much; but, like most of his countrymen, was miserably deficient in his knowledge of geography. I was terribly scandalized to find him searching for Constantinople in my map of Germany; and he was not very sure whether Switzerland was a country or a city, though I rather think he believed it to be the latter. During the first part of our journey, we were fortunate in having a tolerably good Diligence; but, at Helmstadt, we were transferred to an abominable *Post Wagen*, the most wretched of all conveyances. Trunks, sacks, post-bags, and passengers, are all mixed pell-mell, in this miserable vehicle. To sleep was impossible: whenever I attempted it, a jolt that almost shook me to pieces soon awoke me from my slumbers. To add to our other torments, we were detained about two hours, at midnight, at the first post of the Prussian Douaniers, who examined the baggage of all the passengers with the utmost rigour.

Magdeburg is situated in a sandy plain, and is one of the strongest and best fortified towns in Germany. It is built on the left bank of the Elbe. The streets are in general narrow, with the exception of the Breite Weg, or Broad-street,

in which many of the houses are very magnificent. I employed the afternoon in a partial survey of the city and fortifications; and, in the evening, though a good deal fatigued, I spent an hour in a very pleasant garden, on the other side of the Elbe, which is a place of general resort to the inhabitants. I was rather struck to observe all the ladies employed in knitting stockings. They were either seated in groups at the tables in the garden, or else promenading in circles round the band of music; but their stockings were never laid aside.

My friend Hussein has set out this afternoon for Berlin. When parting, he made me one of his best *salams*, which I endeavoured to return *à la Turque*. His oriental dress and long black beard seemed to attract the attention of the people of Magdeburg; for when he and I were walking in the forenoon, there was a general turn out to see him. In the villages, he seemed to be regarded as a sort of wild beast; for no sooner did he pop his head out of the window of the Diligence, than all the children took to flight; and even the men and women appeared more disposed to regard him as a man fallen from the moon, than as one of the same species with themselves. Hussein was very devout in his way. I heard him early this morning repeating the Mahometan confession of faith—There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the Prophet

of God: and every now and then he would exclaim *Allah alakbar*—God is great.

Sept. 8.—The fortifications are almost the only thing worth seeing at Magdeburg; and, in the course of this forenoon, I have visited those parts of the works which I did not see yesterday. More than four hundred men are necessary every day to mount guard, and the garrison at present consists of four Prussian regiments of the line. I saw from a distance the prison of the celebrated Baron Trenck, which is within the citadel; but, owing to the narrow-minded policy of the present governor of the town, no foreigner is allowed to enter, and, of course, I was excluded.

The Cathedral is a very large Gothic building, with two lofty towers, and there is a great deal of good carved work above the principal entrance. The Hotel de Ville, or Stadthouse, is one of the ugliest buildings I have seen. Immediately in front of it stands an old equestrian statue of the Emperor Otho the First, which is placed under a sort of canopy, supported by a few rude pillars. There are a good many churches in Magdeburg; and, as most of them are surmounted by a steeple or tower, and many of them by two, the effect is good, when the town is seen from a distance.

Sept. 9.—POTSDAM.—I left Magdeburg yes-

terday, at five o'clock in the afternoon, in the Diligence, which is one of the best in Prussia. This conveyance, which goes under the name of Journaliere, performs the journey between Magdeburg and Berlin, a distance of about a hundred English miles, in little more than twenty hours. The Journaliere is intended for fifteen passengers; and, though far better than the miserable vehicle which we had from Helmstadt, is in reality nothing else than a covered waggon. I arrived here to breakfast; and, after having rested a little, sallied forth, under the wing of a *valet de place*, to see the town. I first went to the old palace, a most elegant and noble structure, built in the form of a square. A range of beautiful fluted Corinthian columns, between which are placed groups of sculptured figures, connects this palace with the royal stables. These, though extensive, are not nearly so well worth seeing as those at Hanover.

I next went to see the Orphan House, intended for the children of soldiers, a large and interesting establishment; and, after having spent some time there, I proceeded to the gallery of paintings, which occupies a large building near the Palace of Sans Souci. At no great distance from the entrance to the royal gardens stands an obelisk, covered with hieroglyphics, which has been erected solely for the effect of perspective. The apartment occupied by the paintings is very

elegant: the roof is covered with a profusion of gilding, and the greater part of the walls are inlaid with marble. The collection is extremely select and valuable. It would be useless to give a list of all the paintings that are exhibited here. I shall only mention the following:—

1. Rubens and his Wife, painted by himself. 2. The Four Evangelists, by Van Dyck. The painter has given a mildness and benignity to the countenance of John which are truly admirable.—3. The Holy Family, by Rubens.—4. A likeness of a Princess of the House of Orange, represented as Venus, and surrounded by the Loves and Graces, by Van Thulden.—5. Isaac blessing Jacob, by Van Dyck. The countenance of the aged patriarch is wonderfully fine. Though blind, and sinking under the infirmities of advanced years, the painter has represented him as calm and resigned to the will of God. Rebecca stands by, well pleased with the success of her plans.—6. The Holy Family, by Raphael Mengs. 7. Io and Jupiter, by Correggio.—8. Christ along with Martha and Mary, by Leonardo da Vinci. The face of our Lord is inimitably beautiful: I could have gazed on it for hours.—9. Moses erecting the Brazen Serpent in the Wilderness, by Annibal Carracci. The Israelites are seen with the serpents twisted round them: the idea is exactly the same with the Laocoon.—10.

Peter delivered from Prison by the Angel, by Domenichino.—But the most beautiful of all the paintings in the gallery is a Head of Christ, by Raphael, which cost six thousand ducats. There is something so heavenly, something so inexpressible in the countenance, that I could not look on it without being melted into tears.

From the gallery I went to the Palace of Sans Souci. The palace itself consists of only one story, and its external appearance is not very striking. In front is a fine range of orange trees, and the ground is beautifully laid out in terraced gardens. I passed through a gallery where Frederick the Great used to walk, when the weather did not permit him to take exercise out of doors, and entered into the chamber where that monarch breathed his last. The walls of the chamber of audience are covered with rich tapestry, and ornamented with many good paintings of the Flemish school. The *Salle à manger* is a circular apartment, surrounded by sixteen fluted Corinthian columns, and its cupola is richly gilded. I next proceeded to the new palace, which is not more than ten minutes' walk distant from that of Sans Souci. The road that conducts to it is lined on both sides with fine trees; and innumerable delightful walks branch off in every direction. The appearance of the palace is very imposing. It is built of brick. The front is ornamented by Co-

rinthian pilasters, and a great number of sculptured figures. Many of the apartments are very magnificent, and the number of paintings is considerable. This palace was built by Frederick the Great, after the seven years' war.

I now returned to the town, and visited the principal church, which contains the coffins of Frederick William, and of Frederick the Great. They have been placed in a marble mausoleum immediately behind the pulpit. The church is elegantly fitted up, and the pulpit is made entirely of marble. From the church we went to another palace, about a quarter of an hour's distance from the city, called the Palace of Marble, which was built by the father of the present king. This edifice is also of brick; but its front is ornamented by a fine portico of six marble columns of the Doric order, and on each side of the principal entrance are three marble pilasters. It is situated close to the Heiligen-see, a branch of the river Havel which flows past Potsdam. There are a few antiques to be seen in the interior. The kitchen is about fifty yards distant. It is built in imitation of the ruins of a Roman temple; and a passage, which is lighted from above, connects it with the palace. The pleasure-grounds are even more extensive and beautiful than those of Sans Souci, and many of the walks are lined with shrubbery and flowers.

Potsdam contains about eighteen thousand in-

habitants. Its streets are wide and regularly built, and many of the houses are elegant. A canal passes through the centre of the town, on each side of which is a row of fine trees. I have not seen any place that can compare with the magnificence of Potsdam since leaving Rome.

Sept. 10.—*Sunday.*—The King of Prussia is at present here; and I have this day had an opportunity of seeing him and all the royal family. About a quarter of an hour before ten, the guards were drawn up in two lines on the parade, and marched in regular order to church; and, exactly as the clock struck the hour, his Majesty, accompanied by his sons and the Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz, left the palace on foot, while the Princesses followed in their carriages. As they all passed within about two yards of me, I had an excellent opportunity of seeing them. The preacher, whose name was so long and so uncouth that I have not been able to remember it, was extremely animated, and the royal party seemed to be very attentive. The doors of the church were shut; and, during the time of the sermon, a collection was made pretty much in the same way as in the country parishes in Scotland; with this difference, that bags of crimson velvet were made use of instead of wooden ladles.

This day is the Communion in Aberdeen. I could have wished to have been present on that

interesting occasion. May the Everlasting Father strengthen the hands of his ministering servants; and may both they and their flocks derive much spiritual consolation from the solemn services in which they are engaged! May this be a day of the right hand of the Most High; and may both pastors and people be washed in that blood "which was shed for the remission of the sins of many!"

Sept. 11.—BERLIN.—There are three excellent coaches fitted up *à la maniere Anglaise*, which run between Potsdam and this capital three times a day; and as one of these started at five o'clock this morning, of course I availed myself of the earliest opportunity of getting here. The road between Potsdam and Berlin, and indeed I may say as far as Brandenburg, is one of the best I ever travelled. We entered this city by the Porte de Leipsic, and passed through the square and street of the same name. The Rue de Leipsic is one of the finest in Berlin, and presents to the eye such a succession of regularly built and noble edifices as I never before had an opportunity of beholding. The distance between Potsdam and Berlin is about twenty English miles, and I arrived here in three hours and a half.

After an early breakfast I commenced my operations, escorted by a *valet de place*, one of

those necessary evils in every large town which a foreigner visits. I first went to the gate of Brandenburg, a classical and magnificent structure. It is surmounted by a large bronze figure of Victory seated in a triumphal car, which is drawn by four horses of exquisite workmanship. The gate itself consists of twelve Doric columns, six being on one side and six on the other; and it is divided into five separate partitions, those in the middle being intended for the passage of carriages. The Porte de Brandenburg leads to the Place de Paris, an extensive and beautiful square; in one corner of which I was shewn the house inhabited by the late gallant General Blücher. There are two fine churches in the Place des Gens d'armes. One of these is called the New Church, and the other the French Church. Both of them are surmounted by domes, and ornamented on three sides by a range of Corinthian columns. The subject of the entablatures is taken from the Scripture history. Exactly in the centre between these two churches is a magnificent theatre, which, however, is not yet entirely finished.

I next went to the Royal Library, which contains more than a hundred and sixty thousand volumes; where I found M. Wilken, Professor of Oriental Languages in the University, and Oriental Interpreter to the King of Prussia; to whom I delivered the letter of introduction

which Professor Beneke of Gottingen had been kind enough to give me. M. Wilken speaks very good English. His studies have been principally directed to Persian literature; and he has published a very good Persian Grammar, with a Chrestomathia, containing selections from the best writers both in prose and verse. He has also edited the Persian text of part of the *Rūzat ul Safā*, or Garden of Purity, by Mirkhond, and has added a Latin translation of his own. I spent some hours among the oriental manuscripts, which are numerous, and have noted down the titles of the following works:—

1. The Great Chronicle of Tabari, a very valuable manuscript, distinctly written in the Niskhi character.
2. A History of the East, in two folio volumes, by Haidar Ebn Ali, in Persian. Professor Wilken proposes to publish the part of this work which relates to the History of the Afghans, along with a translation.
3. An excellent copy of the Works of the Persian Historian Mirkhond, in seven volumes.
4. *Dīvāni Jāmī*, the Poems of Jami; a well written Persian manuscript.
5. *Anvār Soheily*, an elegant Paraphrase of the Fables of Pilpay, by Hussein Vaez, in Persian.

6. *Dīvāni Hāfiz*, the poems of Hafiz, a very beautifully illuminated manuscript.
7. *Kulliyāti Nizāmī*, the whole works of the Persian poet Nizami; containing his *Asrār ul ishkīn*, or Secrets of Lovers; *Heft pīkar*, or the Seven Countenances; *Khosrū wa Shīrīn*, the Loves of Khosroo and Shirin; *Sekander nāmeh*, History of Alexander; *Layla' wa Majnūn*, Laila and Majnoon; *Makhzan ul asrār*, Storehouse of Secrets. The hand-writing of this manuscript is very legible.
8. An Arabic translation of the Persian Chronicle *Leb ul tūārīkh*.
9. A curious Arabic manuscript, on the Interpretation of Dreams.
10. The *Behāristān*, or Mansion of the Spring; one of the works of the Persian poet Jami.
11. A large manuscript Lexicon, consisting of three parts:—1st. Persian and Turkish.—2d. Arabic, Persian, and Turkish.—3d. Arabic and Persian.
12. A Persian Commentary on the Preface to the *Gulistān*, or Rose-garden, of Sady.
13. The *Bostān* of Sady.

After dinner, I visited the arsenal, an extensive building, ornamented on the top with military trophies, and passed the royal Chateau, an

enormous structure. Its front extends four hundred and thirty feet. The palace inhabited by the present king is not more splendid than the houses of many private individuals. After having seen the royal manufactory of porcelain, I went to the Park, an extensive forest without the gates of the city, which is one of the fashionable promenades. A number of sequestered walks branch off in every direction, and seats are placed, at certain distances, for the convenience of the public. I returned by the banks of the Spree, and visited the Palace of Bellevue, the summer residence of Prince Augustus Ferdinand.

Berlin, as a whole, is certainly superior to Rome, Naples, Florence, Paris, or Milan. There may indeed be finer buildings in some of these cities; but in all of them the streets are in general narrow and confined, and the houses huddled together without regularity or uniformity of plan. In Berlin, on the other hand, the streets are spacious, the houses well and regularly built, and there is a great number of fine squares, which tend much to beautify the city. The Place de Leipsic will stand a comparison with the noblest squares in Rome. Indeed the entrance into Berlin, by the Leipsic gate, put me much in mind of the entrance into Rome by the Porta del Popolo; but the sensations which one experiences are of course of a very different

description. I shall never forget the moment when I first approached the Eternal City.

Sept. 12.—I repaired this morning, immediately after breakfast, to the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. This establishment is on a very extensive scale, and there are at present fifty pupils. I was quite delighted with the progress which many of them had made. The specimens which were exhibited of their drawings were extremely beautiful. Many of them can even speak short sentences tolerably well. I wrote a few questions on a slate, which were answered with wonderful exactness by one of the elder boys, who had all the history of Europe at his finger ends. On my asking the name of one of the greatest of the English poets, he replied, quite audibly and distinctly, Pope. The next question was, Can you name a great living English general? Wellington. Mention the names of two great English statesmen? Fox and Pitt. Who is the greatest historical painter of England? West. Is he alive or dead? Dead, &c. &c. One little fellow, of whom I demanded if he knew the name of the present king of England, wrote on his slate, George the Third; but another, who was looking over his shoulder, instantly snatched the pencil from his hand, and put down George the Fourth, without giving the other time to correct himself.

I next went to see the Museum of Natural History in the University; a noble looking structure, formerly the palace of Prince Henry, the brother of Frederick the Great. The number of students is about nine hundred. The Museum is under the sole direction of Professor Lichtenstein. The first room contains a very valuable collection of different kinds of serpents; the next contains shells and corals; and the third is occupied by animals. There are two fine camels, two zebras, a lion, a very large ichneumon, *Viverra Ichneumon*, and two well preserved specimens of that very rare animal the *Ornithorynchus Paradoxus*, from New South Wales. But this fine collection is richest of all in ornithology; and in this department of natural history it is rivalled by few in Europe. There is a great variety of fine owls, and a number of beautiful specimens of the genus *Psittacus*. I admired particularly the bright and lovely colours of the *Psittacus Hæmalodus*, the *Psittacus elegans*, and the *Psittacus scapularis*, all of them from New Holland. Of the genus *Columba*, the most remarkable species was the *Columba coronata*, a bird about the size of a turkey. The neck is of a lead colour, and the middle part of the body of a dingy red. I spent the whole of the afternoon in the Library, where I had the pleasure of meeting with Professor Lichtenstein, whose Travels in South Africa have been trans-

lated into English. Lichtenstein is at present reputed one of the best naturalists in Germany.

Professor Wilken was kind enough to conduct me to the Library of the late Baron Von Diez, which was bequeathed by that eminent orientalist to the Royal Library. His collection of oriental manuscripts amounts to about three hundred. Most of them are Turkish; but there is also a considerable number of Persian and Arabic works. I have noted down the following:—

1. The *Shāh nāmeh* of Ferdusi.
2. The works of the Persian poet Nizami.
3. *Secander nāmeh*, or the History of Alexander the Great, by Nizami.
4. *Sulīmān nāmeh*, the History of Solomon; a singular work, abounding with the most extraordinary fables. The eastern writers make the king of Israel one of the greatest necromancers that ever lived.
5. *Ajāyeb al makhlūkāt*, the Wonders of Creation. This work is a complete compendium of the Geography and Natural History of the East. The Persian translation is more commonly met with than the Arabic original. The present copy, which is in Arabic, is not an eastern manuscript, but was transcribed by a European in Paris, for the use of Baron Von Diez. The text is taken

from one of the manuscripts in the Bibliotheque du Roi.

6. *Humāyūn nāmeh,* the August Book; a Turkish Paraphrase of the Fables of Pilpay.
7. *Tūārīkh ul Asmān,* the History of the Osmanian Dynasty, in Turkish.
8. *Kitābi Khosrū wa Shīrīn,* the History of Khosroo and Shirin, in Turkish.
9. *Loghat-i Muntehāb,* an Arabic and Turkish Dictionary.
10. The *Musnevī* of the Persian poet Jelaluddeen Rumi.
11. *Tūārīkhi Tātār,* a History of the Tartars, by Abulghazi Khan; a Turkish manuscript, fairly written in the Niskhi character.
12. *Tūtī nāmeh,* the Tales of a Parrot. This is a Turkish translation of the entertaining work of the same name, written in Persian by Nakhshebi.
13. *Tūārīkhi Kustantdniya,* the History of Constantinople, Turkish.
14. *Dīvāni Futnet,* the odes of the Turkish poet Futnet.
15. *Bōstāni Sadī,* the Bostan of Sady, Persian.
16. *Gulistāni Sadī,* the Gulistan or Rose-garden of Sady, in Persian, with a Turkish translation.
17. *Dīvāni Fuzūlī,* the Poems of Fuzuli, Turkish.

18. *Dīvāni Newāī*, the Poems of Newai, Turkish.
19. *Anvār Soheily.*
20. *Laylā wa Majnūn*, the Loves of Laila and Majnoon.

In the evening, I passed along the principal bridge over the Spree, on which is placed a fine equestrian statue, made of bronze, of the Elector of Brandenburg; and proceeded to the house of M. Rauch, Professor of Sculpture, where I had an opportunity of seeing a great number of busts and statues, in different stages of forwardness. There were, amongst others, two excellent full length statues of Generals Bulow and Scharnhorst, which are to be placed on each side of the grand guard; and another, if possible, still finer, of General Blücher.

Sept. 13.—I left Berlin this morning immediately after breakfast for the Palace and Gardens of Charlottenburg, which are about a league distant from the city. The road passes for about half the way through the Park, and is crowded with carriages of every description. The palace is a beautiful and extensive building, in the form of three sides of a square. I did not see the interior, as the King and royal family were expected to dinner. There is a most beautiful mausoleum

in the garden, where the body of the late Queen, the wife of his present Majesty, has been deposited. A figure of the Queen, of the finest Carrara marble, exquisitely sculptured, is represented as reclining on a couch. The likeness is said to be excellent, and nothing can surpass the elegance of the drapery. This admirable specimen of art is the *chef d'œuvre* of Professor Rauch, and will bear comparison with the best works of Canova. In the corners of the building are placed two beautiful candelabra, also of Carrara marble, sculptured by Professor Tiek. They may be about twelve feet in height. On the walls hang seven garlands, which have been placed there by the seven children of her Majesty, and which they carefully renew every year. The pleasure-grounds are very extensive, and are bounded on one side by the Spree. In the centre of them is a large fish-pond, in which are some of the largest carps I ever saw. Some of these will weigh, I am told, from thirty to forty pounds.

I returned to Berlin about half past twelve, and met the King and royal family in their carriages going to Charlottenburg. The King is a remarkably plain man, and dines every day at two o'clock. The Duke of Cumberland passed soon afterwards on horseback. I lost no time in going to the collection of anatomical preparations belonging to the University. The first room is occupied entirely by skeletons of birds and beasts,

and the adjoining gallery by those of fishes and serpents, all of which are uncommonly well prepared. The preparations of different parts of the human body are arranged in a large hall, which they fill completely. I noticed the skeleton of a man seven feet three inches high, and of another exactly seven feet. One room is almost exclusively devoted to monsters of every description. Among the rest was a child with one body and two heads, and another with one head and two bodies. Many of them were so horrid that they haunted my imagination for several hours afterwards.

After dinner, I paid a visit to the Maison de Charité. We passed along the Grande Rue Frederick, which runs in a straight line from one extremity of the city to the other, and is about two English miles and a half in length. The Maison de Charité is a vast structure, and serves as a Lunatic Hospital, a Lying-in Hospital, and an Infirmary. The number of lunatics at present in the house is two hundred, and the number of sick rather more than six hundred. The apartments are kept tolerably clean; but they are in general ill aired, a circumstance which must be much against the recovery of the patients.

Sept. 14.—I spent the greater part of this forenoon in seeing the Manege, or Riding-School, and the military establishment for cadets. The

number of young men at present in this institution is upwards of three hundred. In the afternoon I again repaired to the Royal Library, and recommenced the examination of the oriental manuscripts of Baron Von Diez. The following is a continuation of the list begun on the twelfth.

21. *Jehān nāmā*, a Picture of the World; a curious work in Turkish.
22. The Poems of Jemaluddeen Selman, Persian.
23. *Tūārīkhi Salātīn al Asmān*, the History of the Osmanian Sultans, Turkish.
24. *Dīvāni Yahīā Effendī*, the Poems of Jahia Effendi, Turkish.
25. *Dīvāni Rahmī Jelebī*, the Poems of Rahmi Jelebi, Turkish.
26. *Kābūs nāmeh*, Turkish.
27. *Loghat nāmeh*; an Arabic, Persian, and Turkish Dictionary.
28. *Dīvāni Bākī Effendī*; the Divan, or Poems of the Turkish poet Baki.
29. *Tārīkhi Sultān Selīm*, the History of Sultan Selim, Turkish.
30. *Khirad nāmeh Iskandarī*, the Book of the Wisdom of Alexander the Great; a very curious Persian manuscript.
31. *Dīvāni Asfī*, the Poems of Asfee, Turkish.
32. *Dīvāni Nehādī Effendī*, the Poems of Nehadee Effendi, Turkish.

33. *Tārīkhi Shām Sharīf,* the History of Damascus, Turkish.
34. *Dīvāni Jasem,* the Poems of Jasem, Turkish.
35. The Odes of Mulana Mohammed Shemsuddeen Hafiz, Persian.
36. *Khīrī nāmeh Nābī Effendī.* This is one of the most celebrated poems in the Turkish language. It is somewhat similar to the *Pend nāmeh,* or Book of Counsels, of the Persian poet Feriduddeen Attar.
37. *Duā nāmeh,* a Prayer Book, Arabic and Turkish.
38. The Odes of the Persian Poets, Mir Khosru, Mir Hussein, Mir Shahi, and Mulana Jami.

Sept. 15.—I spent the whole of this forenoon in the Royal Gallery of Paintings. The collection is not very numerous, but there are several very valuable specimens of art. I remarked particularly the following :—

1. The Deliverance of Peter from Prison by the Angel. This painting is by Gerard Honthorst, and is perhaps the best of the whole collection. The painter has seized the moment when the angel enters and releases the apostle. A heavenly light shines through the dungeon, and produces a wonderfully fine effect. The perspec-

tive is admirable.—2. A portrait of the celebrated Italian poetess Vittoria Colonna, in her old age, by Gaudenzio Venaldo.—3. St. John, by Carlo Dolce.—4. A portrait of the Emperor Charles V. by Christopher Amberg. This was executed for the Emperor himself, who handsomely rewarded the painter.—5. Venus and Cupid, by Daniel da Volterra.—6. Christ on the Mount of Olives, by Caravaggio.—7. A likeness of Andrea Schiavone, painted by himself.—8. A portrait of Andrea Navagero, by Giacomo Robusti, surnamed Il Tintoretto.—9. Herodias with the Head of John the Baptist, by Barbarelli. The total number of paintings in this collection is one hundred and eighty-one.

In the afternoon I left the city by the Porte de Halle, in order to see a monument which is at present erecting in commemoration of the victories of the allies. It is placed on a rising ground which commands a most complete view of the whole of Berlin. The monument is of cast iron, and when seen from a distance, bears a great resemblance to the steeple or turret of a Gothic cathedral. It is not yet quite finished. Twelve compartments on the sides are to be allotted to the representations of the principal battles fought during the war by the Prussian troops. I returned by the Place de Guillaume, in which are placed marble statues, of excellent

workmanship, of the great Generals during the seven years' war—Schwerin, Seidlitz, Winterfeld, Keith, and Ziethen.

I spent the evening with a Spanish gentleman, named Don Alvar Augustin de Liagno, who is resident in Berlin. Don Liagno is thoroughly acquainted with the literary history of his country, and is at present engaged in the publication of a work which promises to be exceedingly interesting. The title is *Répertoire portatif de l'Histoire et de la Littérature des Nations Espagnole et Portugaise—Par le Chevalier Alvar Augustin de Liagno, aujourd'hui Bibliothécaire de S. M. le Roi de Prusse, et de S. A. R. Monseigneur le Prince Henri, Frère du Roi.* He had the kindness to give me copies of the two numbers already published. The whole work will consist of five volumes, two numbers forming a volume.

Sept. 16.—I have been the whole of this day in the Library. The following is a list of the manuscripts I examined: all of them belong to the collection of Baron Von Diez.

39. *Pend nāmeh Bābā Kaighūsiz*, the Book of the Counsels of Baba Kaighusiz, Turkish.
40. *Hikāyati Arzū wa Kanber*, the History of Arzu and Kanber, Turkish.
41. *Dīvāni Ahmedī*, the Poems of Ahmedi, Turkish.

42. The *Kasīdahs*, or Elegies of Abubeker Mohammed ben Hussun ben Dareed, Arabic.
43. *Altōrāt*, the Law or Pentateuch; an Arabic manuscript, containing a translation of the five books of Moses.
44. *Tārīkhi Muntakhab*, a Compendium of Universal History.
45. The *Dīvān*, or Poems of Ebul Taib Mutenebbi, Arabic.
46. *Tazkarat ul shuarā Latīfi*, the Lives of the Poets, by Lateefee, Turkish.
47. *Ajāyeb al bildān*, &c., the Wonders of Regions, by Sheikh Abi Zechariah Alcazvini, Arabic.
48. *Kitābi Yūsuf*, the History of Joseph, a Turkish Poem.
49. *Gulshan rāz*, the Secret of the Rose-Garden, a Persian Poem.
50. *Hazārōz nāmeh Shīkh Wefā*, the Journal or Day-Book of Sheikh Wefa, Turkish.
51. *Adwāri mūsikī*, the Harmony of Music, Turkish.
52. *Selīmī dīvān*, the Poems of Selim, Persian.
53. *Loghati dānistān*, a Persian and Turkish Dictionary.
54. *Tuhfat ul abrār*, the Society of the Just; one of the works of the Persian poet Jami.
55. *Ghazel wa kasāīd*, a collection of Odes and Elegies, Turkish.

56. The Loves of Joseph and Zuleikha, a Turkish Poem, by Hamdi.
57. *Jāmi funūn alhikmat*, a Compendium of the Wisdom of Philosophers, Persian.
58. *Loghati Chakātāī*, a Turkish and Mogul Dictionary.
59. *Anjīl wa rasāyl*, the Gospels and Epistles, an Arabic manuscript.

I spent the evening with Don Liagno, from whom I parted with sincere regret. To-morrow I propose to attend divine service in the Chapel of the British Ambassador; and early on Monday morning I shall, if it please God, set out for Leipsic.

Sept. 19.—LEIPSIC.—I arrived here this morning, about seven o'clock, after having travelled all last night. The distance between Berlin and this city is a hundred and seven English miles. I remained a few hours at Wittenberg, in order to see the many interesting memorials of the early reformers that are there to be found. I first of all went to the convent where Luther resided for eleven years, when a monk of the order of St. Augustin. The apartment in which he lived is exactly in the same state as when he left it, and his chair and table still remain. An album lies on the table; and the first name that

it contains is that of Frederick William III. the present king of Prussia. In the apartment are placed full-length portraits of Luther and Melancthon. I next visited the residences of these two great men: that of Melancthon is now a low tavern. The University, once so celebrated, is transformed into barracks; and the very rooms in which Luther and his illustrious friend delivered their lectures to crowded audiences are at this moment occupied by Prussian soldiers. The house in which Luther lived, when professor, is in another part of the town. On a square stone, placed above the door, are the following words, in old German:—

GOTTES WORT LVTERI LEER
VORGET NV VND NIMER MER.

The church in which he preached is quite contiguous; and it contains his tomb, and that of Melancthon. They are extremely plain, and the inscriptions are very simple. Every thing in Wittenberg now bears symptoms of decay: there is very little trade, and the streets appear to be quite deserted. The removal of the University to Halle has given a fatal blow to Wittenberg. A great many houses are completely uninhabited.

The road to Leipsic is excessively bad, and put me much in mind of the bye-roads in some

parts of the Highlands of Scotland. Germany is far behind France and Italy in this respect; and in no part of Germany is travelling so disagreeable as in Prussia. I was so much fatigued with my journey, that I devoted the whole of the forenoon to repose, and did not stir till after dinner, when I visited the memorable field of battle of 1813. The *valet de place* who was with me had served as a soldier, and was perfectly acquainted with the whole of the ground. We first passed through the pleasure-grounds of the banker Reichenbach, which are laid out in a style of almost royal magnificence. These pleasure-grounds are bounded on the one side by the river Elster, which is not on an average more than forty feet in breadth, though its depth is considerable. Its banks are thickly overgrown with underwood. The only bridge over this stream having been blown up, by the orders of Napoleon, the French, who were then retreating in confusion, pursued by the allied armies, plunged in thousands into the water, where the greatest part of them miserably perished. The place was pointed out to me where the Polish General Poniatowsky was drowned. His body was not found till three days after, at some distance from the spot where he lost his life. A monument has been erected to his memory, in the garden: it is placed in the centre of a beautiful grass-plot, and is surrounded by weeping

willows. In the suburbs of the town, I noticed many memorials of the battle; and, in the wall of one of the houses, counted more than a dozen of cannon balls.

Sept. 20.—I have this forenoon seen every thing remarkable in Leipsic, which, to tell the truth, is not a great deal. The buildings of the University are very extensive, but very ugly. The Library contains an excellent collection of books: I noticed about thirty oriental manuscripts, most of which were Arabic. The different apartments are decorated with a great number of portraits of the various Professors, who have taught since the foundation of the University, in 1409. The Markt-Platz, or market-place, is the largest square in Leipsic, and some of the houses are nearly as high as those in the Old Town of Edinburgh. There are many pleasant gardens in the vicinity of the town, and the walk round the ramparts is delightful. I propose to avail myself of the Diligence, which sets out this afternoon for Gotha.

Sept. 21.—GOTHA.—I left Leipsic yesterday, and arrived here to-day. The first post was Lützen, an inconsiderable village, in the neighbourhood of which Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, lost his life, in 1632. A stone which stands close to the road side marks the spot

where he fell. Between Auerstadt and Naumburg, we passed over the mountain of Kossen; and the lovely scenery of the valley below put me more in mind of Switzerland than any thing I have seen since I left it; and was quite a treat after the uninteresting country through which I had travelled for many miles.

The first town of any consequence was Weimar, the capital of the Dukedom of the same name. The situation of Weimar is very beautiful: it is built in a hollow, and is surrounded on every hand by wood. The residence of the Duke is an extensive, though heavy looking building; but the park is extremely fine, and offers a great variety of delightful walks. At Weimar I had the good fortune to meet with an English gentleman, Dr. Mower of Cambridge, with whom I am to travel extra-post to Frankfort, and thence descend the Rhine to Cologne. We shall not separate till our arrival in England. The Diligence travels night and day, than which nothing can be more disagreeable; but, by taking extra-post, we shall have it in our power to rest when we please, and shall reach Frankfort comfortably on Saturday evening. The difference of expense for two people is very inconsiderable.

We passed through Erfurt, which is a place of some size, and is strongly fortified; and reached Gotha this evening, where we are to pass the

night. The Palace of the Duke of Gotha is a large structure; but bears a much greater resemblance to an English cotton-mill than to the residence of a Duke. The public Library is extensive; and possesses a most valuable collection of oriental manuscripts, most of which were brought from the East by that indefatigable traveller M. Seetzen. They are almost entirely Arabic. We were also shewn a very excellent collection of medals. Gotha is rather a dull town, and there is not any thing remarkable in any of the public buildings.

Sept. 25.—FRANKFORT.—The first stage from Gotha was Eisenach; in the immediate neighbourhood of which, situated on the summit of a hill, stands the Castle of Wartburg, which is celebrated for having afforded an asylum to Luther. The view from the top of the mountain is extremely rich. On the one side are seen finely cultivated fields, extending as far as the eye can reach, and on the other the prospect is bounded by the distant hills. Innumerable rising grounds give variety to the scenery, and the different colours of the foliage of the trees with which they are covered add much to its beauty. The leaves are now falling rapidly, and the forests present every possible shade of green and yellow. The chamber occupied by Luther is in the castle, and on the wall hangs his portrait,

painted by his friend and contemporary, Lucas Cranach. Luther lived here for eleven months, and employed himself in translating the Bible into German; and it was this translation that first settled the German language. We were next conducted into a small Chapel, where he preached in 1521. The pulpit, the altar, and the seats for the audience, remain unaltered. The armoury is well worthy of attention. I confess I was a little startled on first entering; and almost fancied myself transported back to the times of chivalry, when I saw fifty or sixty knights, in full armour, with their vizors closed, ranged against the walls of the apartment, in the most martial attitude imaginable. In the centre is the armour of Henry II. King of France, who seems, like an ancient baron, to do honour to his visitors. In another room is the complete armour of Pope Julius II. and of cavaliers without number. From the roof are suspended the standards taken from the Austrians, during the thirty years war.

Near Fulda, a neat town, at present belonging to Cassel, I was amused by seeing a flock, consisting of sheep, cows, swine, turkeys, and geese —a singular fraternity. I could not help thinking of the fable of the beasts assembled to choose a king. Fulda is Catholic, and there is no deficiency of Madonnas in the streets. Hanau was the next town of consequence which we reached.

It is celebrated on account of the great battle fought between the French and the Bavarians, when the latter were defeated. In many of the villages, the girls are dressed like grandmothers, and boys five or six years old in a style of venerable antiquity truly ludicrous. Hanau is ten English miles from Frankfort.

Yesterday I was so unwell and feverish, that I was confined to bed the greater part of the day. Frankfort is at present full of bustle: it is the time of the fair, and every one is busy. The streets are in many places lined with booths, constructed of wood; and French, Swiss, English, Italians, and Turks—in short, people of all nations, are assembled together. Frankfort is an extremely pleasant town, and the walks in the environs are delightfully laid out. They extend round nearly the whole of the city. The fair has been good, and the merchants are in high spirits: that of Leipsic is expected to be still better.

To-morrow I shall set out for Mentz, and I intend to hasten homewards as fast as possible. The weather is now very cold, and travellers have very few comforts. I have already travelled upwards of one thousand English miles in Germany, reckoning from the time I passed the Swiss frontiers, near Basle, to the present moment.

[The following short notes of the rest of the journey to Ostend, were found in pencil-writing, in the author's memorandum-book.]

Sept. 26.—MENTZ.—Entered about five in the evening—Garrison Austrians, Hessians, Prussians —frequent quarrels.

Sept. 27.—COBLENTZ.—Fine scenery; varied and magnificent beyond any thing I could have conceived.

Sept. 28.—COLOGNE.—Bonn—neat—fine college—scenery after Bonn not so good.

Sept. 29.—Twenty-eight Catholic and two Protestant Churches in Cologne—Cathedral most magnificent specimen of Gothic architecture—unfortunately not finished—richness of painted glass—tomb of the Three Kings—most splendid I ever saw. It consists of gold most beautifully wrought, and covered with an astonishing quantity of precious stones—Church of St. Peter—painting by Rubens—Crucifixion of Peter—master-piece of Rubens.

Sept. 30.—AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.—Cathedral—tomb of Charlemagne—chair in which Emperors were crowned—Hotel de Ville, in front of which is a statue of Charlemagne. Ascended Louis-

berg—charming view of Aix—town not fine, but environs enchanting.

October 3.—BRUSSELS—by Liege and Louvain.

Oct. 4.—GHENT.—Arrived late—Cathedral magnificent—pulpit remarkable—saw several other churches, and Hotel de Ville, an old Gothic building.

Oct. 5.—BRUGES.—Set out about eight in the morning in a voiturier's carriage, and reached Bruges about two—clean town—great number of large houses—population however much diminished—loneliness of streets—churches splendid—ornamented with fine paintings, and a profusion of marble—in one of them two tombs—about forty English families settled in Bruges—and owing to numbers of English who pass through, English attempted to be spoken by many—Man in Ghent, *Will you buy one joli dog?* ugly brute of poodle.

Oct. 6.—OSTEND.—Arrived about ten in the forenoon.

ABERDEEN:
D. Chalmers & Co. Printers.

00024195

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Hemendra Kothari
on 06 November, 2019